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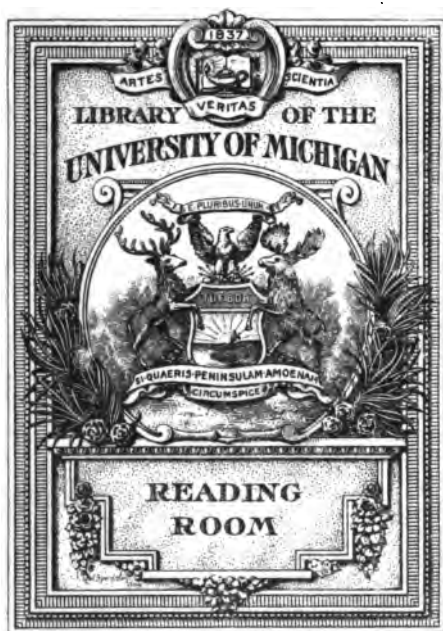
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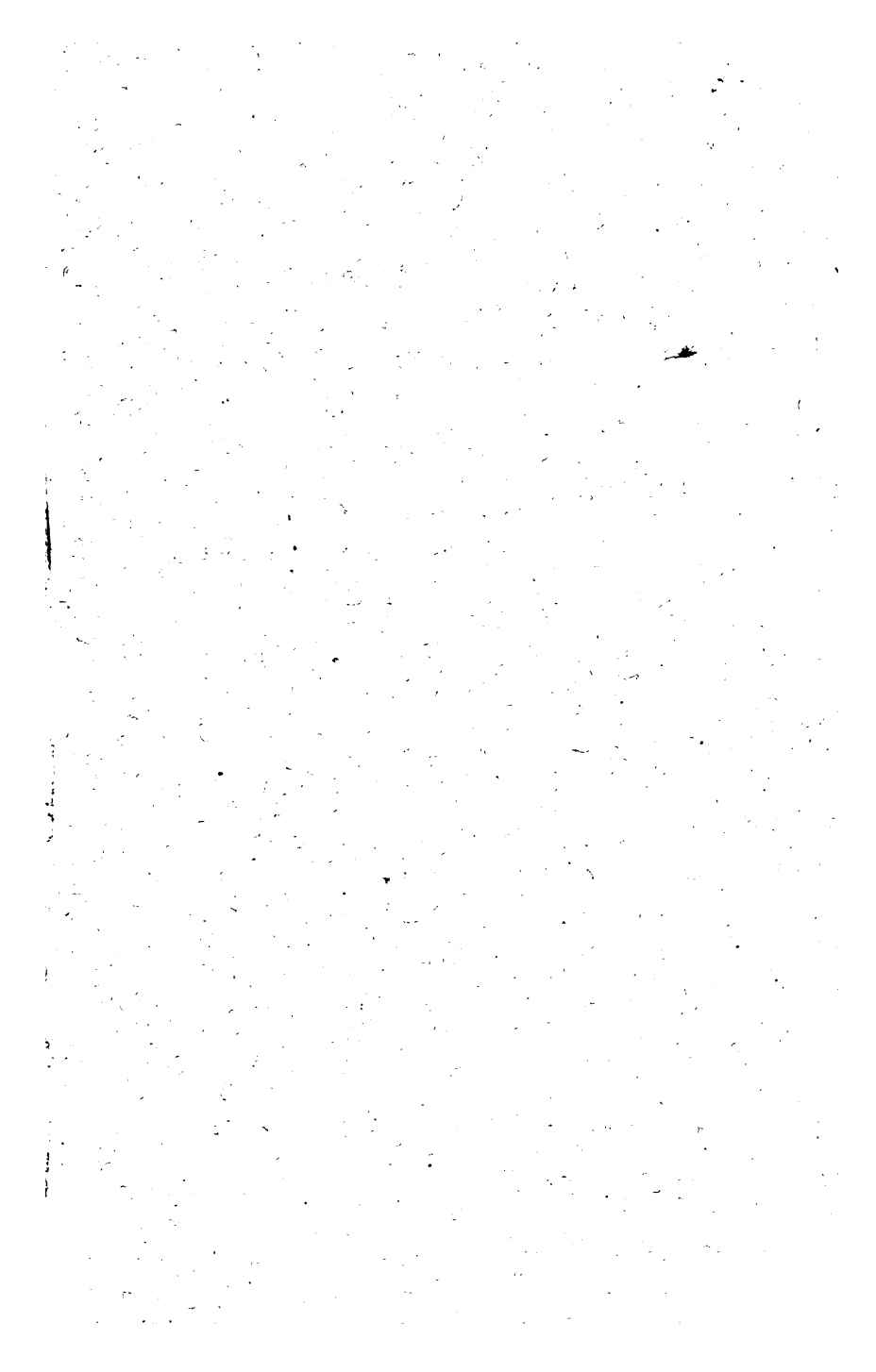
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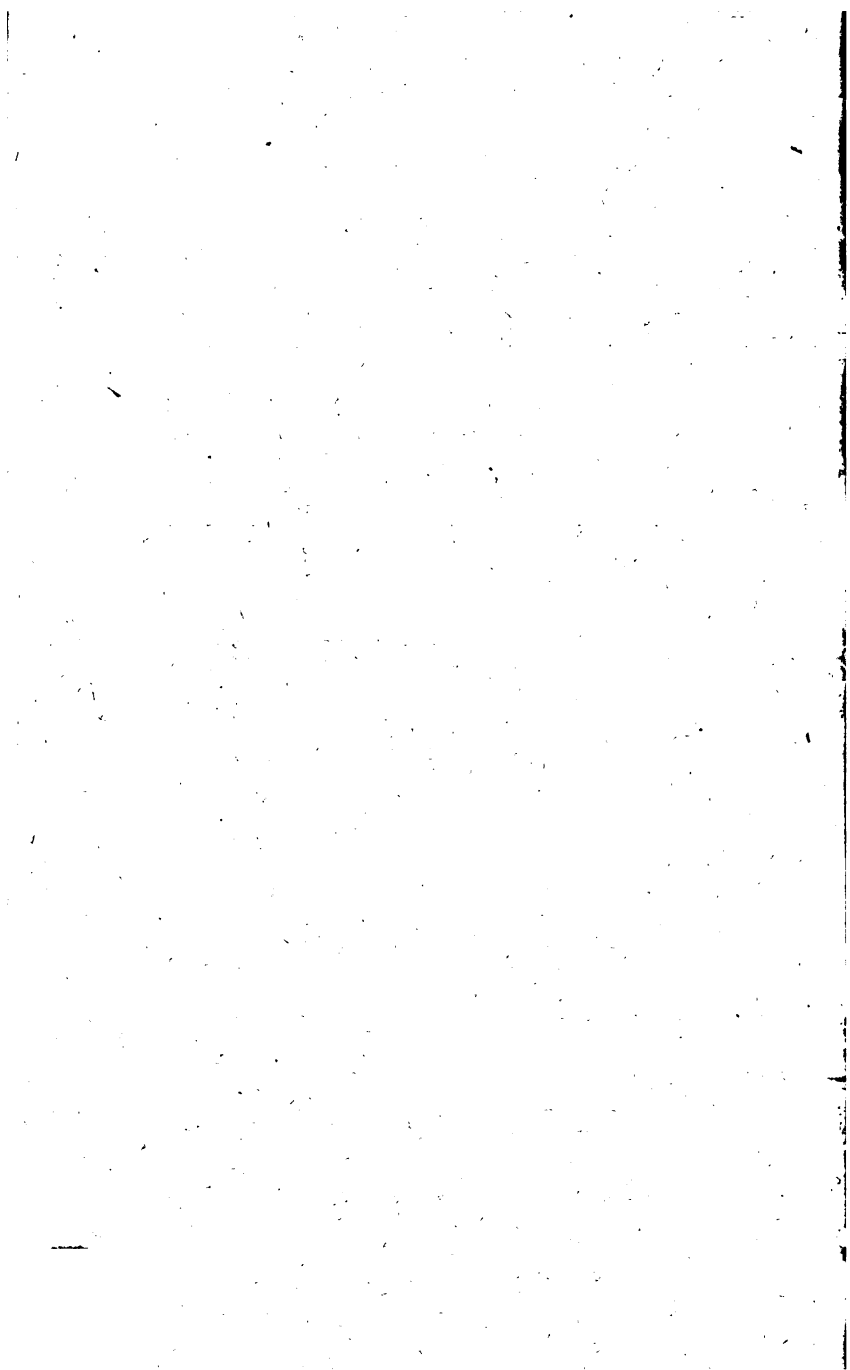
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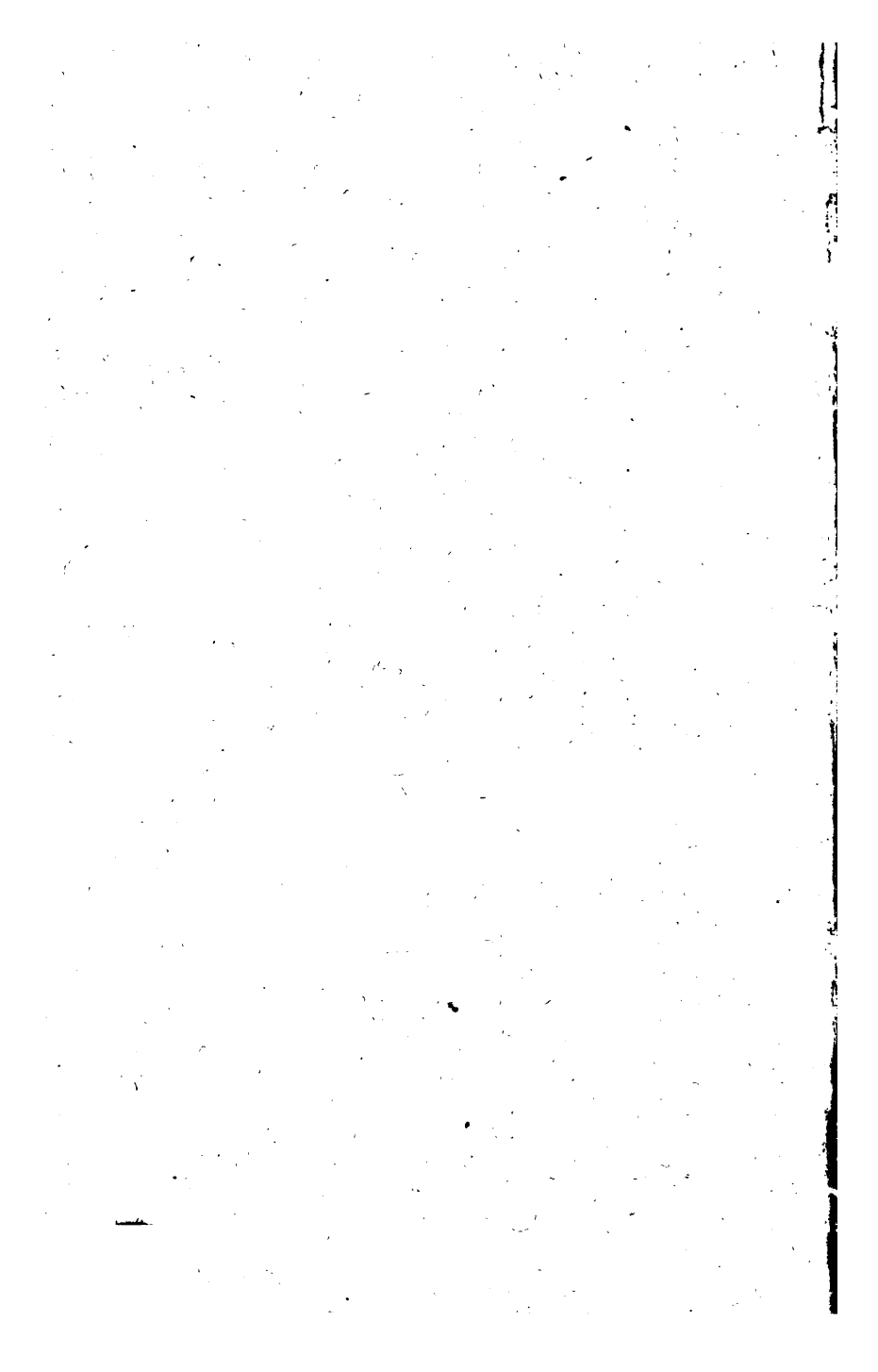
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3. 2. 7. 2.

Anthologia graeca
= THE



GREEK ANTHOLOGY,

AS SELECTED FOR THE USE OF

321

WESTMINSTER, ETON, AND OTHER PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Literally Translated into English Prose,

CHIEFLY BY

GEORGE BURGESS, A. M.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

METRICAL VERSIONS BY BLAND, MERRIVALE, AND OTHERS,

AND AN

INDEX OF REFERENCE TO THE ORIGINALS.

LONDON :

HENRY G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

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P R E F A C E.

Of all the remains of Greek literature, the most remarkable is that which passes under the name of the *Anthology*. It not only ranges over a longer period of time than can be assigned to any other, but it likewise exhibits the productions of poets, philosophers, and historians in their lighter hours; while the names even of princes are found in the company of those who have left no memorials of themselves except as the writers of Epigrams.

For the preservation of different portions of the fugitive poetry of Greece we are indebted to a variety of authors, mentioned by Jacobs in the *Prolegomena* to his edition of the *Anthologia*, p. 34—90. But the principal labourer in “*Flower Collecting*”—for such is the literal meaning of *Anthology*—was Meleager, a poet of Gadara, who flourished under the last of the Seleucidæ, about 96 B. C., and culled his “*Garland*” from the works of forty-six of his predecessors, and from not a few of his contemporaries; to these he added many of his own, which are at least equal, if not superior, to any in the collection.

To Meleager succeeded Philip of Thessalonica, who gave a supplement of Epigrams, obtained from thirteen writers not mentioned by Meleager. The next collector was Strato of Sardis, who directed his chief attention to poems of an amatory cast, and those too not the most delicate. From this, Constantine Cephalas, a friend and relation of the emperor Leo,

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made a selection, containing one hundred and sixty-five Epigrams. After an interval of some four or five centuries appeared the collection made by Agathias of Myriné, entitled "A Circle of Epigrams;" which he arranged under seven different heads, instead of retaining the previous alphabetical order.

Of all these collections not one has come down to us in an entire state; and even the fragments still extant would in all probability have perished, had not Constantine Cephalas collected and united them. From his MS. a transcript was made, which is supposed to be the one formerly at Heidelberg, and which, after being carried to Rome in 1623, and subsequently to Paris, has at length found its way back to its original depository.

The last collector was Maximus Planudes, a monk of Constantinople; who, in the early part of the 14th century, abridged the collection made by Constantine Cephalas, and rejected the indelicate Epigrams; but as he has, on the other hand, preserved many relating to matters of Art, which are wanting in the Heidelberg MS., it is evident that he had met with a transcript of the collection of Cephalas more complete than any known to us at present.

Of the metrical translations into English, the first was published by the Rev. Robert Bland; who, after trying his hand at some versions from the Minor Poets of Greece, in the Monthly Magazine for 1805 and 1806, and shortly afterwards in Dr. Aikin's Athenæum, collected them into a volume, published in 1806, under the title of "Translations from the Greek Anthology, with Tales and Miscellaneous Poems." Of the translations many were the contributions of the author's friends, the late J. H. Merivale, the present Lord Denman, and Dr. Hodgson, the Provost of Eton College. Prefixed to the vo-

lume is a Preface on the lighter literature of Greece, and the principal collectors of the Greek Anthology; from which an extract will enable the reader to see what he is to expect in such a garden of the poetry of Greece.

“By the word Epigram, we are not to understand what is generally meant by that term in modern times; but we must bear in mind that it is literally an Inscription merely; and was originally appropriated to the short sentences inscribed on offerings made to the gods; but was subsequently transferred to inscriptions on statues, either of gods, heroes, or of men even, whether living or dead, and on public buildings; that it was adopted by the lawgiver to convey a moral precept, and by a lover to express a tender sentiment, but most of all by those who wished to perpetuate the affection felt by the living for the dead; while the chief merit of a Greek Epigram consists in the justness of a single and natural thought conveyed in harmonious and unaffected language; and that, as very little can be done in the compass of a few couplets, the principal aim of each writer seems to have been to do that little with grace.”

As regards the intrinsic value of such fugitive pieces, Bland has correctly observed that—“from the histories and orations and nobler poems which have come down to us, we know how to appreciate the bold and masterly characters of the heroes and statesmen of Greece and Italy; but for private events and domestic occurrences, we must look to fugitive pieces; for there we meet with records beneath the dignity of history, and catch a glimpse of the characters and customs of an otherwise little-known age; there we follow individuals into their retirements; there we are present at their births, nuptials, and deaths, and become the companions of their merriment at table, and the spectators at their games.”

Of the preceding extract, the greater portion is taken from the second edition, published in 1813, of which there appeared rather favourable notices in the Quarterly, Edinburgh, and Monthly Reviews, and the Museum Criticum. After the death of Mr. Bland in 1825, Mr. Merivale gave, in 1833, a new edition, freed, as he says, from former blemishes. But though this last edition is enriched with many new translations, it comprises only a portion of those already contained in its predecessors; and hence it has been necessary, for the purposes of the present volume, to consult both. To these have been added those contributed by Mr. Hay and others to the series of articles written by Professor Wilson, in Blackwood's Magazine for 1833 and 1835.

The last work of the kind which has appeared in England, is the "*Anthologia Polyglotta*," of the Rev. Dr. H. Wellesley, Principal of New Inn Hall, Oxford; who, with the assistance of some University friends, has given a very beautiful volume of versions from the Greek Anthology; where fidelity and elegance are happily combined.

In addition to the translations collected from these sources, I have availed myself of a few to be found elsewhere, such as the one by T. C., in *Notes and Queries*, vol. iii. p. 92, and one from the *Gentleman's Magazine*. For those marked M. A. S. I am indebted to a lady, who is desirous of concealing her name; and for those with the initials G. B. I am myself responsible. The first 96 pages had been already printed, before the work was put into my hands; and not only the translation, but nearly all the notes in that portion, are from the pen of an accomplished gentleman, educated at Westminster School.

With regard to the selection of the Epigrams, the present volume contains all that are to be found in the Collections

made for the use respectively of the schools at Westminster and Eton; to which is added the fuller selection edited, in 1825, by the Rev. John Edwards, formerly Head Master of King Edward's School at Bury St. Edmund's, and at present Greek Professor in the University of Durham; and lastly, those Epigrams which have been versified by Bland and Merivale, and are not contained in the preceding Selections. Where the same Epigrams are repeated in one or other of the Collections, it has been deemed advisable to give them only in the place where they first occur, and to make a reference to them afterwards.

G. B.

P. S.—The Epigram attributed to Porson in p. 371, should be thus read, as I have been informed by a learned friend, a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, who is in possession of Porson's autograph of it, sent originally to the late Rev. G. A. Browne, formerly a Fellow of the same College.

The Germans at Greek
Are sadly to seek,
Not five in five-score,
But ninety-five more;
All—save only Hermann;
And Hermann's a German.

INDEX TO THE INITIALS

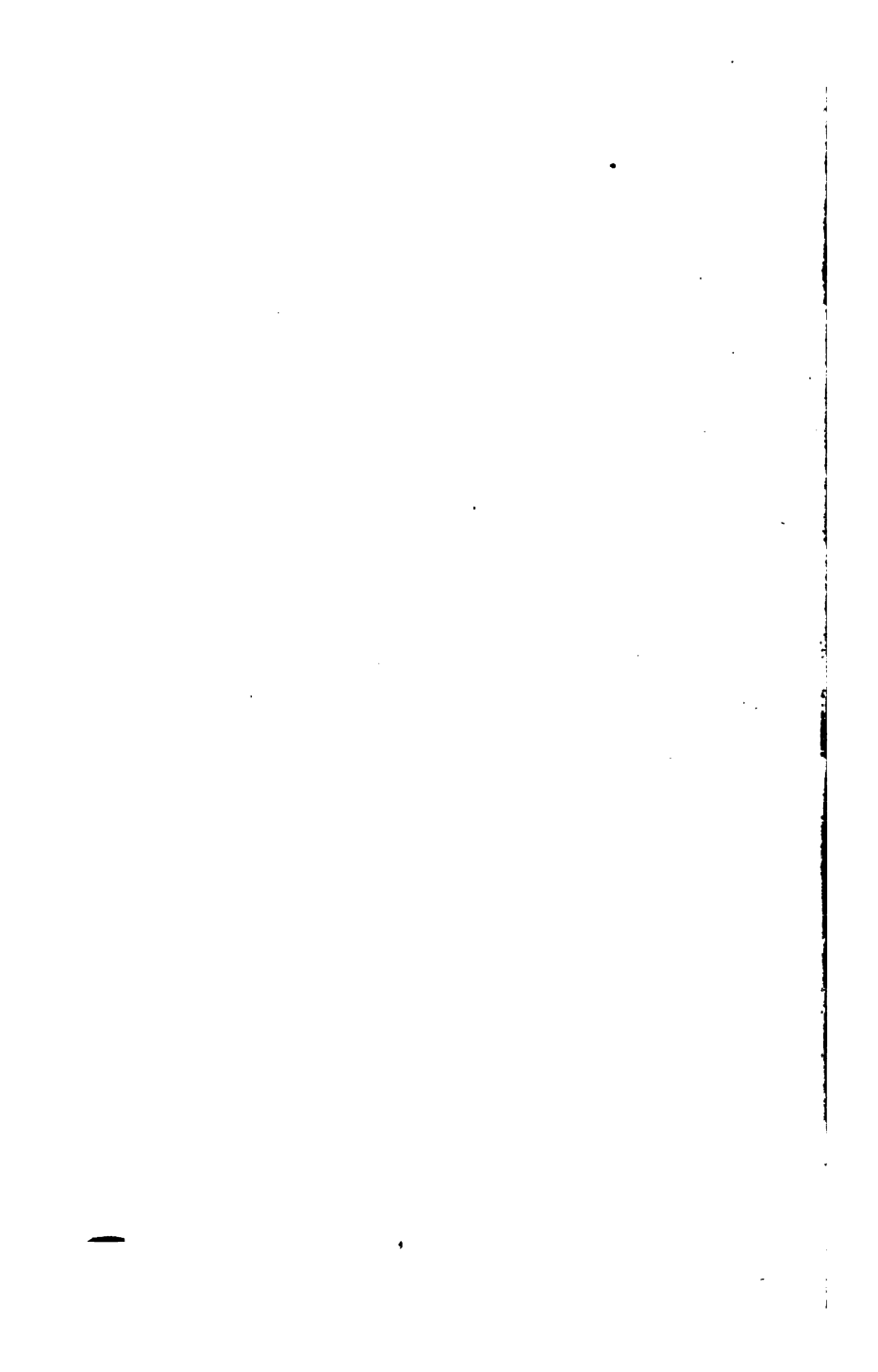
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TO THE METRICAL TRANSLATIONS.

A. CR.	Sir Alexander Croke.
G. B.	George Burges, M. A. Trin. Coll. Camb.
G. Bo.	Rev. George Booth, late Fellow of Magdalene College, Oxford.
J. B.	Rev. John Besly, D. C. L., late Fellow of Baliol College, Oxford.
J. E. B.	Rev. J. Ernest Bode, late Student of Christ Church, Oxford.
J. W., B.	Rev. John William Burgon, Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford.
BL.	Rev. Robert Bland.
R. BL. JR.	Son of the preceding.
H. N. C.	Henry Nelson Coleridge.
R. C. C.	Rev. Charles Coxe, Honorary Canon of Durham, late Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford.
W. C.	William Cowper.
T. D.	Lord Thomas Denman, late Chief Justice.
T. F.	Rev. Thomas Farley, B. D., late Fellow of Magdalene College, Oxford.
W. F.	Rev. William Farley.
F. H.	Rev. Dr. Francis Hodgson, Provost of Eton College.
K.	Benjamin Keen.
J. H. M.	John Hermann Merivale.
C. M.	Rev. C. Merivale, son of the preceding, late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.
T. P. R.	Rev. Thomas Percival Rogers, Student of Christ Church, Oxford.
G. S.	Goldwin Smith, Stowell Fellow of University College, Oxford.
G. C. S.	Rev. George Carless Swayne, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford.
E. S.	Rev. Edward Stokes, Student of Christ Church, Oxford.
G. F. D. T.	Rev. George Frederick De Tessier, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford.
H. W.	Rev. Dr. H. Wellesley, Principal of New Inn Hall, Oxford.

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GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

BOOK I.

I. EVENUS.

THE VINE TO THE HE-GOAT.

ALTHOUGH you may eat me down to the root, O he-goat, yet I shall still bear fruit, as much as may be poured¹ on you when sacrificed.

Though thou should'st gnaw me to the root,
Destructive goat, enough of fruit
I bear, betwixt thy horns to shed,
When to the altar thou art led.

J. H. M.

Though to the root thou eat'st me, goat,
Still shall I yield, from fruit of vine,
Enough to pour upon thy head,
When sacrificed, of holy wine.

G. B.

II. UNCERTAIN.

Jupiter [said] to Love—I will take away all thine arrows; and the winged one [answered], Thunder away; again thou wilt be a swan.²

¹ ἐπι-σπείσαι, 1 aor. act. from ἐπι-σπένδω. κῆν for καὶ ἦν. φαγεῖν, aor. 2, it has no pres. tense.

² As thou wert, when in love with Leda. ἀφελούμαι, fut. mid. of ἀφαιρέω.

Thy bow and arrows all, said Jove
 To Love, away I'll take.
 Thunder away ; again thou 'lt be,
 Said Love, a swan-form'd rake.

G. B.

III. PLATO THE YOUNGER.

A blind man carried on his back a lame one, having
 lent feet [and] borrowed eyes.

Said the lame to the blind—On your back let me rise :
 So the eyes were the legs, and the legs were the eyes.

W. F.

A blind man bore upon his back
 One lame, of nought afraid ;
 For lending feet and borrowing eyes,
 They did each other aid.

G. B.

IV. THE SAME.

A man on finding money, left a rope ; but he, who had
 hidden the gold, not finding what he had left, tied to
 himself the rope, which he found.

A man found a treasure ; and, what 's very strange,
 Running off with the cash, left a rope in exchange :
 The poor owner, at missing his gold, full of grief,
 Hung himself with the rope, which was left by the thief.

A. CR.

V. NICARCHUS.

Pheidon, the miser, weeps not because he dies, but
 because he bought the coffin for five minæ.¹

VI. POLLIANUS.

Possessing copper money, how is it that you possess no-
 thing ? Learn [the reason]. Thou lendest all. Thus thou
 possessest nothing thyself, in order that another may
 possess it.

¹ The "mina" of Athens has been calculated to be about £3. 3s. English. But as this seems an extravagant sum for a coffin, perhaps by σαρδς here is meant, what Plato, in Epist. 13, calls ἡ οἰκονομία τοῦ σώματος, which, the philosopher says, would cost, in the case of his mother, ten minæ.

VII. LUCILLIUS.

Thou hast the wealth of a rich man, but the soul of a poor one, O thou, rich for thine heirs, but poor for thyself.¹

A rich man's purse, a poor man's soul is thine,
Starving thy body, that thy heirs may dine.

J. H. M.

A miser's mind thou hast,
Thou hast a prince's pelf;
Which makes thee wealthy for thine heir,
A beggar to thyself.

TURBERVILLE.

VIII. PALLADAS.

O gold, the father of flatterers, the son of pain and care; to have thee is a fear; not to have thee, a sorrow.

Father of flatterers, and son
Of care, O gold, thou art:
To have thee fear begets; but not
To have thee, sorrow's smart.

G. B.

IX. LUCIAN.

The wealth of the soul is the only true wealth: the rest of things have more of pain than pleasure.

The mind's wealth only is the wealth not vain;
All else brings less of pleasure than of pain.

G. B.

X. JULIAN.

Seek, robbers, other houses, that bring gain; for to these poverty is a sure guard.

¹ So Horace—"Hæc libertus ut. eibat hæres, Dis inimice senex, custodis?"

Seek a more profitable job,
 Good house-breakers, elsewhere ;
 These premises you cannot rob ;
 Want guards them with such care. H. W.

More closely—
 Seek, robbers, for yourselves a job,
 That brings more gain, elsewhere ;
 This dwelling you can never rob ;
 'Tis watch'd by want and care. G. B.

XI. MENEKRATES.

When old age is absent, every one prays for it ; but if
 at any time it comes, every one finds fault with it. It
 is always better, when it is a debt [not paid].

All pray to reach old age ; when come, how few
 But blame it, as a thing that's better due ! H. W.

XII. LUCILLIUS.

If any one, having grown old, prays to live, he is
 worthy to live through many decades of years.

When for long life the old man pours his prayers,
 Grant, Jove, a lengthen'd life of growing years.
 J. H. M.

He who, advanced in years, for life still prays,
 Should, as an old man, live through lengthen'd days.
 G. B.

XIII. LUCIAN.

Thou wilt perhaps lie hid from men, when doing any
 thing wrong ; but thou wilt not lie hid from the gods,
 not even although thinking [to do so].

Man may not see thee do an impious deed ;
 But god thy very inmost thought can read.
 J. W. B.

Doing a wrong, thou may'st lie hid from man ;
 But to lie hid from god thou hast no plan. G. B.

XIV. THE SAME.

A bad man is a cask with holes in it, on whom while pouring all kinds of favours, you pour on what is still empty.

A cask with holes the bad man call;
Exhaust upon him favour all,
You 'll find, you pour with labour vain
On what will nothing e'er contain. G. B.

XV. UNCERTAIN.

UPON AN UNWORTHY LEADER.

Fortune led you on unwillingly;¹ but [she did it] that she might show she is able to do all things even in your case. X

Fortune advanced you, merely to display,
In doing it to you, her boundless sway. H. W.

XVI. AUTOMEDON.

In the evening, when we are drinking, we are human beings; but when the morning dawns, we rise against each other [as] wild beasts.

At evening, when we drain the bowl,
We bear of men the form and soul;
But when the morning dawns, our feasts
Are changed to feuds, ourselves to beasts. G. B.

XVII. SIMONIDES.

At the Isthmian and Pythian games Diophon, the son of Philo, conquered² in leaping, swiftness of foot, [throwing] the quoit [and] javelin, [and] in wrestling.³

¹ To avoid the incongruity in the words *ὅτε ἐθέλουσα*, Jacobs suggested *ὄχι φιλοῦσα*, "not loving."

² The phrase, *ἰσθμία—ἐνίκα* is adopted by Ennius, "Vicit Olympia."

³ These five exercises were called *πένταθλον*.

XVIII. UNCERTAIN.

Seven stars [are] wandering along the Olympian threshold, the Moon, Jupiter, Mars, Venus, Saturn, the Sun, Mercury.

XIX. UNCERTAIN.

Seven cities contend for the root [origin] of Homer, Cymé,¹ Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Pylos, Argos, Athens,

XX. ZELOTES.

I a pine was broken to the ground by the wind. Why do you send me on the sea a branch, wrecked before the sailing?

XXI. LUCIAN.

A fool bitten by many fleas, put out the light, saying—You no longer see me.

XXII. THEOGNIS.

x I neither wish nor pray to be rich; but be it my [lot] to live upon a little, having no evil.

I neither wish nor pray for wealth; my prayer
Is for a small subsistence, free from care. H. W.

XXIII. LUCIAN.

Why do you fruitlessly wash the body of an Indian?² forbear your art; you cannot bring the sun upon a dark night.³

XXIV. UNCERTAIN.

The thin Diophantus, once wishing to hang himself, laid hold of a spider's web, and strangled himself [with it].

¹ A. Gellius, in Nott. Attic. iii. 11, has Σμύρνα, Ῥόδος, Κολοφών, Σαλαμίν, Ἴος, Ἄργος, Ἀθήναι.

² Here is an allusion to Æsop, Fab. 75,

³ You cannot make a dark night bright with the sun.

XXV. UNCERTAIN.

Envy is a very bad thing,¹ but it has some good in it,
for it wastes away the eyes and heart of the envious.²

Envy's detestable; but has this good;
The envious waste their eye-sight and heart's blood.

H. W.

XXVI. APOLLINARIUS.

If you speak evil of me, when I am away, you do me
no injury; but if well, when I am present, know, that
you speak evil [of me].

You harm me not, whom absent you traduce;
Praise in my presence is the true abuse.

E. S.

XXVII. NICARCHUS.

Pheidon neither drenched me nor touched me; but
being ill of a fever, I remembered his name and died.³

No—blame not the Doctor—no clyster he gave me,
He ne'er felt my pulse, never reach'd my bed-side;
But, as I lay sick, my friends, anxious to save me,
In my hearing just mention'd his name—and I died.

J. H. M.

The physician, who kill'd me,
Neither bled, purged, nor pill'd me,
Nor counted my pulse; but it comes to the same;
In the height of my fever I died of his name.

H. W.

XXVIII. CALLICTERUS.

TO A PHYSICIAN WHO WAS A THIEF.

Rhodon takes away leprosy, and scrofula, with his

¹ Instead of *κακιστος*, Stobæus offers *κακιστον*, which gives a better sense.

² Compare Horace, "Invidus alterius marcescit rebus opimis."

³ The mere recollection of his name killed me.

medicines; but he takes away every thing else without medicine.

With med'cines Rhodon carries off the gout;
But every other kind of thing without.

H. W.

XXIX. UNCERTAIN.

The gods did not breathe sense into a flute-player;
but with his puffing even his sense flies off.¹

XXX. NICARCHUS.

The night-owl sings a death-song; but when Demophilus shall sing, even the night-owl himself dies.

'Tis said that certain death awaits
The raven's nightly cry:
But at the sound of Cymon's voice,
The very ravens die.

J. H. M

The screech-owl sings; death follows at her cries:
Demophilus strikes up; the screech-owl dies.

H. W.

More closely—

The screech-owl sings its death-foreboding cries;
When sings Demophilus, the screech-owl dies.

G. B.

XXXI. LUCILLIUS.

The lazy Marcus having been once cast into prison,
did, of his own accord,² not wishing to come out, confess
to a murder.

Lazy Mark, snug in prison, in prison to stay
Thought confessing a murder the easiest way.

H. W.

¹ $\chi\omega$ is for $\kappa\alpha\iota\ \delta\acute{o}$. $\acute{\alpha}\mu\alpha$ is followed by a dat., perhaps dependent on $\sigma\upsilon\nu$: $\tau\tilde{\omega}$ is the article to $\phi\upsilon\sigma\tilde{\alpha}\nu$ ($\phi\upsilon\sigma\acute{\alpha}\epsilon\upsilon\nu$), the infinitive being used abstractedly as a noun.

² $\acute{\epsilon}\kappa\omicron\nu\tau\iota$ is here used adverbially.

XXXII. LUCIAN.

If you suppose that the nourishing a beard gives a claim to wisdom, then a well-bearded goat is a skilful Plato.

If beards long and bushy true wisdom denote,
Then Plato must bow to a hairy he-goat.

T. D.

XXXIII. PALLADAS.

To speak always well of every body is well; but [to speak] shameful things is horrible, even though they are deserving of what we say.¹

XXXIV. UNCERTAIN.

The white cows to Marcus Cæsar, hail! If you conquer, we are destroyed.²

XXXV. UNCERTAIN.

ON A VINE GROWING UPON AN OLIVE TREE.

I am the plant of Pallas; why, branches of Bacchus, do you squeeze me? Take away your clusters. I, a virgin, do not get drunk. X

¹ τούτων ἀξιοὶ ὧν λέγομεν—ὧν is in the case of the antecedent by attraction.

² αἱ βόες αἱ λευκαί. The adjective following its noun requires the article of the noun to be repeated. This is the emphatic position of the adjective. Its common place is between the article and noun; as αἱ λευκαὶ βόες—ἄμμες, Æolic for ἡμεῖς.

The meaning of this epigram, omitted by Jacobs, is rather obscure; unless it be said that it expresses a fear on the part of some white cows, that if Marcus is victorious they will be sacrificed. But in that case χαίρειν must be rendered "farewell," or rather like the Latin—"abi in malam rem." By "white cows," in Greek λευκαὶ βόες, a learned friend has suggested that the writer intended "elephants," which were formerly found of that colour in Africa, and were carried from thence to Italy by the Carthaginians, as shown by Lucretius, v. 1301, "Inde boves lucas turrito corpore tetros Anguimanos belli docuerunt vulnere Pœni Sufferre;" and by Ennius, quoted by Varro de L. L. vi., "Atque prius pariet locusta bovem lucam." For "bos" in Latin is applied to any large and little known quadruped.

I am Minerva's sacred plant :
 Press me no more, intruding vine ;
 Unwreathe your wanton arms ; avaunt !
 A modest maiden loves not wine. J. H. M.

XXXVI. AMMIANUS.

May the dust be light on you under the earth, O
 miserable Nearchus, in order that the dogs may the more
 easily tear you out.

Light lie the earth, Nearchus, on thy clay,
 That so the dogs may easier find their prey.
 J. H. M.

XXXVII. MELEAGER.

Hail, Earth, mother of all ! Upon Æsigenes, who was
 formerly not heavy upon thee, do thou now keep¹ thy-
 self without a weight.

Hail, universal Mother ! Lightly rest
 On that dead form,
 Which, when with life invested, ne'er oppress'd
 Its fellow worm. J. H. M.

Earth, lightly press Æsigenes ; for he,
 Mother, ne'er set a heavy foot on thee. J. B.

XXXVIII. MENANDER.

ON THEMISTOCLES AND EPICURUS.

Hail, two-fold race of Neocleides !² of whom one de-
 livered his country from slavery, the other from folly.

XXXIX. ADDÆUS.

Should any one hymn the tomb of Alexander the

¹ τὸν follows ἐπίχοις, as if the syntax were ἔχοις αὐτὴν ἐπὶ τὸν—One
 would rather have expected κατέχοις, "keep down."

² Νεοκλειδᾶ, Doric gen. 1 declension.

Macedonian, say¹ that both continents are his monument.

XL. UNCERTAIN.²

Quick favours are the more pleasant; but if a favour comes slowly, it is altogether vain, nor let it be called a favour.

Swift favours charm; but when too long they stay.
They lose the name of kindness by delay. H.

The grace of kindness is despatch; the same
Delay makes void, nor should it bear the name. T. F.

Swift favours are the sweetest; but delay
Makes them all vain, and takes their name away. G. B.

XLI. UNCERTAIN.

Every thing excessive is ill-timed; since it is an old saying, that too much even of honey is gall.

Ill-timed is all excess. 'Tis known to all,
That even too much honey turns to gall. H. W.

XLII. UNCERTAIN.

Six hours are very sufficient for labours; but those, that follow them, say, marked by letters,³ to mortals, "Live."

XLIII. UNCERTAIN.

TO A STATUE OF VICTORY, AT ROME, WHOSE WINGS WERE
BURNT OFF BY LIGHTNING.

Rome, thou queen of all, thy glory will never perish;
for wingless Victory cannot fly from thee.

¹ The imperative λέγε is strangely used after ἦν τις δειδῶ. It should be properly λεγέτω.

² This epigram is found in Lucian iii. p. 676, ed. Reitz.

³ The letters alluded to as following τ, which means 6, are ζ, η, θ, ι, which combined make up the word ζῆθι, "live."

Queen of the world, how should thy glory die?
While Victory stays, and hath no wings to fly.

G. F. D. T.

More closely—

Rome, queen of all, thy glory ne'er shall die;
For wingless Victory cannot from thee fly.

G. B.

XLIV. DAMASCIUS.

Zosimé, who was formerly a slave in body alone, has
now found freedom, even for her body.

XLV. UNCERTAIN.¹

This man was once a slave when alive, but now, having
died, he is equal in power to Darius the Great.

XLVI. UNCERTAIN.

Hector gave Ajax a sword, and Ajax gave Hector a
belt. The gift of both [led] to death.

Hector to Ajax gave a sword; a belt
Ajax to Hector; gifts both fatal felt.

G. B.

XLVII. LEONTIUS.

Ajax, after much boasting of contests, at Troy being
laid low, blames not his enemies, but friends.²

XLVIII. UNCERTAIN.

AS IF [SPOKEN BY] HECTOR INSULTED BY THE GREEKS
AFTER HIS DEATH.

Now pelt my body after death, just as the very
hares insult the body of a dead lion.

Now after death my body pelt; thus fares
The lion dead, insulted e'en by hares.

G. B.

¹ This is attributed to Anyté, Ep. 21, where the reading is *Μάνης οὖρος ἀνὴρ*: for *Μάνης* is a name frequently given to slaves, as shown by Aristophanes in the Frogs, 995. Jacobs quotes very appositely Lucretius iii. 1047. "Scipiades—Ossa dedit terræ, proinde ac famul' infimus esset."

² Take *ἐν Τροίῃ* with *κείμενος*, i. e. buried in Trojan earth.

XLIX. UNCERTAIN.

A good friend is a great treasure, Heliodorus, to him,
who knows how to retain him [the friend].

L. LUCILLIUS.

Eutychides was a slow runner on the course ; but he
ran to his supper, so that one might say, Eutychides flies.

Eutychides was no swift runner : true ;

But, as a diner-out, you 'd say, he flew. H. W.

LI. ANTIPATER.

I bring all to [Charon] the ferry-man ; for I have left
nothing above the earth : but may you, dog Cerberus,
fawn upon me, a dog.¹

LII. LUCIAN.

Slow-footed counsel is much the better ; but the quick
has repentance always drawn after [it].

LIII. JULIAN OF EGYPT.

O happy Pluto, receive Democritus ; so that, although
reigning over those ever without a smile, you may obtain
one even laughing.

Pluto, receive the sage, whose ghost

Is wafted to thy gloomy shore ;

One laughing spirit seeks the coast,

Where never smile was seen before. J. H. M.

Great Pluto, greet Democritus, and have

One merry soul, thou monarch of the grave. H. W.

LIV. SIMONIDES.

FROM THOSE [LYING] DEAD IN THERMOPYLÆ.

O stranger, tell the Lacedæmonians that here we lie, ×
obedient to their words.

¹ Diogenes is feigned to call himself, when dead, by the name of dog,
which was applied to him when living.

Go, tell the Spartans, thou who passest by,
That here, obedient to their laws, we lie. W. L. B.

Stranger, to Lacedæmon go, and tell,
That here, obedient to her words, we fell. G. B.

LV. ON THE SAME.

We lie here, having defended with our lives all Greece,
when standing on a sharp point [i. e. a dangerous
position].

When Greece upon the point of danger stood,
We fell, defending her with our life-blood. G. B.

LVI. ANACREON.

Brave in war [was] Timocritus, of whom this [is] the
tomb: Mars spares not the brave, but the cowards.

Timocritus adorns this humble grave:
Mars spares the coward, but destroys the brave.
J. H. M.

This is of bold Timocritus the grave;
Mars loves to spare the coward, not the brave. G. B.

LVII. CALLIMACHUS.

Here Saon, of Acanthus, the son of Dichon, lies in
a sacred sleep; say not that the men of virtue die.

Here Saon, wrapp'd in holy slumber, lies:
Thou canst not say, the just and virtuous dies.
J. H. M.

Here Dicon's son, Acanthian Saon, lies
In holy sleep: say not, the good man dies. H. W.

LVIII. UNCERTAIN.

A father [raised] this monument to his son; the contrary was just [natural]: but Envy¹ was quicker than justice.

LIX. GREGORY OF NAZIANZEN.

Ye orators, speak [now]. I, this tomb, keep closed in silence the lips of the great Amphilochnus.

LX. LEONTIUS SCHOLASTICUS.

An old woman has found her death. She ought to have lived ten thousand revolutions [of the sun]. We cannot have a surfeit of what is good.

LXI. ON NIOBE.

This tomb has within it no body; this body has without it no tomb; but itself is its own body and tomb.

Lo! corpseless tomb, and tombless corpse! strange doom,
She to herself at once is corpse and tomb. G. S.

LXII. ON A STATUE OF JUPITER IN OLYMPIA.

Either the god came from heaven to earth, to show his form [to thee], or thou, Phidias, didst go to heaven to see the god.

LXIII. UNCERTAIN.

O herdsman, pasture [your] herd farther off, lest you drive, together with [your] oxen, the heifer of Myro, as if it were alive.

LXIV. ANTIPATER OF SIDON.

Why, O calf, do you come near to my sides? why do you low? Art has not placed milk in my udder.

¹ By Φθόνος is meant here, as by Νέμεσις in Ep. 82, the deity who punished mortals when they were too fortunate; and so probably the father of the deceased had been.

LXV. PHILIP.

The poor Aristides reckoned as much wealth his [one] sheep, as a flock, and his [one] cow, as a herd.

LXVI. LUCIAN.

It (were) easier to find white crows and winged tortoises, than an orator of repute in Cappadocia.¹

LXVII. PHOCYLIDES.

'This too [is the saying] of Phocylides. The Lerians are bad, not this one [bad], and the other not [so], but all, except Procles; and Procles is a Lorian.

LXVIII. UNCERTAIN.

ON A STATUE OF NIOBE.

From a living being the gods made me a stone; [but] from a stone Praxiteles made me again a living being.

The gods to stone transform'd me; but again
I from Praxiteles new life obtain. ADDISON.

LXIX. LUCILLIUS.

Demosthenis has a false mirror; for if she looked at a true one, she would be unwilling to look at it at all.

Though to your face that mirror lies,

'Tis just the glass for you,

Demosthenis; you'd shut your eyes,

If it reflected true.

H. W.

LXX. THE SAME.

Some say, Nicylla, that thou dyest thy hair, which thou boughtest most black at the market.²

Some say, Nicylla, that you dye your hair,

Those jet-black locks. You bought them at a fair. E. S.

¹ *ἴππ*, poetic form of *ἵππ*.

² *ἐμπλῆ* imperf. mod. contracted from *ἐμπλῆσσε*, *ἐμπλῆσσε*, *ἐμπλῆσσε*.

LXXI. ON A STATUE OF NEMESIS.

Nemesis forewarns [us] with a cubit¹ and a rein, not to do any thing without measure, nor to speak unbridled [words].

LXXII. PLATO.

Diodorus put to sleep this Satyr, not carved it. If you prick him, you will arouse him; the silver is having a nap.

LXXIII. UNCERTAIN.

ON THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER AT ATHENS.

The race of Cecrops placed this house² for Jupiter, so that, on departing from Olympus to the earth, he might have another Olympus.

LXXIV. ON A STATUE OF A DULL ORATOR.

Who has carved you not speaking in the form of a speaker? You are silent; you do not speak; nothing is more like.

LXXV. ANTIPATER.

Wonder seized upon Mnemosyné, when she heard the honey-voiced Sappho, whether³ mortals have a tenth Muse.⁴

Amazement seized Mnemosyné

At Sappho's honey'd song.

What! does a tenth Muse then, cried she,

To mortal men belong?

H. W.

¹ Spanheim on Callimachus, T. ii. p. 473, says that by πῆχυς was meant a rule, the length of a cubit, which Nemesis is seen in gems to carry in her left hand.

² δόμος has rather the restricted idea of home, than the more general one of house. Ἀθήνησι, Ionic for Ἀθηναίς.

³ After verbs or phrases expressive of wonder, the particle employed is εἰ rather than μή.

⁴ αἰρέω, 2 aor. εἶλον, here without the augment ἔλε. Μεισᾶν, Æolic for Μουσῶν. Observe the Doric use of \bar{a} for η in Μναμοσύναν, τᾶς, δεκάταν.

LXXVI. UNCERTAIN.

The painter [painted] Pythagoras¹ himself, whom you would have seen with a voice, if Pythagoras had wished to speak.²

LXXVII. JULIAN.

The painter [has painted] Theodota herself: would that he had failed in his art, and had given forgetfulness to us, mourning [for her].

The painter makes Theodoté live again:
Would he had fail'd, nor thus recall'd our pain.

H. W.

LXXVIII. LEONIDAS.

Diodorus having carved the image of Menodotus, set it up, very like every body, except Menodotus.

When Diodorus sketch'd your phiz,
Menodotus, 'tis true
A likeness was produced; for 'tis
Like every one—but you.

H. W.

LXXIX. PALLADAS.

You have an intellect lame, like [your] foot; for truly your nature outside has the image of what is within.³

If the outward form 's akin
To the nature that 's within,
By your limping foot we learn
Your intellect 's a lame concern.

H. W.

¹ Πυθαγόρας, Ionic for ας.

² This alludes to the silence which Pythagoras imposed upon himself and his disciples.

³ καὶ γὰρ is the same as the Latin "etenim," "for." But frequently γὰρ indicates the omission of some words, to which the γὰρ is to be referred.

LXXX. UNCERTAIN.

Hope, and thou, O Fortune, a long farewell ; I have found the port. I have nothing to do with you ; play with those after me.¹

I've found a port ; Fortune and Hope, adieu.
Mock others now ; for I have done with you.

BURTON.

Fortune and Hope, farewell, I've found a port.
With you I've nought to do : with others sport.

G. B.

LXXXI. PALLADAS.

If I am poor, why should I suffer?² why do you hate me, who injure you not? This is the slip of Fortune, not the impropriety of my conduct.³

LXXXII. UNCERTAIN.

Eunus made [sculptured] Hope, and Nemesis,³ near an altar ; the former, that thou mayest have hope ; the latter, that thou mayest not [hope] too much.

LXXXIII. UNCERTAIN.

Four are the Graces, two the Paphian goddesses, and ten the Muses. Dercylis is among them all, a Muse, a Venus, a Grace.

LXXXIV. UNCERTAIN.

The rose blooms a short time ; but if it has gone off,⁴ on seeking it you will find, not a rose, but a thorn.

¹ οὐδὲν [ἔστιν] ἐμοὶ καὶ ὑμῖν.

² τί πάθω ; why should I suffer ? τὸδε, this, i. e. my poverty.

³ Νέμεσις, Envy.

⁴ A flower is said, in English, "to go off," as in Greek, παρίσχεσθαι, "to pass by." Jacobs however understands χρόνος before παρίλθῃ.

LXXXV. STRATO OF SARDIS.

If beauty¹ grows old, share it, before it passes away ;
but if it endures, why do you fear to give me what still
remains.

If age thy beauty must impair,
The fleeting charm impart ;
If it endure, why fear to share
What never can depart ?

H. W.

LXXXVI. MELEAGER.

The garland around the head of Heliodora withers ; but
she herself shines forth, the garland of the garland.

LXXXVII. POLEMON.

Either, Cupid, cancel² the power to love, or add that to
be loved ; so that thou mayest either undo my passion,
or mingle it.³

LXXXVIII. CAPITON.

Beauty, without graces, delights only ; it does not re-
tain, like a bait, floating, without a hook.

Beauty without the Graces is a bait
Without its hook, and fails to captivate. H. W.

LXXXIX. UNCERTAIN.

By your narration, Homer, you have put upon un-
sacked cities to envy the city which had been burnt.

XC. ANTIPATER OF SIDON.

Slight was the burial of the hero Priam, not because

¹ Τὸ καλὸν for κάλλος, beauty.

² περιγράφω, "circumscribo," here, "forbid."

³ The poet wishes either to be freed from love, or for his love to be
mixed with the love of the party loved.

he deserved such [a burial], but [because] we were entombed by the hands of [our] enemies.¹

See Priam's lowly tomb ! Not such a grave,
As he deserved, but, as his foe-men gave.

J. W. B.

XCI. NICODEMUS.

Ulysses has brought you, Penelope, this cloak and mantle, after accomplishing² his long journey.

XCII. UNCERTAIN.

ON HOMER.

Nature discovered, with difficulty discovered [Homer]; and after producing him ceased from her labour-pains, having directed all her vigour³ to [the production of] one Homer alone.

XCIH. LUCILLIUS.

Mortal are the possessions of mortals; and all things pass away from us. But if not, still we pass away from them.

XCIV. PALLADAS.

All life is a scene and a sport. Either learn to play, laying aside your serious pursuits,⁴ or bear up against sorrow.

This life a theatre we well may call,
Where every actor must perform with art,
Or laugh it through, and make a farce of all,
Or learn to bear with grace his tragic part. BL.

¹ τοίου (τάφου), gen. after δέξιος. ἐχωννύμεθα from χώννυμι, heap up, make a mound (especially over a grave).

² ἐξανύσας, after completing. The participle of the aorist is more properly translated by a preposition and the English participial noun, or gerund, than by the perfect definite preceded by "having." ἀτραπος, ἀprivative, and γρίπω, turn, a path, from which we turn not.

³ μενόνην, eager desire, earnest purpose.

⁴ τὴν σπουδὴν, your earnestness.

Since life is a play, and we actors at best,
 Either suffer like men, or give in to the jest. W. F.

XCV. UNOWNED.

Hærodotus received [as a host] the Muses; and then
 each, in return for his hospitality, gave him one book.¹

The Muses to Hærodotus one day
 Came, nine of them, and dined;
 And in return, their host to pay,
 Each left a book behind. G. F. D. T.

XCVI. MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL.

Memory and Oblivion, all hail! the former, for good
 deeds; the latter, for evil.²

All hail, Remembrance and Forgetfulness!
 Trace, Memory, trace whate'er is sweet or kind:
 When friends forsake us or misfortunes press,
 Oblivion, rase the record from our mind. BL.

XCVII. LUCIAN.

To the prosperous the whole of life is short; but to the
 unfortunate, one night is an endless time.³

In pleasure's bowers whole lives unheeded fly;
 But to the wretch one night's eternity. BL.

Short to the happy life's whole span appears;
 But to the wretch one night is endless years. G. Bo.

To those who are well to do, all life is brief;
 One night's an endless time to those in grief. G. B.

¹ ὑπεδέξατο, received (beneath his roof), entertained. The nine books of Hærodotus are called after the nine Muses.

² λευγαλῖος, (from λυγρός,) evil, grief-producing: hence perhaps *lugere* in Latin.

³ εὖ πράττω has an intransitive sense; as in our own English expression, "to be *doing well*," that is, "to be prosperous."

XCVIII. SIMONIDES.

A certain Theodorus is rejoicing since I am dead. Another shall rejoice over him. We are all in debt to death.¹

XCIX. UNCERTAIN.

Give, O king Jove, good things to us both praying and not praying; but keep from us evil things, even when praying [for them].²

Pray we or not, king Jove, do thou supply
All good; all harm e'en to our prayers deny.

H. W.

C. UNCERTAIN.

To feed many bodies [i. e. persons] and to erect many houses is the readiest way to poverty.

The broad highway to poverty and need
Is, much to build and many mouths to feed.

LEXIMOS UTHALMUS.

¹ *χαίρει*, has here a past sense. *ὀφειλόμεθα*, we are due, doomed.

² *Ἄμμι*, Doric for *ἡμῖν*. *ἀπερύκω*, keep off, *ἄ(ν)ευκτος*, prayerless, where *ἀ* is "not," the *ν* being merely euphonic.

BOOK II.

I. UNCERTAIN.

THERE are four games throughout Hellas, four sacred [games], two [sacred] to mortals, and two to immortals, Jupiter, Apollo,¹ Palæmon, Archemorus: their prizes [are] [a wreath of] wild olive, apples, parsley, pine.

II. DAMAGETAS.

I am a wrestler neither from Messene nor [from] Argos: Sparta, renowned Sparta, [is] my father-land. They [the people of Messene and Argos are] superior in skill: I, as befits the sons of Lacedæmon, am superior in force.²

No Messenian wrestler, no Argive is here;

Of Sparta, famed Sparta's my birth:

Let them brag of their skill; by my strength 'twill appear
How the Spartan evinces his worth. H. W.

III. JULIAN.

A mother killed [her] son, who had left the battle after the death of his companions; denying the remembrance of the pains [of childbirth]: for Lacedæmon judges of genuine blood by the valour of warriors, not by the birth of babes.³

A Spartan, his companion slain,
Alone from battle fled;

¹ *Ἀηροῖδας*—"the son of Latona."

² *τεχνάεντες* for *-ήεντες*. The verb to be supplied is *επατί-ουσι*. *ἐπί-ουσι*, from *ἐπί* and *εἶω*, in 2nd perf. *ἔοικα*.

³ *ἀννηπαμένη*, 1 aor. m. of *ἀναίνομαι*. Observe the diphthong *αι* becomes in the root of the aor. 1, *η*; and that *η* is not generally thought to be the true formation; since from *φαίν-ω* the aor. 1 is *ἔ-φην-α*, not *ἔ-φην-α*.

His mother, kindling with disdain
 That she had borne him, struck him dead ;
 For courage, and not birth alone,
 At Sparta testifies a son.

W. C.

A Spartan mother slew her son,
 Who from the battle-field had run,
 Where his companions had been slain ;
 For she of child-birth all the pain
 Disown'd ; since Sparta genuine birth
 Sees not in blood, but valour's worth.

G. B.

IV. PARMENIO.

ON XERXES.

The Spartan Mars did with three hundred spears
 stand up against the sailer over the continent [and] the
 walker over the seas, through the ways of the earth and
 of the sea being changed.¹ Blush, ye mountains and
 seas.

Him, who reversed the laws great Nature gave,
 Sail'd o'er the continent and walk'd the wave,
 Three hundred spears from Sparta's iron plain
 Have stopp'd. Oh ! blush, ye mountains and thou main.

J. H. M.

He, who the paths of land and sea had changed,
 O'er continents sail'd, and over seas foot-ranged,
 Was check'd by spears three hundred, that did rush
 From Sparta. Seas with shame and mountains blush.

G. B.

V. LEONIDAS.

I, whom war through fear did not destroy, am now
 crushed by sickness, and wholly wasted away in a private

¹ The dative or ablative, thus used absolutely, is rather a Latin than a Greek form of syntax, which would require the genitive.

warfare. But pass, O dagger, through my breast: for like a brave man will I die, driving away disease, as [I did] war.

That soul, which vanquish'd war could never win,
Now yields reluctant to a foe within.
Oh seize the sword! grant me a soldier's due:
And thus disease shall own my triumph too. J. H. M.

VI. SIMONIDES.

ON LEONIDAS.

I, the strongest of beasts and men,¹ having walked upon this tomb of stone, which I am now guarding; but, unless a lion had possessed my spirit as well as my name, I should not have placed my feet upon this tomb.²

VII. UNCERTAIN.

From the fire of Troy, the hero Æneas rescued, in the midst³ of spears, his father, a pious burden for a son; and he shouted to the Greeks—"Touch him not; the old man is a trifling gain for Mars,⁴ but a great [gain] to me, who carry [him]."

Midst flames of Troy, and many a hostile spear,
Æneas bore a burden, oh! how dear!
His father. Hurt him not, ye Greeks, he cries;
Mars scorns an old man, though my dearest prize. T. F.

¹ *ἑνάρων*, Doric for *η*.

² From the literal translation of this epigram, it is evident that there is something wrong in the Greek. According to Jacobs, the first and second distich are separated from each other by intervening matter in the Vatican MS., and he says it is uncertain whether the epitaph was written upon one Leon, or Leonidas, the celebrated Spartan leader.

³ *μέσσω*, adj. to *παρίπα*.

⁴ *Ἀρη*, acc. for *Ἀρεα*.

VIII. UNCERTAIN.

Why, Eagle, hast thou come above a tomb? or art thou gazing¹ upon the starry home, [belonging to] whom² of the gods? I am the form of the soul of Plato, flying away to Olympus; but his earth-born body the soil of Attica possesses.

Why, eagle, o'er the tomb thus hovering fly?
Or on what starry dwelling in the sky
Is thy far vision stay'd?

The imaged soul of Plato, to Jove's throne
I soar aloft; his earth-born limbs alone

In Attic earth are laid.

T. P. R.

IX. UNCERTAIN.

A boy was crowning [with flowers] a small stone, the [monumental] pillar of [his] step-mother, thinking that her temper had been changed.³ But it [the pillar] falling, killed the child, while leaning on the grave. Shun, ye children, even the grave of a step-mother.

X. THEMISTIUS.

ON HIMSELF, WHEN THE EMPEROR JULIAN HAD MADE HIM
THE PREFECT AT ROME.

Seated on an ethereal chariot,⁴ thou art come to the desire of a chariot adorned with silver.⁵ Infinite disgrace! Thou wast greater when lower; but in ascend-

¹ τίπτε, for τί ποτε, why? with emphasis expressed by ποτε. ἀποσκοπῶν, "art thou looking," participle used for the verb. θεῶν, genitive after the partitive τίνος.

² Jacobs would supply ὦν before τίνος.

³ μητρὸς, Ionic for -ας. ἡλλάχθαι, had been changed, or put off, perf. pass., from ἀλλάσσω.

⁴ ἀντὺξ is properly the circumference of a wheel.

⁵ The writer compares here the chariot of heaven, in which the philosopher is supposed to ride, with that of earth, in which the prefect of a city was seated, like the lord mayor of London in his gilded state-carriage. Jacobs quotes very appositely Seneca, Ep. 68, "Sapiens—relictio imo angulo in majora atque ampliora transit, et cœlo impositus intelligit, cum sellam aut tribunal adscenderat, quam humili loco sederat."

ing thou hast become far inferior. Come, ascend by descending; for now thou hast descended by ascending.

XI. UNCERTAIN.

ON A GOAT SUCKLING A WOLF.

I feed this wolf from my own teats, not willingly; but the folly of a goat-herd compels me. When he is grown up¹ under me, he will in return become a fierce beast against me. Kindness cannot change nature.

A wolf, reluctant, with my milk I feed,
Obedient to a cruel master's will;
By him I nourish'd soon condemn'd to bleed,
For stubborn nature will be nature still.

Bl.

XII. ARCHIAS.

Silent in tongue do thou pass by the talkative Echo; and yet not talkative, if answering should I hear aught. For I will send back to thee the word, which thou speakest; but if thou art silent, I will be silent. What tongue is more just than I?

To Echo, mute or talkative,
Address good words, or she can give
Retorts to those who dare her:
If you provoke me, I reply;
If you are silent, so am I;
Can any tongue speak fairer?

H. W.

XIII. JULIUS LEONIDAS.

I, Myrtilus, with one shield escaped two dangers; one, by fighting bravely; and another, by swimming on it [the shield] when a gale had sunk the keel of [my] ship. Having been saved, I have kept [my] shield, that has been tried in wave and war.

¹ *αὔξηθεις*, part. I aor. pass. of *αὐξάνω*.

² *εὐφρημος*, sweet-sounding, or [as here] silent. *παρὰμυθεο*, for *ου*, the common form, the first form is in *εσο*. In this epigram there is a mixture of Ionic and Doric forms.

XIV. UNCERTAIN.

I was young, but poor ; now, when old, I am rich. O alone of all men, miserable in both¹ [cases], who, when I could use [wealth], then had nothing ; but now, when I cannot use it, I have it.

Young, I was poor ; when old, I wealthy grew ;
Unblest, alas, in want and plenty too.
When I could all enjoy, fate nothing gave ;
Now I can nought enjoy, I all things have. G. S.

Young, I was poor ; old, I'm of wealth possess'd ;
Alone of all men I'm in both unblest.
Means, when I could enjoy them, were denied ;
But now, when I can not, they are supplied. G. B.

XV. ANTONY OF ARGOS.

ON ARGOS.

I, once the chief city of the air-[passing]² Perseus, [I] who nurtured a star³ baleful to the sons of Ilium, am given up to be the haunt of solitary herds of goats, paying late to the Manes of Priam a just expiation.

XVI. PALLADAS.

Nature, loving the laws of friendship, discovered the instruments for the meeting of those absent from home, the pen, paper, ink, characters made by the hand, tokens from afar⁴ of the troubled mind.

Loving the bonds of friendship, nature found
The means of meeting upon distant ground,
Reed, ink, and letters traced upon a leaf,
The symbols of an absent soul in grief. G. B.

¹ ἀμφοτέροις, both in youth and age.

² Jacobs well explains αἰθερίοιο by the description in Ovid's Met. iv. 615, "Aëra carpebat tenerum stridentibus alis."

³ With the expression πικρὸν Ἰλιάδαις ἀστέρα, may be compared ἐχθροῖς ἄστρον ὡς λάμψειν in Soph. El. 66.

⁴ Whenever an adverb is thus taken with a noun, the participle of existence, ὄν, is understood, as here, σύμβολα τηλόθεν ὄντα.

XVII. UNCERTAIN.

I was once the field of Achæmenides, but [am] now of Menippus; and again I shall pass from another to another.¹ For that person once thought he possessed me; and again this one thinks [so]; but I am entirely the property of no one except Fortune.

XVIII. PARMENIO.

The slight shelter of a cloak is sufficient for me. I will not, when feeding upon the flowers of the Muses, be a slave of tables. I hate senseless wealth, the nurse of flatterers; nor will I stand by the eye-brow [of power]. I know the freedom of a frugal feast.

XIX. SOLON.

Many rich men are wicked, but [many] poor, good. But we will not exchange with them wealth for virtue; for this is indeed always stable; but money sometimes one mortal possesses and sometimes another.

XX. LUCILLIUS.

After painting Deucalion and Phaethon, you ask, Menestratus, what each is worth. We will value them at their individual worth; Phaethon of fire, and Deucalion of water.

You paint Deucalion and Phaethon,
And ask what price for each you should require.
I'll tell you what they're worth before you're done;
One deserves water, and the other fire. J. H. M.

XXI. NICARCHUS.

Alexis, a physician, gave a clyster to five [patients];

¹ So Shakspeare says of money—

“'Tis mine; 't was his; and has been the slave
Of thousands.”

five he purged; five he visited in bad health; on five again he put an ointment. And for [them] all there has been one night, one medicine, one coffin-maker, one grave, one Hades, one lamentation.¹

XXII. MELEAGER.

The Nymphs washed Bacchus, just rolling over the ashes,² when the child had leapt from the fire. Hence, Bromius³ [Bacchus] is a friend together with the Nymphs; but if you prevent [them] from being mixed together you will receive the fire yet burning.⁴

Great Bacchus, born in thunder and in fire,
By native heat asserts his dreadful sire.
Nourish'd near shady hills and cooling streams,
He to the Nymphs avows his amorous flames.
To all the brethren at the Bell and Vine,
The moral says, "Mix water with your wine."

PRIOR.

When infant Bacchus from encircling flame
Leap'd into life, the Nymphs in pity came;
Caught him amidst the ashes as he fell,
And bathed with water from their sacred well.
Their union hence; and whoso would decline
To mix his bowl, may swallow fire for wine.

J. H. M.

XXIII. CALLIAS OF ARGOS.

Thou wast always a brute, Polycritus; but now, when thou hast been drinking, thou hast become suddenly

¹ *κοπερός* means "plangor," beating of the breast, from *κόπτειν*, to beat.

² At the birth of Bacchus Semele was burnt by fire from heaven. Hence the allusion to her ashes, expressed by *τίφρη*.

³ Bromius, from *βρίμω*, to make a noise with the mouth. The epigram alludes to the burning of Semele, and also to the ancient practice of mingling water with wine. The Nymphs preside over springs.

⁴ "Unless wine is mixed with water, it burns like fire," as Jacobs remarks; who quotes very appositely, from Eratosthenes in Athenæus, *Οἶνός τοι πυρὶ ἴσον ἔχει μένος*.

some evil thing, raging-mad. You seem to me to have been always bad. Wine proves the temper. Thou hast not become bad, but hast been shown [to be so].

XXIV. PALLADAS.

The life of voice-dividing [men], is the sport of Fortune, pitiable, wandering, tossed between wealth and poverty. Some she brings down and raises them again; and [like a ball] she brings down others from the clouds to Hades.

This wretched life of ours is Fortune's ball;
Twixt wealth and poverty she bandies all.
These, cast to earth, up to the skies rebound;
Those, toss'd to heaven, come tumbling to the ground.
G. S.

XXV. ANTIPATER.

Not to me is the setting of the Pleiads fearful, nor the wave howling around the rugged rock, nor when the wide heaven is lightning, do I fear, as [I do] a bad man, and water-drinkers, who remember what is spoken.¹

XXVI. PHOCYLIDES.

I am a true friend, and know my friend, how dear [he is]. But from all thoroughly bad men I turn away. I flatter no one in hypocrisy; but those, whom I value, I love from the beginning to the end.

XXVII. UNCERTAIN.

All say that you are rich; but I say that you are poor; for use is the witness [proof] of wealth, Apollophanes. If you partake of your property, it is yours; but if you keep it for your heirs, from that moment it is the property of others.

¹ Antipater, says Jacobs, alludes to the well-known saying, *Μισῶ μνήμονα συμπόταν*.

They call thee rich ; I deem thee poor ;
 Since, if thou darest not use thy store,
 But savest only for thine heirs,
 The treasure is not thine, but theirs. W. C.

XXVIII. AGATHIAS.

ON EUGENIA.

Eugenia, who once bloomed in beauty and in song,
 [and] was mindful of much-revered justice, the dust of
 the earth hides ; and at her tomb the Muse, Themis,
 Paphia [Venus], tear their hair.

In loveliness and poetry's full bloom,
 And famed in jurisprudence, we laid here
 Eugenia in the dust. Upon her tomb
 Venus, the Muse, and Themis dropt a tear.
 H. W.

XXIX. LUCILLIUS.

Asclepiades, the miser, saw a mouse in his house, and
 says, "What art thou doing, dearest mouse, in my
 house?" And the mouse, sweetly smiling, says, "Fear
 nothing, my friend ; we do not want food from you, but
 lodging."

A mouse miser Elwes once found in his house :
 "What occasions your visit to me, pretty mouse?"
 Says the mouse, sweetly smiling, "My friend, do not fear ;
 I expect not a meal, but a solitude here." A. CR.

The miser Asclepiades a mouse
 Saw, and said—"Friend, what dost thou in my house?"
 "Friend, feel no fear," the mouse, sweet smiling, said,
 "From thee I seek not victuals, but a bed." G. B.

XXX. NICARCHUS.

The stingy Dinarchus being about to hang himself
 yesterday, was, Glaucus, miserable on account of six cop-

pers, and did not die. For the rope cost six coppers; but he thought it dear, and sought perhaps another death [more] cheap.¹

XXXI. AMMIANUS.

A mouse, on finding the little Macro asleep in summer-time, dragged him by his little foot into a hole; and he, being unarmed, did, after strangling the mouse in the hole, cry out, "Father Jove, thou hast a second Hercules."²

XXXII. LUCILLIUS.

Menestratus riding on an ant, as on an elephant, was stretched, unlucky fellow, unexpectedly on his back; and being kicked, says, when the mortal³ [blow] seized him, "O envious deity! thus did Phaethon riding likewise perish."

Menestratus, once riding on an ant,
As on the broad back of an elephant,
Was on a sudden stretch'd upon the ground,
Where from a kick he got a mortal wound;
And cried—"Through envy of the gods I die,
Falling, as once did Phaethon from the sky."

G. B.

XXXIII. THE SAME.

To the cavern-loving Pan and mountain-haunting Nymphs and Satyrs, and the sacred Hamadryads⁴ within,⁵ Marcus did, after catching nothing with dogs and

¹ *δυσωνέω*, is to beat down the price, i. e. cheapen.

² The point of this Epigram is the antithesis between Macro and *μικρός*, *ψιλός*, bare, naked, denuded. The Attic writers often employ it in the sense of "without arms."

³ *τὸ καίριον*, adjective from *καίρος*, supply *μέρος*, part.

⁴ The *Ἀμαδρυάδες* were Nymphs who presided over trees, chiefly oaks, and lived and died with them; hence their name, *ἄμα*, "with," *δρυς*, "oak."

⁵ After *ἐνδον* is to be understood "cavern," says Jacobs. Perhaps the poet wrote *ἐν δρύϊ*, "among thickets."

spears, previously boar-slaying, hang up his very dogs.

XXXIV. PHILO.

Gray [hairs] with wisdom are in greater honour ; but those without it are rather the shame of many years. Gray hairs, if you are silent, are understanding ; but if you chatter [they are], like those of youth, not understanding, but hair merely. *

A hoary head, with sense combined,
Claims veneration from mankind ;
But, if with folly join'd, it bears
The badge of ignominious years.

Gray hairs will pass for sapience well,
Until your tongue dissolve the spell ;
Then, as in youth, 'twill all appear
No longer sense, but merely hair.

R. B.

Gray hairs, with wisdom join'd, may claim esteem ;
If not, of many years disgrace they seem.
Talk not, and hairs are wisdom ; talk, you'll find,
Youth's head hairs cover, but lay bare the mind.

G. B.

XXXV. AMMIANUS.

You think that the beard causes wisdom, and on that account you nourish,¹ my dear [fellow], a fly-flap. Clip it, be persuaded by me, quickly ; for this beard [of yours] is become the cause of lice, not of wisdom.

XXXVI. LUCILLIUS.

No one, Menéstratus, at all denies, that you are a cynic, and shoe-less, and that you shiver with the cold : but when you snatch, without shame, at bread, and

¹ τρέπω, θρέψω. By this change of the position of the aspirate, the verb is distinguished from τρέπω, τρέψω.

broken victuals, I have a staff, and men call you
"dog."¹

XXXVII. SIMONIDES.

This is the monument of renowned ² Megistias ; whom
the Medes formerly slew, after crossing the river Sper-
cheus ; who, [although] he then knew well his coming
fate, did not endure to leave behind him the chiefs of
Sparta.

This tomb records Megistias' honour'd name,
Who, boldly fighting in the ranks of Fame,
Fell by the Persians near Spercheus' tide.
Both past and future well the prophet knew ;
And yet, though death was open to his view,
He chose to perish at his general's side.

J. H. M.

Of famed Megistias is here the tomb ;
Whom, the Spercheus passing, slew the Medes ;
A seer, who well foresaw his coming doom,
Yet would not quit the Spartan leader's deeds.

STERLING.

XXXVIII. THE SAME.

If to die nobly is the greatest part of valour, this to
us of all men has Fortune granted. For hastening to
throw freedom around Greece, we lie enjoying praise,
that does not grow old.

Greatly to die—if this be Glory's height,
For the fair meed, we own our fortune kind.
For Greece and Liberty we plunged to night,
And left a never-dying name behind.

BL.

If to perish gloriously
Valour's consummation be,
Then to us, of all mankind,
Fortune hath the prize assign'd.
Oh ! deathless eulogy, to die
Striving for Greece's liberty.

H. W.

¹ The point is in the words *κυνικόν* and *κύων*.

² *κλεινοῖο*, Ionic for *κλειν-οῦ*. *Μεγιστία*, Doric for *-ου* in the gen.
This Doric gen. is long, but here the *a* is short.

If well to die be valour's greatest deed,
 This Fortune has assign'd to us alone ;
 Freedom round Greece to throw we made all speed ;
 And here we lie, through deathless glory known.
 G. B.

XXXIX. PTOLEMY.

I know that I am a mortal and the being of a day ;¹
 but when I am seeking out the thick and round-running
 spirals of the stars, I no longer touch the earth with my
 feet, but near Jove himself am filled with god-feeding
 ambrosia.

Though but the being of a day,
 When I yon planet's course survey,
 This earth I then despise ;
 Near Jove's eternal throne I stand,
 And quaff from an immortal hand
 The nectar of the skies. PH. SMYTH.

XL. ANTIPATER.

NIOBE TO CHARON.

Me alone, with my children, thou ferry-man of the
 dead, receive [me] the chatterer. The freight of the
 daughter of Tantalus is enough for thee. One womb
 shall fill thy boat. See youths and maidens, the sport
 of Phœbus and Artemis.²

Me with my children only, Charon, take
 Across thy lake.
 Lading enough is rash-tongued Niobe !
 That single womb shall fill thy bark ; for see
 Her victim train,
 Youths by Apollo, maids by Dian slain. H. W.

Take, ferryman of the dead, myself and all
 My offspring ; freight enough for thy frail yawl.

¹ ἐφάμερος, Doric for η. θνατός, Doric for η. θεοτροφίης ἀμβροσίης,
 poetic (or Ionic) for -ας.

² δίδω, for δίδεξο, perf. pass. imp.

One womb shall fill thy bark. Youths and maids, lo !
Lie kill'd by Phœbus' and Diana's bow. G. B.

XLI. LUCIANUS.

Unpitied Pluto snatched me, Callimachus, a boy of five years, possessing a careless spirit. But lament me not ; for I have had the portion of a short life and of few of the ills of life.

A child of five short years, unknown to woe,
Callimachus my name, I rest below.
Mourn not my fate. If few the joys of life,
Few were its ills, its conflicts ; brief its strife. T. F.

XLII. JULIAN, ONE OF THE PREFECTS OF EGYPT.

A. Cruel is Charon. *B.* Rather, kind. *A.* He has now snatched away a person young. *B.* But in mind equal to the hoary-headed. *A.* He has made him to cease from pleasure. *B.* But driven him away from pain. *A.* He [the dead] had no idea of marriage. *B.* Nor of the pains of marriage.¹

Cruel is death. Nay, kind. He that is ta'en,
Was old in wisdom, though his years were few ;
Life's pleasure he has lost ; escaped life's pain ;
Nor wedded joys nor wedded sorrows knew. G. S.

XLIII. DIOSCORIS.

A slave am I ; yea, a slave ; but me hast thou, master, placed Timanthes, thy foster-father, in a free tomb. Mayest thou fortunate extend thy life without hurt ; and when through old age thou comest to me, I shall be thine, master, even in Hades.²

¹ Jacobs correctly remarks, that this Epigram is a dialogue between two persons, marked by *A* and *B*.

² *ἔθελ' ἔθελον*, 2 aor. m. *κῆν=καὶ ἐν*—

Timanthes, master dear, albeit a slave,
 To me, thy nurse, thou gav'st a freeman's grave.
 Heaven spare thee long; and when thou com'st to me,
 E'en there thou'lt find me faithful still to thee.

J. W. B.

XLIV. UNCERTAIN.

This is thy memorial,¹ the little stone, of our great
 love for thee, virtuous Sabinus. Ever shall I seek
 thee; and do thou, if it be lawful among the dead,
 drink not, as regards me, any of the water of Lethe.

How often, Lycid, shall I bathe with tears
 This little stone, which our great love endears!
 Thou too, in memory of the vows we made,
 Drink not of Lethe in the realm of shade!

J. H. M.

This stone, beloved Sabinus, on thy grave
 Memorial small of our great love shall be;
 I still shall seek thee lost. From Lethe's wave,
 Oh, drink not thou forgetfulness of me. G. S.

XLV. UNCERTAIN.

For himself, and his children, and his wife, Androtion
 built [me], a tomb; but of none am I as yet the grave.
 So may I remain a long time. But if it must be, may I
 receive in me first the first [born].

Androtion's care hath founded me
 His own, wife's, children's tomb to be.
 Still tenantless I am, and fain
 Would ever tenantless remain.
 But Fate forbids. Then to their tomb,
 May all in nature's order come. G. S.

For self, and children, and his wife this tomb
 Androtion built. Of none I tell the doom;

¹ *μνημήϊον*, Ionic for *μνημεϊον*.

And long may I not tell. When speak I must,
Of first-born may I first receive the dust. G. B.

XLVI. GREGORY OF NAZIANZEN.

Who? the son of whom? Euphemius lies here, son of Amphilochnus; he in the mouth of all Cappadocians; he whom the Graces gave to the Muses. The hymeneal [songs] were around his door; but the Envy [of the gods] came too quick.¹

Euphemius slumbers in this hallow'd ground,
Son of Amphilochnus, by all renown'd:
He whom the Graces to the Muses gave,
Tuneful no more, lies mouldering in the grave.
The minstrels came to chaunt the bridal lay;
But swifter Envy bore the prize away.

HUGH BOYD.

XLVII. UNCERTAIN.

ON A STATUE OF ORIBASIVS.

This [is] the great physician of Julian the emperor, worthy of pious regard,² the divine Oribasius. For he had a wise mind, culling, like the bee, the flowers of former physicians, some from one, and others from others.

XLVIII. THEOSEBIAS.

Acestoria³ knew three sorrows: she cut off her locks first for Hippocrates, and secondly for Galen; and now she lies about the sorrowful tomb of Ablabius, ashamed after him to be seen among men.

XLIX. CALLIMACHUS.

Crethis, full of stories, knowing how to play prettily,

¹ *ὥκυρεος* may be construed as an adverb, a common construction in verse.

² *εὐσεβίης*, Ionic for *εὐσεβείας*. *βασιλῆος*, Ionic. *οἶα* [*καθ' οἶα*], according to what the bee has.

³ *Ἀκιστορίη*, [Ionic for *α*,] from *ἀκιστήρ*, a physician; devoted to, fond of, physicians.

oft do the daughters of the Samians seek, their sweetest fellow-weaver, ever prattling; but she here sleeps soundly the sleep to be paid as a debt by all women.

L. UNCERTAIN.

If you had buried me, a corpse, looking with a feeling of pity, you would have had from the blessed [gods] a reward for [your] piety. But now, since you, who slew me, hide me in a tomb, may you have a share in the same things as¹ you have given to me.

LI. CALLIMACHUS.

Would that swift ships had not existed; for we should not have lamented Sopolis, the son of Dioclide. But now he is borne some where on the sea a corpse; and we, instead of him, pass by his name and empty monument.²

Oh! had no venturous keel defied the deep,
Then had not Lycid floated on the brine!
For him, the youth beloved, we pass and weep,
A name lamented, and an empty shrine. R. B.

Would that no ships had been. For we no tear
Had shed for Sopolis, Diocleides' heir.
Now, while his corpse is some where billow-tost,
We pass the empty tomb of him who's lost. G. B.

LII. SIMMIAS.

These the last words to³ her dear mother did Gorgo speak,⁴ in tears, [and] hanging by her hands upon her neck. "I wish thee to remain here with my father, and

¹ ὄνπερ, the relative ὅν, genitive by attraction, with its antecedent αὐτῶν.

² εἰν, poetic for ἐν. οἶνομα, Ionic for ὄνομα. σᾶμα, Doric for σῆμα.

³ As the dialect of this Epigram is Doric, α is used throughout for η, and ποτι for πρὸς.

⁴ ἔειπε, poetic for εἶπε.

to bear another daughter for a better fate, having a care for thine hoary age."

Feebly her arms the dying Gorgo laid
Upon her mother's neck, and weeping said—
"Stay with my sire; and bear instead of me
A happier child, thine age's prop to be." G. S.

These last words Gorgo to her mother dear
Said, hanging on her neck, with many a tear—
"With father stay; another daughter bear
With better fate, for thine old age to care." G. B.

LIII. UNCERTAIN.

[This is] of the rank-breaking Achilles the tomb, which¹ once the Achæans built, a terror for Trojans, even yet to be. It has inclined towards the sea-shore, that the son of Thetis, the sea-[goddess], might rejoice in the roar of the sea.

The tomb of brave Achilles this, which Greeks beside the sea,
Rear'd up in ancient days to scare the Trojans yet to be.
The son of Ocean-Thetis sleeps, where Ocean's sleepless surge
May pour for him all lovingly an everlasting dirge.
J. W. B.

LIV. UNCERTAIN.

This [is] the tomb of Ajax, son of Telamon, whom Fate slew, making use of his hand and sword; for Clotho, although desirous, could not find² among mortals another slayer for him.

This is the tomb of Ajax, slain by Fate,
Who used his hand and sword to take his life;
For, though desirous, she could find no mate
Midst men to finish for the arms the strife. G. B.

¹ δν is the relative to τύμβος, not to Ἀχιλλῆος. The -ῆος is Ionic.

² εὑρεμένοι for εὑρεῖν, poetic.

LV. ASCLEPIADES.

Thus sit I, unhappy Valour, by this tomb of Ajax,
having cut off my hair, [and] being struck as to my mind
with grief; since, among the Greeks, wily-minded deceit¹
has been judged better than me.²

LVI. UNCERTAIN.

Judge not of me, Hector, by my grave, nor measure
by my tomb the opponent of all Greece. My tomb is
the Iliad, Homer himself, Greece, the flying Greeks;
by all these has our mound been raised.

O mete not Hector's greatness by his grave;
This single arm erewhile all Greece could brave.
The Iliad, Homer, Greece, and Greeks that fled,
These are my tomb; all these enshrine me dead.

G. S.

LVII. ARCHIAS.

Troy died with Hector: nor any longer did she raise
her hands against the advancing sons of the Greeks.
And Pella perished with Alexander. Countries then
are made glorious by men, not [we] men by countries.

Troy did with Hector die; nor could its arm
From sons of Greece invading ward off harm.
Pella with Alexander perish'd. Countries then
Through men gain honour, not through countries men.

G. B.

LVIII. ACERATUS.

O Hector, ever bruited in the books of Homer, the
most lofty defence of the god-built wall,³ with thee

¹ In *δολόφρων ἀπάντα* there is an allusion to the story that Ulysses obtained the victory over Ajax by some trickery.

² The arms of Achilles had been given to Ulysses, in preference to Ajax, who slew himself through mortification. The Doric *α* for *η*, is found throughout the Epigram.

³ The walls of Troy were fabled to be built by Neptune.

Mæonides¹ ceased from his song; and on thy dying,
Hector, even the page of the Iliad became silent.²

Name ever rife in Homer's lore!

Hector, of god-built walls the stay!

With thine the poet's toils are o'er;

And with thy death dies Ilium's day. G. S.

LIX. UNCERTAIN.

A. Say, dog, at the tomb of what man dost thou stand
and watch? B. Of the dog? A. But who was this man
[called] the dog? B. Diogenes. A. Tell his race. B. Of
Sinope.³ A. He who dwelt in a cask? B. Even so;
but now, being dead, he has the stars for his abode.

LX. UNCERTAIN.

While beholding once again the Gymnastic contest,
thou Elëan Jove didst snatch away suddenly from the
Stadium the wise man Thales. I praise [thee] in that
thou didst lead him nearer [to thee]; for the old man
could no longer see from the earth the stars.⁴

LXI. DIOGENES LAERTIUS.

Not thou alone, Pythagoras, dost keep thy hands
from things with life; but we likewise [do so]; for who
[is there], that has touched [so as to eat] living things?
But when any thing is boiled, roasted, and salted, then
indeed, when it has no life, we eat it.

LXII. ALCÆUS OF MESSENE.

Both Xerxes led a Persian army to the land of Greece,
and Titus led [one] from wide Italia. But the former

¹ Mæonides, from Mæonia, the supposed birth-place of Homer.

² The story of the Iliad closes with the death of Hector.

³ Diogenes founded the sect of philosophers called Cynics.

⁴ Thales was an astronomer. "Elëan Jove." The Olympic games were sacred to Jupiter, and celebrated at Elis.

came, about to place a yoke of slavery on the neck of Europe; the latter, to cause Greece to cease from slavery.¹

Xerxes from Persia led his mighty host,
And Titus his from fair Italia's coast;
Both warr'd with Greece. But here the difference see;
That brought a yoke; this gives her liberty.

J. H. M.

LXIII. CALLIMACHUS.

Cleombrotus, the Ambraciote, after saying, "Farewell Sun!" leaped from a lofty wall into Hades, guilty² of nothing deserving death, but having read a single writing by Plato, concerning the soul.³

"O Sun, farewell!" from the tall rampart's height,
Cleombrotus exclaiming, plunged to night.
Nor wasting care, nor fortune's adverse strife,
Chill'd his young hopes with weariness of life;
But Plato's godlike page had fix'd his eye,
And made him long for immortality.

J. H. M.

Loud cried Cleombrotus—"Farewell, O Sun!"—
Ere leaping from a wall he join'd the dead.
No act death meriting had th' Ambraciote done,
But Plato's volume on the soul had read.

G. B.

LXIV. SIMON.

This dust hides Archedicé, daughter of Hippias, a man the best in Greece of those of his own time. Belonging

¹ Ἀγάγε, Doric for ἡγάγε. Περσᾶν for Περσῶν. γᾶν for γῆν. ἀμπαύ-σων for ἀναπαύσων, ν before π becoming μ. ννας for ννης.

² παθώς, literally, "suffering." ὦ 'μβε for ὁ Ἄμβ, εἰπας, 1 aor. part., an irregular form.

³ Now called the Phædo.

LXVII. MACEDONIUS.

The mirror speaks not ; but on the other hand I will convict thee of thy bastard [not genuine] beauty, smeared with paint.¹ This also the sweet lyrist Pindar once reproving as a shame, said—"Water is the most excellent," a thing most hostile to paint.

LXVIII. NOSSIS.

Automelinna has been modelled. See how her gentle countenance seems to look sweetly upon me. How truly is the daughter like in all things to her mother ! Surely [it is] well, when children are like their parents.²

In this loved stone Melinna's self I trace ;
'Tis hers that form ; 'tis hers that speaking face.
How like her mother's ! Oh, what joy to see
Ourselves reflected in our progeny ! J. H. M.

LXIX. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS.

The pencil scarcely represents the eyes of a maiden, or her hair, or the bright surface of the skin.³ If any one can paint flickering sunbeams, he will paint likewise the flickering brightness of Theodorias.

Her living glance, pure cheek, and golden hair,
Alas ! how dimly these are pictured there !
When thou canst paint a sunbeam in the sky,
Then hope to match my Helen's beaming eye.
J. W. B.

LXX. JULIAN.

ON A BRAZEN ICARUS, STANDING IN A BATHING-PLACE.

Wax caused thee, Icarus, to perish ; but now to thy form once more the brass-founder has restored thee in

¹ φῦκος, literally sea-weed ; here a red dye made of it.

² In this epigram the Doric dialect is used throughout. Hence Ἀμὶ for ἐμὶ, ποτ for πρὸς, in ποτοπάζειν and ποτῶκει, and ὅκα for ὅτε.

³ Ionic, χροίης for χροίας.

brass. But wave not thy wings through the air, lest falling from the air thou makest the bath an Icarian [sea].

LXXI. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS.

ON A WATER-CLOCK.

Here men put into small portions the course of the sun-light for about twelve hours, and with water they weigh [measure] the path of the sun, 'supporting themselves as to their skill' from earth to heaven.

LXXII. THE SAME.

ON A GARDEN BY THE SEA.

Naiads, Nereids, and Dryads here contend, to whom the place more correctly belongs; and a Grace is a judge between² them; but she cannot determine justly, since the place has a delight common [to all].

LXXIII. UNCERTAIN.

Ever is the sea a foe to Laertiades.³ The wave washed his portrait and caused the form to disappear from the tablet. What matters it? for in the epic of Homer his image is engraved on imperishable pages.

LXXIV. UNCERTAIN.

Who was he that inscribed in pages the war of Troy? or who the long wandering of Laertiades? I find clearly neither his name, nor his city. Heavenly Jove! perhaps⁴ Homer has the glory of thy poems.

Who gave the war of Troy to page and pen?

Who the long wand'rings of Laertes' son?

His name and country I find not. Has then

Homer his glory, Jove, from thy words won?

G. B.

¹ This is the literal translation of *μήτιν ἐπιστάμενοι*. But there is probably some error in the Greek.

² *μίσσας*, poetic for *μίσος*. *Νηιάδες*, Ionic for *Ναϊάδες*.

³ Laertiades, Ulysses, son of Laertes, *καί* for *καὶ ἐκ*. *ἐν ἐπίσσειν*, poetic for *ἐν ἔπεσιν*. *ἔπος*, Epic or heroic poem.

⁴ *μήποτε* is here used, as in the later Greek writers, in the sense of "perhaps." Or *μή* may be taken interrogatively. See Liddell's Lexicon.

LXXV. LUCIAN.

To a vain purpose, through custom, has Eutychides placed me Priapus as the guard of withered vine-branches ; and I am surrounded by a steep precipice. But whoever may come, has nothing to steal, but myself the guard.

LXXVI. PHILIP.

When carrying off the winged Hermes, the minister of the gods, the king of the Arcadians, the cattle-driver, who stands as the superintendent of these Gymnasia, the night-robber Aulus said, " Many scholars are cleverer than their masters."¹

When Aulus, the night-thief, had made a prize
Of Hermes, swift-wing'd envoy of the skies,
Hermes, Arcadia's king, the thief divine,
Who, when an infant, stole Apollo's kine,
And whom, as arbiter and overseer
Of our gymnastic sports, we planted here—
"Hermes," he cried, "you meet no new disaster ;
Ofttimes the pupil goes beyond his master." W. C.

LXXVII. BIANOR.

Periander placed this statue of Arion, and of the dolphin that in the sea swam in haste to him when perishing. Now the fable of Arion says, that by men we are slain, by fish² we are saved.

LXXVIII. AUTOMEDON.

Having dined yesterday upon a goat's foot, and on a dish of the yellow³ sprout of dried hemp, ten days old,

¹ Mercury had all the characters here assigned to him, and was besides the god of thieves.

² The word *ἰχθύς* is composed of the initial letters of the words *Ἰησοῦ Χριστός Υἱός Θεοῦ*. It was used in the early times of the Church in a sacred and mystical sense. If Bianor lived at the time of Tiberius, it is possible that he thus united events found in Pagan and Christian records.

³ *μήλινον*, literally, 1. made of apples or quinces, 2. the colour of the same—a quince yellow. *ἀσπάραγον* does not necessarily mean the English asparagus, but merely a shoot or sprout of (in this instance) the hemp plant.

I am cautious of naming my inviter, for he is quick-tempered, and I have no common fear lest he should ask me again.

LXXIX. PALLADAS.

ON HIS WIFE ANDROMACHE.

"To deadly wrath" and a wife too I am, unhappy man, married, beginning even by my art with wrath.¹ Alas! abounding in anger am I, having a fate doubly wrathful, my art being that of a grammarian, and my wife being contentious or warlike.²

LXXX. LUCILLIUS.

They say that you, Heliodora, bathe for a long time without releasing yourself from being the old woman of a hundred years. But I know why you do this. You hope to become young again, by being boiled like the aged Pelias.³

LXXXI. THE SAME.

ON THE UGLY.

Having such a snout, Olympicus, go not to a fountain, nor any transparent water on a mountain; for you too, like Narcissus, on seeing plainly your face, will die, hating thyself to death.

Heavens, what a nose! Forbear to look,
 Whene'er you drink, in fount or brook:
 For, as the fair Narcissus died,
 When hanging o'er a fountain's side,
 You too, the limpid water quaffing,
 May die, my worthy sir, with laughing. Bl.

¹ Jacobs says that the epigrammatists were wont to designate the profession of a grammarian or critic by the first line of the Iliad.

² The pun is in the words *μῆνυν οὐλομένην*, found in the beginning of the Iliad, and in the name of Andromache, formed of *ἀνὴρ* and *μάχη*, i. e. "husband-fighting."

³ See Ovid. Met. vii. 348.

With such a nose, Olympicus, ne'er look
 Into a limpid lake or mountain-brook ;
 For thou, Narcissus-like, wilt die. Thy face
 Hating, when seen, and bringing on disgrace. G. B.

LXXXII. UNCERTAIN.

ON THE ARMED VENUS AT SPARTA.

Pallas on seeing Cytherea [Venus] armed, said, "O
 Cyprian [goddess], wilt thou [that] we thus go to a con-
 test?" And she [replied], smiling softly, "What [avails
 it] for me to lift up a shield? if I conquer unarmed,
 how when I take up arms?"

Pallas met Beauty's queen array'd in arms—
 "Dost thou too venture on the listed field?"
 Smiling she answer'd,—“If my naked charms
 Such victories gain—what with my spear and shield?”
 J. H. M.

Pallas saw Venus clad in arms, and cried—
 "Come, if thou wilt; be thus our merits tried."
 Said Venus, smiling sweet—"I bear no shield,
 Victor unarm'd; how not, if arms I wield." G. B.

LXXXIII. RUFINUS.

Pallas and golden-sandaled Juno looking on Mæonis,
 both exclaimed from their heart, "Not again do we
 make ourselves naked; one judgment of a shepherd is
 enough; it is not well to be twice inferior as to beauty."

Pallas with golden-sandal'd Juno gazed
 On Mæonis, till both cried out amazed—
 "Once to the shepherd-judge our charms we bared;
 Twice 'tis not well to be less fair declared."

H. W.

LXXXIV. CRINAGORAS.

Marcellus, on returning from a western-war to the
 boundary of ancient Italy and bearing spoil, first shaved

his flaxen beard: for thus his country willed to send him forth a boy, and take him [back] a man.

LXXXV. UNCERTAIN.

Cutting the down that grew in due season beneath his temples, the manly messenger of his cheeks, Lycon made his first offering to Phœbus; and he prayed he might thus cut also the gray hair from his white temples.

LXXXVI. ON THE MONUMENT OF FAUSTINUS.

Formerly the wisdom of the aged feared thee, when thou wert young, Faustinus; now the strength of the young has feared thee, when old. Thy labour has found all things inferior [to it]. It gives thee the honour of age among the young, and of youth among the aged.

LXXXVII. ANTIPATER SIDONIUS.

I, the trumpet that formerly poured forth in battle the bloody note of war, and the sweet strain of peace, am laid up, O Pherenicus, to the virgin [goddess] Tritonis, after ceasing from loud-roaring blasts.

A trumpet, Pherenicus, that the strain
Pour'd forth in bloody combat, and again
In peace the pleasant note, I'm hung on high,
A gift to Pallas, freed from war's hoarse cry.

G. B.

LXXXVIII. NOSSIS.

The Brettians¹ cast away their weapons from their shoulders doomed to a dreadful end, struck by the hands of the Locrians quick in fight; whose valour celebrating they [the arms] lie as spoils in the temples of the gods, neither do they desire the arms² of the cowards which they left.

¹ The people here called Βρέτριοι, and elsewhere Βρέντιοι, are the same as the "Brutii" in Latin.

² πάχας is Doric for πήχας, derived from πήχυς.

LXXXIX. SABINUS.

To Pan a kid, to the Nymphs roses, to Lyæus [Bacchus] thyrsi,¹ a three-fold offering, Biton placed beneath the thick foliage. Receive them, ye gods, propitiously, and increase ever, thou, Pan, the herd, ye Nymphs, the fountain, thou, Bacchus, the liquor [wine.]

To Pan, the Nymphs, and Bacchus Biton gave

Kids, roses, thyrsus, in a leafy shrine;

Ye deities, kindly take the gifts, and save,

Pan, herdlings, Nymphs, the fountains, Bacchus, wine.

G. B.

XC. PLATO.

I who smiled haughtily at Greece, I who had a swarm of youthful lovers at my doors, I, Lais, [offer] to the Paphian [goddess] my mirror: for such [as I am] I am not willing to behold myself; and such as I was once, I cannot see.

I Lais, once of Greece the pride,
For whom so many suitors sigh'd,
Now aged grown, at Venus' shrine
The mirror of my youth resign;
Since what I am, I will not see;
And what I was, I cannot be.

E. L. SWIFT.

Venus, take my votive glass,
Since I am not what I was:
What from this day I shall be,
Venus, let me never see.

PRIOR.

XCI. JULIAN, PREFECT OF EGYPT.

Of three acquaintances the nets for a three-fold hunting receive, O Pan. For Pigres offers thee this for birds; for beasts, Damis [this]; and Clitor [this] for the sea. And grant them to hunt with success air, land, water.

¹ *θύρσα*, pl. of *θύρσος*.

Three brothers dedicate, O Pan, to thee
 Their nets and different emblems of their toil;
 Pigres, who brings from realms of air his spoil,
 Damis from woods, and Clitor from the sea;
 So may the treasures of the deep be given
 To this; to those the fruits of earth and heaven.

J. H. M.

XCII. LUCIAN.

AFTER A SHIPWRECK.

To Glaucus and Nereus, and Melicerta daughter of
 Ino, and to the son of Cronus [Neptune] ruling the
 deep, and to the Samothracian gods, I, Lucillius, saved
 from the sea, have thus cut off the hair from my head;
 for I have nothing else [to offer].

XCIII. LEONIDAS.

The Molossian Pyrrhus hung up these shields as a
 gift to Itonis Athéné, [taken] from the bold Galatians,
 after he had destroyed all the army of Antigonus. It
 is not a great wonder. The Æacidæ¹ [are] warriors now,
 and [were] formerly,

Molossian Pyrrhus to the Itonian power
 These shields suspends, from fierce Galatians won.
 Thus in their age, as in their youthful flower,
 The race of Æacus triumphant shone. J. H. M.

XCIV. ANTIPATER.

I, this helmet, have obtained a double charm, I am both
 a pleasure for my friends to look upon, and a fear to my
 enemies. And Piso born of Pylæmenes possesses me.
 The helmet neither became other hair, nor did other hair
 become the helmet.

XCV. A RIDDLE.

ON A MIRROR.

If you look at me, I also [look at] you. Why do you

¹ Pyrrhus of Epirus, the formidable foe of the Romans, traced his descent to the Æacidæ. Γαλαῖαν, Doric gen. pl. for Γαλαῖων.

look at me with eyes?¹ But I do not see you with eyes,¹ for I have none. And if you wish, I speak to you without a voice; for the voice is yours, but I have lips that open in vain.

As we gaze on each other, your eyes look at me;
But eyes I have none; though I look, I don't see.
I'll converse, if you please; you'll hear nothing, 'tis true;
For I open my lips, but have no voice like you.

H. W.

XCVI. UNCERTAIN.

ON SOSANDER, A HORSE DOCTOR.

Hippocrates, healer of men, and you Sosander, [healer] of horses, both skilled in hidden means of cure, either change your art or your name, nor let one be called by that art, of which the other is a master.²

XCVII. POLLIANUS.

Among the Muses too there are Erinnyes, who make you a poet, in return for the quantity you write without judgment. Therefore I beg of you, write more; for I cannot pray for you a madness greater than this.

Some Furies sure possess'd the Nine, what time
They dubb'd thee poet with thy trashy rhyme.
Scribble away; if madness be a curse,
What greater can I wish thee than thy verse?

H. W.

XCVIII. LEONIDAS.

Philocles has hung up to Hermes his pleasant-sounding ball, and this loud clapper of box, and the dice also of which he was madly fond, and his whirling top, the playthings of his youth.

¹— βλήφαρα, the eye-lashes, is used for ὀφθαλμός, eye.

² The point of the Épigram turns upon ἵππος, "horse," and κρατεῖν, "to rule:" and σώζειν, "to save," and ἀνὴρ, "man," applied not, as they should be, to man and horse doctors.

XCIX. HERMODORUS.

Seeing the Cnidian Cytherea, you would, stranger, say thus—"Rule thou both mortals and immortals;" but beholding among the Cecropidæ Pallas, bold with the spear, you will say—"Truly a cowherd was Paris."¹

Seeing the Cnidian Venus, thou would'st say—

"Ever o'er men and gods retain thy sway."

Seeing at Athens Pallas in arms shine,

Thou'lt say—"Of nothing Paris knew but kine." G. B.

C. LUCIAN.

Enjoy your wealth, as if about soon to die; but as if about to live, spare² your possessions. A wise man is he, who bearing both these in mind, adapts moderation to frugality and expense.

Your goods enjoy, as if about to die;

As if about to live, use sparingly.

That man is wise, who, bearing both in mind,

A mean, befitting waste and thrift, can find. G. B.

BOOK III.

I. PHILIP.

ONE person was maimed in his feet, and another in his eyes; but both contributed to them[selves] what was wanting in Fortune. For the blind, taking the lame as a burden on his shoulders, by the [other's] words walked in a straight path. Thus did a bitter and very bold necessity teach them all this—to share, in compassion to each other, what was wanting.

¹—¹ Although a shepherd is said to be as silly as his sheep, yet a cowherd is not said to be as silly as a cow. There is therefore probably some error in *ὄντως βοικόλος*, which it would not be difficult to correct.

² *φείδω* is for *φείδων*: *φειδοῖ* from *φειδῶ*, a peculiar form of the dative.

II. DIOSCORIDES.

Thrasybulus came to Pitané breathless on his shield, after receiving from the Argives seven wounds, showing them all in front. Him [weltering] in his blood the aged Tynnichus placed upon the funeral pile, and spoke thus : "Let cowards be wept for ; but I will bury thee, my son, without a tear, thee, who wast both mine and a Lacedæmonian."

When Thrasybulus from the embattled field
Was breathless borne to Sparta on his shield,
His honour'd corse, disfigured still with gore
From seven wide wounds, (but all received before,)
Upon the pyre his hoary father laid,
And to the admiring crowd triumphant said—
"Let slaves lament ; while I without a tear
Lay mine and Sparta's son upon his bier." J. H. M.

III. UNCERTAIN.

ON A LACONIAN WOMAN.

A Laconian woman, on seeing her own son returning without his shield from war, and putting out a rapid foot towards his native soil, rushed to meet him, and thrust a spear through his liver, bursting forth into a manly exclamation over him when killed—"Offspring, an alien to Sparta, go to Hades, go, since thou wast false both to thy country and to thy father."

A Spartan woman, when she saw her son,
Who without arms had from the battle run,
And with quick foot his native soil had press'd,
Meeting, a spear's point drove right through his breast,
And o'er his corpse with manly voice she cried—
"Go, bastard son of Sparta, go, and hide
In Hades' darkness thee and thy disgrace ;
Perish, thou false one to thy land and race." G. B.

IV. PALLADAS.

ON THE SAME [EVENT].

A Spartan had once fled from battle ; and meeting

him, his mother said, raising a sword against his breast,
 "By living thou bindest thoroughly¹ disgrace upon thy
 mother, and breakest the ancestral laws of mighty Sparta;
 but if thou diest by my hands, I shall hear myself called
 an unhappy mother, but saved in my country."

From the dire conflict as a Spartan fled,
 His mother cross'd his path and awful said,

Pointing a sword against his dastard heart—
 "If thou canst live, the mark of scorn and shame,
 Thou liv'st, the murderer of thy mother's fame,

The base deserter from a soldier's part.
 If by this hand thou diest, my name must be
 Of mothers most unblest; but Sparta's free."

J. H. M.

A Spartan fled the fight. His mother met
 And thus address'd him—while a sword she set
 Against his breast—"Thou on thy mother shame,
 No garland, hast placed round, and Sparta's name
 Defiled, and statutes broken; if by me
 Thou diest here, a mother I shall be
 Call'd hapless, but through me my country's free."

G. B.

V. PHILIP.

Xerxes, seeing the great body of Leonidas, self-slain,
 was covering it with a purple cloak. But even from the
 dead the mighty hero of Sparta exclaimed—"I receive
 not the reward due to traitors; a shield is the great
 honour of my tomb: take from me the Persian [gifts].
 I will enter into Hades even as a Lacedæmonian."²

The Spartan's mangled corpse when Xerxes spied,
 He long'd to wrap it in a robe of pride.

Then rose from earth that hero's voice in scorn—
 "Hence with thy gifts, by none but traitors worn.

Bury me on my shield, and let me go
 Down, like a Spartan, to the realms below." J. W. B.

¹ The adverb *διαμπερὲς*, derived from *διὰ*, *ἀνά*, and *πέρας*, could hardly be united to *ἀνάπτειν* in the sense of binding; although it might, if *ἀνάπτεις* be rendered "thou lightest up."

² *πολύς*, Ionic for *πολλός*. *Λεωνίδης*, Ionic gen. for *Λεωνίδου*.

VI. ANTIPATER.

Thou bird, the carrier to and fro of the son of Saturn [Jupiter], why standest thou with a stern look upon the tomb of great Aristomenes? I am announcing to men, that as I am the bravest of birds, so he is of heroes. Cowardly doves shall settle upon cowards; but we delight in fearless men.

Herald of Jove, why in stern majesty
 Here dost thou sit? That all the earth may see,
 As I of birds the monarch am, so erst
 Was Aristomenes of youths the first.
 Let coward doves perch on the coward's grave;
 But the brave eagle ever loves the brave. G. S.

VII. ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM.

A scrip, and a cloak, and a barley-loaf kneaded with water, and a staff leant upon before his feet, and a cup [made] of clay, are sufficient means of life for the wise Cynic. And even in these there is something superfluous. For on seeing a herdsman draw¹ a draught [of water] in the hollow of his hands, he said, "Why have I been vainly carrying thee, O shell-shaped clay, as a burden?"

VIII. PALLADAS.

Say by what means dost thou measure the world and the bounds of the earth, having a small body [composed] of a small portion of earth. Measure thyself first, and know thyself, and then shalt thou measure the boundless earth. But if thou measurest not the little clay of thy body, how canst thou know the measures of the measureless?

IX. UNCERTAIN.

I would wish to be rich, as Croesus once was rich, and to be king of the great Asia. But when I look upon Nica-

¹ The active ἀπώ is rarely used in the sense of drawing water. The verb is more generally in the middle voice.

nor the coffin-maker, and know for what he makes those cases, I, scattering cates,¹ and moistening [myself] with cups, sell Asia for ointments and cups.

Wealth, such as Croesus erst could own,
I'd ask, or Asia's mighty throne.
But at Nicanor's shop hard by,
When I the undertaker spy,
Making those cupboards, you know why,
All Asia's grandeurs I resign
For garlands, odours, cates, and wine. H. W.

X. LUCILLIUS.

Hermocrates, the money-lover, when dying, in his will, wrote himself the heir of his possessions. And he lay, reckoning how much he should give as a reward to the physicians, on rising [from his sick bed], and what he expends when sick. But when he found it would be one drachma more, if he were saved, he said, "It is profitable to die." And stretched out he was [in death].

XI. UNCERTAIN.

I was a reed, a useless plant; for from me neither figs, nor apple, nor cluster [of grapes] grows. But a man initiated me in the mysteries of Helicon, boring [in me] thin lips, and making me the channel for a narrow stream. And from that [time] when I drink black drink, just as one inspired, I speak every word with this voiceless mouth.²

An useless plant I was of yore,
Nor fig, nor grape, nor apple bore;
But a man did to me impart
Of Helicon the secret art.

¹ Jacobs understands *Δήμητρος* after *ἀκτὴν*, and says that *ἀκτὴν* has been incorrectly translated "sea-shore," as if the drinking took place there.

² On *Ἑλικωνίδα*, fem. adj., joined to *κάλαμος*, see Blomfield on *Æsch. Prom. 1.* *ῥοῦν*, Att. for *ῥόον*.

Through him my lips were slender made,
 And narrow channel so display'd,
 That when some drops of blacken'd ink,
 Like one with Bacchus full, I drink,
 With mouth, that has no voice, I still
 Can talk whatever words you will.

G. B.

XII. LUCILLIUS.

You have a Thessalian horse, Erasistratus; but the charms [magic] of all Thessaly cannot make him caper about, a horse truly of wood; which, if all the Phrygians with the Greeks were drawing it, would not enter the Scæan gate.¹ Presenting him as an offering to some god, if you heed me, make the oats [of the horse] gruel for your little children.

XIII. THE SAME.

Not the water in the time of Deucalion, when all things were overwhelmed, nor Phaethon, who burnt up those upon the earth, destroyed so many persons as Potamo the poet and Hermogenes the surgeon have killed. So that for ages there have been these four evils, Deucalion, Phaethon, Hermogenes, Potamo.

Not Deucalion's deluge, nor Phaethon's roast,
 Ever sent such a cart-load to Phlegethon's coast,
 As our Laureate with odes and with elegies kills,
 And our Doctor destroys with infallible pills.
 Then well these four plagues with each other may vie,
 Deucalion and Phaethon, Brodie and Pye. J. H. M.

XIV. CYLLENIUS.

I, who formerly, a wild pear-tree, bare bastard fruit in thickets, a stump in the wild-beast-feeding desert, do now, on being grafted with foreign shoots, flourish a cultivated tree, bearing on our [joint] branches a burden

¹ On the wooden horse made by the Greeks and drawn into Troy, see Virgil *Æn.* ii.

not mine own. Much thanks to the grafter, for thy pains. By thee¹ I, the wild pear, am ranked among fruitful trees.

XV. DIODORUS.

O man,² forbear to cut [down] the mother of acorns, forbear! but cut up the aged fir or pine, or this many-stemmed thorn or holm, or the withered arbutus. But keep the axe far from the oak; for our forefathers have told us that the mothers of former times were oaks.³

XVI. POLYÆNUS.

A baneful adder struck the full nursing udder of a doe, newly a mother, swelling [with milk]. A fawn drew the poisoned⁴ teat, and sucked from the deadly wound the unhealthy bitter milk. They exchanged death,⁵ and instantly, by an unpitied fate, the teat took away the delight that the womb had given.

XVII. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS.

Mayest thou neither be lifted up by the noisy [wing]⁶ of much-possessing Fortune, nor may care wear down thy freedom. For all life is tossed by unsteady breezes, continually dragged by changes hither and thither. But virtue is something steady and without turning: upon which alone do thou with courage sail over the waves of life?

Be not elate with Fortune's whirling gale,

Nor under slavish apprehensions bend.

Through life, athwart the shifting winds contend,

And with incessant change its course assail.

¹ εἵνεκα for ἔνεκα, generally, "for the sake of," but here, by thy art, by thee.

² ὦ ἄνερ for ὦ ἄνθρωπε, voc. of ἀνὴρ. ἐντὶ is Doric for εἰσι.

³ So Virgil *Æn.* viii. 316, "Gensque virum truncis et duro robore nata:" and Juvenal *Sat.* vi. 12, "homines, qui rupto robore nati—nullos habuere parentes."

⁴ τομυγῇ, from ἰδς, poison, and μίγνυμι, to mix. χάριν, life.

⁵ Jacobs explains ἀδην ἡλλάξαντο by "they made an exchange, as regards death;" for the doe was saved, the fawn destroyed.

⁶ ποίζος is, literally, the noise made by the wings of a bird when flying.

Virtue alone is firm and changeless ; she
Will bear thee o'er life's surges gallantly. H. W.

XVIII. ANTIPATER.

Kind is Hermes, O shepherds, and pleased when a libation is made with milk and honey from the oak. But not [so is] Hercules. He demands one ram, or a fat lamb, and selects one sacrifice wholly for himself. But he keeps off wolves. But what matters it, if what is guarded perish by wolves or by the guardian ?

To shepherds kind is Hermes, when they pour
An offering of milk, or honey'd store.
Not Hercules so. A great demand he makes,
And ram or fatten'd lamb selecting takes.
Yet wolves he wards off. What then is the gain ?
Me of my flock the wolves or watchman drain. G. B.

XIX. EVENUS.

Thou, Attic maiden, honey-fed, hast chirping seized
a chirping Cicada, and bearest it to thy unfledged
young, thou a twitterer the twitterer, thou the winged
the well-winged, thou a stranger the stranger, thou a
summer [bird] the summer [insect]. Wilt thou not
quickly throw it away ? For it is not right, it is not just,
that those engaged in song should perish by the mouths
of those engaged in song.

Honey-nurtured Attic maiden,
Wherefore to thy brood dost wing
With the shrill Cicada laden ?
'Tis like thee a prattling thing.
'Tis a sojourner and stranger,
And a summer-child, like thee ;
'Tis, like thee, a winged ranger
Of the air's immensity.
From thy bill this instant fling her ;
'Tis not proper, just, or good,
That a little ballad-singer
Should be kill'd for singer's food. G. C. S.

XX. ALPHÆUS.

A hen acting as a nurse, being sprinkled with wintry snows, kept her cradling wings around her young, until the frost of the sky killed her ; for she continued struggling against the air and the dreadful clouds. Procné and Medea in Hades, be ashamed, [you] mothers ! taught by the deeds of birds.

When winter's snow in beating storm descends,
Her callow brood the mother bird defends ;
Her fostering wings their tender limbs embrace,
Till froze to death, she still retains her place.
In Pluto's realms, amidst th' illustrious dead,
Blush, Procné, blush ; Medea, hide your head ;
While a poor bird, by nature taught alone,
To save her youngling's lives pour'd out her own.

A. G.

XXI. LUCILLIUS.

If an army is raised against grasshoppers, or dog-flies, or mice, or the cavalry of fleas or of frogs, [then,] Caius, fear thou, lest some one enrol thee also, as being worthy of fighting against them. But if an army of men of courage is raised, fear not ; to the Romans there is no war with cranes.

XXII. UNCERTAIN.

A lethargic person and a madman lying in a common tent, drove away disease from each other. For the man, daring from madness, leaped from his bed, and beat the man who had no feeling through every limb. The blows became a cure to both ; since by them the one was wakened, and great labour threw the other into sleep.

XXIII. JULIAN.

A king wished to send thee again, wealthy Tatianus, as a helper to cities exhausted, their people being in want. But thou preferrest in the calm of life to keep to thy native country, and thine inheritance, increasing

the just possession of thy ancestors ; for justice, sharing thy throne, knows that thou hatest the wealth of subjects.

XXIV. PALLADAS.

Envy, according to Pindar, is better than pity. The envied enjoy a brilliant life ; but we pity the greatly unfortunate. But may I be neither greatly prosperous, nor pitied. For mediocrity¹ is best ; since lofty situations naturally bring on dangers, and the lowest have contempt.

Pity, says the Theban bard,
From my wishes I discard ;
Envy, let me rather be,
Rather far, a theme for thee.
Pity to distress is shown ;
Envy to the great alone.
So the Theban. But to shine
Less conspicuous be mine.
I prefer the golden mean,
Pomp and penury between.
For alarm and peril wait
Ever on the loftiest state ;
And the lowest to the end
Obloquy and scorn attend. W. C.

XXV. ALPHÆUS.

Still do we hear the lament of Andromache ; still do we see Troy falling from its foundation all into ruins, and [we hear] the bustle of Ajax, and [see] Hector bound and dragged by horses beneath the parapet of the city, through the Muse of Mæonides ;² whom not one country [only] honours as a bard, but the climes of both lands [Europe and Asia].

Troy from its base all tott'ring still we see ;
Still hear thy wail, Andromache ;

¹ The neuter *ἄριστον* is used as an abstract noun with the fem. *μεσότης*. So in Virgil, "Dulce satis humor."

² Mæonides, i. e. Homer.

See Ajax toil, and Hector dragg'd beneath
 The high embattled wreath,
 That girds the city round,
 To war-steeds bound,
 Through Homer's Muse ; whom not one land alone
 Boasts ; for the world declares the bard her own.

E. S.

Still of Andromaché the wail we hear ;
 Still see Troy's towers levell'd with the ground,
 And Ajax labour ; still we drop the tear
 For Hector dragg'd by steeds the walls around,
 Through Homer's verses ; who's of all the earth
 The pride ; no single clime may claim his birth.

G. B.

XXVI. ANTIPHANES.

I, who formerly trickled with sweet and clear streams,
 [am] now poor in [deserted by] the Nymphs, even to a
 drop ; for a murderer washed in my fount his gory
 hands, mingling his defilement with my waters. Since
 then, my Nymphs have fled to the Sun, saying, " We, the
 Nymphs, are mingled with Bacchus only, not with Mars."

Erewhile my gentle streams were wont to pour
 Along their banks a pure translucent tide ;
 But now their waves are shrunk, and channel dried,
 And every Nymph knows the loved haunt no more ;
 Since that sad moment when my verdant shore
 Was with the crimson hue of murder dyed.
 To cool the sparkling heat of wine we glide,
 But shrink abhorrent from the stain of gore.

J. H. M.

XXVII. EVENUS.

O strangers, me, the much-bruited city, sacred Ilium,
 formerly famed for well-towered walls, have the ashes of
 time eaten down [destroyed]. But in Homer do I lie,
 having a defence of brazen gates. Not again shall the
 Troy-destroying shears of the Greeks dig me [down] ;
 but I shall lie [be] in the mouth of all the Greeks.

Time's ashes, on my turrets shed,
 Have worn their pride away.
 I was that Ilion of whom men have read
 In Homer's living lay.
 No more shall Argive sword and spear
 My brazen bulwark shake;
 But in the voice of nations loud and clear
 My monument I make.

C. M.

XXVIII. ADRIAN CÆSAR.

O Hector, thou martial blood, if perchance beneath
 the earth thou hearest, hail! and breathe again a short
 time for thy country. Ilion is inhabited, the famous city,
 possessing men weaker indeed than thee, but still war-
 loving; but the Myrmidons have perished. Stand near
 to Achilles, and say that the whole of Thessaly lies
 under the descendants of Æneas.¹

Hector, brave heart, if still thy spirit hears,
 O list, and stay awhile thy patriot tears.
 Troy stands a noble city; and in war
 Her sons, though weak to thee, still valiant are.
 The Myrmidons are gone. To Achilles say—
 Æneas' offspring all Thessalia sway.

G. S.

XXIX. CEREALIVS.

It is not to compose in a manner worthy of envy and
 cleverly, to speak words with a spurious mark² and five
 Attic.³ For even if you say ⁴Κάρκαίρε and Κοναβεί and
 Σίζει and Κελαρύζει,⁴ you will not become forthwith a
 Homer. It is necessary for a meaning to lie under the

¹ The Romans, who traced their origin to Æneas.

² The word *παράσημος* was especially applied to base coin, stamped with an improper mark.

³ What are the five Attic words alluded to it is not easy to state. There is some error here which it were easy to correct.

⁴—The four Homeric verbs here mentioned are all descriptive of different kinds of sound. Thus *καρκαίρειν* is "to snarl" as a dog; *κοναβείν*, "to rattle," as armour does when thrown on the ground; *σίζειν*, "to hiss," as heated iron does when put into water; and *κελαρύζειν*, "to gurgle," as a stream does when running over pebbles.

letters, and the expression to be more of a common kind, so that a person may understand what you are saying.

XXX. HERODICUS OF BABYLON.

Fly, O Aristarchæans, to Greece, upon the wide back of the sea, more timid than the fallow deer. O ye book-worms hid in a corner,¹ fond of monosyllables, who care for *σφιν*, *σφῶν*, *μιν*, and *νιν*, may this happen to you, sent away with a bad wish. But to Herodicus may Greece always remain, and Babylon, child of the gods.

XXXI. UNCERTAIN.

ON THE LIBRARY² OF APOLLODORUS.

Having drawn out the volume of instruction from my time,³ do thou know the stories of past generations. Neither look into the page of Homer, nor into the elegiac nor the tragic Muse, nor into lyrical song-writings, nor seek the much-chattering verses of the Cyclic [poets]; but looking into me, you will find in me all that the world possesses.

XXXII. BIANOR.

A boy saw a coffin, still containing the fragments of his dead ancestors, dragged along by a torrent. And grief filled him with boldness, and he leaped into the shameless water. But he came to a sad assistance. For he saved indeed the bones from the water; but in their place he was himself destroyed by the violent stream.

XXXIII. UNCERTAIN.

O Heraclitus, weep at this life much more than when you were alive; life is now more pitiable. O Democritus, forthwith laugh at this life more than before; life

¹ This seems to be the most intelligible version of *γωνιοβόμβυκες*. See Jacobs' note.

² Apollodorus wrote a work called *Βιβλιοθήκη*: in which an account is given of a great many persons mentioned in the writings of different poets.

³ From my time upwards.

is now more ridiculous than any thing else. But I myself, looking at you, am thinking earnestly between you both, how I shall weep with you, how I shall laugh with you.

Weep, Heraclitus, more than when alive ;

For life is now more piteous than before.

More than of old yourself to laughter give,

Democritus ; the times ask laughter more.

Looking to both a medium care I'll try,

How I may laugh with one, with th' other cry. G. B.

XXXIV. CARPHYLIS.

Some one catching fish from the shore with a hook and a stout line, dragged the bald head of a shipwrecked person. And pitying the dead without a body, and digging with a hand without iron, he heaped up a slight tomb, and found a hidden treasure of gold. Truly indeed the kindness of piety is not lost upon just men.

XXXV. ARCHIAS.

A crow once moving his black wing in the all-shining air, saw a scorpion leaping from the earth, and grasping it raised it on high ; who not slowly wounded with a sharp sting the claw of him [the bird] hastening towards the ground, and deprived him of life.¹ See how he wretched received from him [the scorpion] the death which he himself had prepared for another.

XXXVI. GÆTULICUS.

Alcon a father, on seeing his child just being throttled by a deadly serpent, bent his bow with a fearful hand ; but he did not miss the animal ; for the arrow rushed through its mouth just above his little child. And having ceased from the murder, he placed by this oak his quiver, as a sign of his good fortune and good aim.

XXXVII. MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL.

To thee, king of the sea, and ruler of the earth, I, Crantus, offer up in return a ship, no longer wetted, a ship, the

¹ Archias had evidently in mind the celebrated passage in Hom. II. xii. 200—7.

wing of far-roaming winds, upon which many times I, in fear, have thought myself to be driven to Hades. But having dismissed every fear, hope, sea, whirlwinds, I have placed upon the earth this mark to be trusted.

XXXVIII. JULIAN, ONE OF THE PREFECTS OF EGYPT.

Lais, after being destroyed as to her beautiful figure by time, hates the evidence of old wrinkles. Thence disliking the bitter conviction of her mirror, she has offered it up to the mistress of her former beauty. And [says], "O Venus, receive the disk¹ [mirror], the companion of my youth, since your beauty has no fear of time."

Lais, when time had spoil'd her wonted grace,
Abhor'd the look of age that plough'd her face.
Her glass, sad monitor of charms decay'd,
Before the queen of lasting bloom she laid—
"The loved companion of my youthful years
Be thine"—she said; "no change thy beauty fears."

OGLE.

XXXIX. LEONIDAS.

Once Eurotas said to Venus—"Either take up arms, or go out from Sparta; the city is maddening to be in arms." But she, smiling softly, said—"I will always be without armour, and will inhabit Lacedæmon." And Venus indeed is without armour; but the shameless historians say that the goddess bears armour for us.

XL. ANTIPATER OF SIDON.

Behold the labour of the painting of Apelles, Venus rising lately from her mother, the Sea; how after seizing with her hand her hair wet with water, she squeezes the foam from the wet ringlets. Now Minerva and Juno themselves will say²—"We no longer enter into a contest with you about beauty."

¹ The mirror was round like a quoit, *δίσκος*, from whence comes the English "disk," applied to the face of the full moon, or sun.

² *ἰπεστὶν* has always a future sense.

Triumph and boast of Grecian painter's art,
 From Ocean's foam see new-born Venus start.
 Oh, with what grace she waves her hand of pearl,
 And wrings the dew from every clust'ring curl!
 Let Pallas now and Juno's self confess
 'Twere vain contending with such loveliness. J. W. B.

XLI. BIANOR.

I was weeping for the death of my wife Theonoé; but was groaning with lighter sorrow from the hopes of my child. But now some jealous Fate has separated me from my child likewise. Alas! I have been cheated, O baby, of you too left behind. O Proserpine, hear this in the lamentations of a father, place my child on the bosom of its departed mother.

I wept Theonoé's loss; but one fair child
 Its father's heart of half its woe beguiled.
 And now, sole source of hope and solace left,
 That one fair child the envious Fates have reft.
 Death! hear a father's prayer, and lay to rest
 My little one on its lost mother's breast. G. S.

XLII. ANTIPATER.

Antigenes, of Gelos, once spoke this word to his daughter, when he was¹ nodding over the grave—"O fair-cheeked girl, and my daughter, retain your working spindle, a sufficient possession for a poor life. But if you come to a marriage, preserve the correct conduct of your Achæan mother, the most lasting dowry to a husband."

When now departing to the silent dead,
 These words Antigenes of Gela said:
 "Fair daughter, keep the distaff at your side,
 A livelihood, though small: and, if a bride,
 Keep to your mother's virtues; they will prove
 The surest dow'r to win a husband's love." H. W.

¹—¹ The phrase in English would be, "with one foot in the grave."

XLIII. COMETAS.

ON THE SUBURBS.

A. Say, shepherd, whose are the rows of plants? *B.* Some are olives sacred to Minerva; but the vines round are [sacred] to Bacchus. *A.* And whose are the ears of corn? *B.* Ceres'. *A.* Of what deities are the flowers? *B.* Of Juno and rosy Venus. ¹O dear Pan, stop drawing your pipe upon your lips; for you are seeking Echo in these sun-shine places.¹

XLIV. MARCUS ARGENTARIUS.

O Sosicrates, being rich you were in love, but being poor, you no longer love. What a remedy is hunger! And she who formerly called you myrrh and beautiful Adonis, now asks your name—"Who? from what [country] are you? where is your city?" You know with difficulty truly this saying, that no one is a friend to him that has nothing.

Rich, thou hadst many lovers; poor, hast none;
 So surely want extinguishes the flame.
 And she, who call'd thee once her pretty one,
 And her Adonis, now inquires thy name—
 "Where wast thou born, Sosicrates? and where,
 In what strange country, can thy parents live?"
 Who seem'st, by thy complaints, not yet aware,
 That want's a crime no woman can forgive. W. C.

When rich, Sosicrates, thou hadst many loves;
 Now poor, none hast thou. Oh how hunger proves
 A cure for passion! She who call'd thee erst
 Her sweetest myrrh, and dear Adonis, durst
 Now ask thy name—"Who, and whence art thou flown?
 And where's thy country?" This at last is known,
 Who nothing has, none as a friend will own. G. B.

¹—The words between the numerals seem to belong to another Epigram; in which Pan was represented as playing upon his pipe, while in search of his mistress Echo.

XLV. RUFINUS.

I send to you, Rhodoclea, this garland, having woven it myself by my own hands with beautiful flowers. There is a lily, and a bud of roses, and the wet anemone, and flexile narcissus, and dark-blue violet. But do you, wreathing them, cease to be arrogant. You are in flower ; and you cease to be so, as well as the garland.

This garland intertwined with fragrant flowers,
 Pluck'd by my hand, to thee, my love, I send.
 Pale lilies here with blushing roses blend,
 Anemone, besprent with April showers,
 Love-lorn Narcissus, violet that pours
 From every purple leaf the glad perfume ;
 And, while upon thy sweeter breast they bloom,
 Yield to the force of love thy passing hours ;
 For thou, like these, must fade at Nature's general doom.
 J. H. M.

I send thee, my fair one, this garland of flowers,
 And wove it myself for you.
 There are lilies and buds from the rosy bowers,
 And the wind-flower steep'd in dew,
 And the languid Narciss, and the purple shine
 Of the violet in the glade :
 So wear them, and cease to be haughty and fine,
 For thou bloom'st, as the wreath, to fade.
 G. F. D. T.

XLVI. ALPHÆUS.

O Argos, O story of Homer, and sacred soil of Greece, and the formerly golden citadel of Perseus, ye have extinguished the glory of those heroes¹ who once tore down to the earth the god-built crown of Troy. But this city is stronger. But you, who are fallen, show the folds of loud-bellowing cattle.

¹ As *ἐσβίσσaro*, the 1 aor. mid., is not found in Greek, and if it were it would not suit the sense, J. Scaliger suggested *ἐσβισθ'*, i. e. *ἐσβισσaro*, and then the sense would be, "the glory of those heroes has been extinguished."

XLVII. LUCIAN.

You dye your head ; but you will not dye your old age, nor will you stretch out the wrinkles of your cheeks. Do not then plaister the whole of your face with paint, so that you have a mask and not a face. For it is of no use. Why are you mad? A paint and wash will never make Hecuba a Helen.

Yes—you may change your hair, but not your age,
Nor smooth, alas ! the wrinkles of your face ;

Yes—you may varnish o'er the tell-tale page,
And wear a mask for every vanish'd grace :

But there's an end. No Hecuba by aid
Of rouge and ceruse is a Helen made.

J. H. M.

You give your cheeks a rosy stain,
With washes dye your hair ;
But paint and washes both are vain
To give a youthful air.

Those wrinkles mock your daily toil,
No labour will efface 'em ;

You wear a mask of smoothest oil,
Yet still with ease we trace 'em.

An art so fruitless then forsake,
Which though you much excel in,

You never can contrive to make
Old Hecuba young Helen.

W. C.

XLVIII. RUFINUS.

Rhodopé, Melité, Rhodoclea, contended with one another which of the three had the most warlike beauty ; and they chose me as a judge ; and they stood as goddesses, gazed at from all sides, wanting nectar alone. But clearly knowing what Paris through his judgment suffered, I straightway put crowns upon the three immortals together.

XLIX. PHILIP.

Lo! the brazen beaks, the forms of ships sail-loving,
witnesses of the war at Actium ; [there] the wax-nour-

ished gifts of bees are hived, pressed on all sides by the buzzing swarm. [This is] the agreeable benefit of Cæsar's good laws; for he has taught the arms of his enemies to produce in return the fruits of peace.

L. UNCERTAIN.

ON SOME ONE WHO HAD BURIED HIMSELF BEFORE DEATH.

Being distressed by age and poverty, and not a single man holding out a contribution for misfortune, I went quietly under the tomb with trembling limbs, and found with difficulty the end of a wretched life. But the custom of the dead was altered in my case. For I did not die first, and then was buried, but, after I was buried, I died.

By years and misery worn, no hand to save
With some poor pittance from a desperate grave;
With the small strength my wretched age supplied,
I crawl'd beneath this lonely pile and died.
Screen'd from the scoff of pride, and grandeur's frown,
In this sad spot I laid my sufferings down:
Reversed the laws of death, the common doom,
And, while the life-blood flow'd, suborn'd my tomb. BL.

LI. ETRUSCUS OF MESSENE.

One ship of life and death has brought the son of Hierocles within, having obtained a common duty. It maintained him a fisherman; it burnt him when dead; sailing with him for a draught of fish, sailing with him to Hades. The happy fisherman sailed upon the sea in his own ship, and ran with his own ship to Hades.

LII. GÆTULICUS.

This is the sea-side tomb of Archilochus, who formerly dipt the bitter Muse in viper-like anger, after covering with blood the gentle Helicon. Lycambes knew it, lamenting the knots¹ of his three daughters.

¹ By *ἀμυρά* Jacobs understands the knots in the ropes with which the daughters hanged themselves.

Pass by him gently, traveller, lest perchance you excite
the wasps settling upon the tomb of this man.

LIII. UNCERTAIN.

Although a tearful fate has seized you, Euripides,
and the wolf-worrying dogs have made a meal of you,
who were the musical songster on the stage, the ornament
of Athens, and who mingled tragic grace with wisdom,
still you have gone to a Pellean cenotaph, in order that
you, the servant of the Pierides [Muses], might dwell
near the Pierides.

LIV. THUCYDIDES.

All Greece is indeed the monument of Euripides; but
his bones the land of Macedon hold, where he obtained
the end of life. But Athens, the Greece of Greece, is his
country; and he having pleased by his Muse very much,
has this praise from many also—"This is not your monu-
ment, Euripides; but you are the monument of this. For
this monument is clothed in our glory."

LV. CALLIMACHUS.

Some one told me of your fate, O Heraclitus, and it
brought a tear to me; and I remembered how often we
both made the sun to set in talking.¹ But you are some
where, O stranger of Halicarnassus, ashes four ancient-
ly;² but your songs live; upon which Hades, the snatcher
of every thing, shall not throw his hand.

They told me, Heraclitus, thou wert dead;
And then I thought, and tears thereon did shed,
How oft we two talk'd down the sun; but thou,
Halicarnassian guest, art ashes now!

Yet live thy nightingales of song. On those
Forgetfulness her hand shall ne'er impose. H. N. C.

¹ Menage quotes opportunely Virgil Ecl. ix. 52, "cantando—memini me condere soles."

² In lieu of the unintelligible *τετράπαλαι*, Menage and Wakefield suggested *τέφρα τε καί*—similar to "et cineres et favillas" in Minucius Felix. But as *τέφρα* could hardly have the *α* short, Menage subsequently defended *τετράπαλαι* by quoting Aristoph. *Ἰσπ.* 1150, *Τετράπαλαι κάθημαι*.

LVI. DIOCLES.

I do not know whether I shall call you a shield, with whom as a faithful ally I armed myself against many adversaries, or whether a small sea-boat for me, which conveyed me swimming from the sunk ship to the shore. I have escaped in wars the wrath of Mars, and of Nereus in the sea, and you truly were my armour in both.

LVII. CALLIMACHUS.

UPON HIS OWN FATHER.¹

Whoever thou art, who bringest thy foot by my tomb, know that I am a son of Callimachus and a father.¹ You may know both. One formerly commanded the arms of his country; the other sang what is superior to envy. There is no Nemesis [for such a boast]; for upon whomsoever of their children the Muses look² with their eye until life,³ they do not discard their friends when they become hoary.

LVIII. PHILIP.

The stone-cutter Architeles raised, with miserable hands, a tomb to his deceased child Agathonor. Alas! alas! for the stone, which iron did not cut, but was wasted away wet with frequent tears.³ Alas! O pillar, remain light on the dead, that he may say—"The hand of my father really placed a stone upon me."

¹—¹ As the father of Callimachus was Battus, and not Callimachus, Jacobs says that the poet unites the praise of his father with that of his grandfather and himself. But from the word *ἀμφω* it is evident that only two persons were intended, the grandfather and grandson; one famed as a soldier, the other as a poet. There is therefore some error in *παῖδα τε καὶ γενέτην*, which it would not be perhaps difficult to correct.

²—² Since the Scholiast on Hesiod Theogon. offers *Μὴ λοξῶς*, in lieu of the unintelligible *Ἀχρεῖ βίου*, Bentley saw that Callimachus wrote *δμματα-μὴ λοξῶς*, answering to "placido lumine" in Horace, and in the other passages produced by the critics to whom Jacobs refers. The reading *μὴ λοξῶς* is adopted in the Westm. Collect., but *Ἀχρεῖ βίου* retained in the Eton Extracts.

³ The author seems to allude to the practice of stone-cutters letting water mixed with sand trickle down the stone which they are sawing. But instead of water Architeles made use of tears.

The stone-bewer Architeles uprears,
 Fashion'd by sorrowing hands, this monument
 To Agathonor, his departed son.
 That stone, alas! needed no chisel; tears,
 Fast-flowing tears, their melting streams had lent,
 To wear deep characters of woe thereon.
 Lie light upon the dead, thou stone; that he
 May own a father's care in placing thee. H. W.

LIX. APOLLINIS.

Clip the first sweet harvest of your cheeks on this day,
 and the young tendrils of your beard, O Caius; and
 your father Lucius will receive in his hand your prayed-
 for first growth of the beard which is about to increase
 during many a sun. They present you with golden
 [gifts], but I with joyous elegiac verses. For the Muse
 is not worse than Plutus.

LX. MACEDONIUS.

Eumolpus once offered up his harp to Apollo at his
 tripod, and, blaming his aged hand, he said—"May I
 never touch again the lyre, nor let me wish to hear the
 practice of its former harmony. Let the string of the
 harp be a care to youth; and instead of the quill I will
 be supported as to my trembling hands with a stick."

LXI. GEMINUS.

I lie sacred to Mars, O stranger, a stone grievous to
 the Athenians, the symbol of the courage of Philip; I
 insulting Marathon and the deeds of Salamis near the
 sea, lying under Macedonian spears. Now, Demos-
 thenes, swear by the dead;¹ but I shall be grievous both
 to the living and to the dead.

LXII. SIMONIDES.

O country Sparta, we the three hundred after fighting

¹ The writer alludes to the well-known oath of Demosthenes "On the Crown," § 60, where he swears by those who hazarded their lives at Marathon, Platæa, and Salamis.

about Thurea with the descendants of Inachus¹ of equal number, and not turning our necks there left our life in the place, where we first fitted our footsteps. But if any one of the Greeks fled his fate, he was [descended] from Adrastus.² But it is not death in Sparta to die, but to run away.

O native Sparta, when we met the host
 In equal combat from th' Inachian coast,
 Thy brave three hundred never turn'd aside;
 But where our feet first rested, there we died.
 [The words in blood, that stout Othryades
 Wrought on his herald's shield, were only these—
 "Thyrea is Lacedæmon's."]³ If there fled
 One Argive from the slaughter, be it said,
 Of old Adrastus he has learnt to fly;
 We count it death to falter, not to die. J. H. M.

LXIII. UNCERTAIN.

Behold Hercules, of endless toil, your labours, which after enduring, you went to Olympus, the house of the immortals, [namely] Geryon, the famed apples, the great labour of Augeias, the horses, Hippolyté, the many-headed serpent, the boar, the roaring dog of Chaos, the wild beast of Nemeia, the birds, the bull, the stag of Mœnalía.

LXIV. DIOTIMUS.

The children of Neptune and Jupiter exercised their youth for the prizes of strong wrestling. And their contest lies not about a brazen cauldron, but which shall carry off life or death. The fall is of Antæus. It becomes Hercules the son of Jupiter to conquer. Wrestling belongs to the Greeks, not the Libyans.

¹ i. e. the people of Argos, of which Inachus was once the king.

² The Adrastus alluded to was one of the seven Argive chiefs at the siege of Thebes, who fled, after six of them had perished.

³ The words within brackets answer to a distich in the original, which is omitted in the Westm. Collection. The circumstance, to which the writer alludes, is told by Herodotus, i. 82, and by Plutarch, ii. p. 306, A.

Two wrestlers here their youthful vigour prove,
 The son of Neptune this, and that of Jove.
 They for no vase of bronze contend ; no prize
 Is set. Whichever lives, the other dies.
 Antæus falls. 'Tis Jove's son, Hercules,
 Must win. The art's not Libyan, but of Greece. H. W.

LXV. UNCERTAIN.

ON A STATUE OF HERCULES, WHEN AN INFANT, STRANGLING
 WITH HIS HANDS THE DRAGONS.

O strong Hercules, crush the very large dragon folds ;
 throttle the deep necks of the biting animals. Even
 now, an infant, stop the wrath of the jealous Juno.
 Know also how to toil from childhood. For neither a
 bowl of beaten brass, nor cauldrons, but a road to the
 hall of Jupiter, is the prize.

LXVI. AGATHIAS.

O Chæronean Plutarch, the sons of the brave Auso-
 nians placed this much-celebrated statue of you, because
 you fitted by parallel lives the best of the Greeks to the
 well-warring inhabitants of Rome. But you could not
 write another life parallel to your own ; for you have
 not one like it.

Chæronean Plutarch, to thy deathless praise
 Does martial Rome this grateful statue raise.
 Because both Greece and she thy fame have shared,
 Their heroes written and their lives compared.
 But thou thyself could'st never write thy own ;
 Their lives have parallels ; but thine has none.

DRYDEN.

LXVII. UNCERTAIN.

Diogenes the Cynic, having come to Hades, after he
 had finished a truly wise old age, saw Cræsus, and
 laughed. And the old man, having spread his small
 cloak near to him, who had drawn out much gold from
 a river,¹ said—"To me there is now a greater place ;

¹ The river alluded to was Pactolus in Lydia.

for whatever I had, I bring all with me; but you, Cræsus, have nothing."

LXVIII. LUCILLIUS.

If you love me, love me in deed, and do me no wrong, making our friendship the beginning of doing an injury; for I assert that open malice is much better for all men than deceitful friendship; and men say too that rocks under the sea are worse than conspicuous rocks for sea-wandering ships.

Art thou my friend—forbear to do me guile,
Nor clothe a secret grudge in friendship's smile:
For traitorous friendship wounds th' unguarded breast
With surer aim than enmity profess'd;
And more on shoals the sailor fears to wreck,
Than where the rocks hang frowning o'er his deck.

BL.

LXIX. ON THE SAME.

Milo once came alone as a wrestler to the sacred contest, and the judge straightway called to crown him; but going forward, he slipped upon his hip, and persons bawled out not to crown that man, since he, although alone, had fallen. But he standing up in the middle, cried out, "Are there not three [falls]? In one I have been laid; let some one throw me the others to come."

LXX. ON SOPHOCLES.

SIMIAS THE THEBAN.

Gently over the tomb of Sophocles, may you, O ivy, gently creep, putting forth pale tendrils; and may the rose-leaf flourish on every side, and the grape-loving vine, having spread out its flexible boughs all around, on account of the skilful and excellent learning which he, the honeyed [poet], practised, by a mingling of the Muses and the Graces.

Wind, gentle evergreen, to form a shade
 Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid ;
 Sweet ivy, lend thine aid, and intertwine
 With blushing roses and the clustering vine :
 Thus shall thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,
 Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung,
 Whose soul, exalted like a god of wit,
 Among the Muses and the Graces writ.

ANON. SPECTATOR.

BOOK IV.

I. PALLADAS.

O CHILD of impudence, most uneducated offspring of folly, say, why do you swagger, knowing nothing? You are a Platonist among the grammarians. But if one examines the dogmas of Plato, you are a grammarian again. You fly from the one to the other; and you neither know the art of grammar, nor are you a Platonist. "I know all things," you say; but you are imperfect in every thing. Having a smack of all things, you have nothing of your own.

II. JULIAN THE EMPEROR.

ON A MUSICAL ORGAN.

I see a strange kind of reeds. Surely they have shot up rather quickly from another [strange] brazen ground; nor are they moved by our wind, but a gale rushing from a bull-hide cavern [bellows], travels below under the root of well-bored pipes. And some powerful man, having quick fingers of hand, knows how to handle the harmonizing lines of the pipes. And they leaping squeeze out a soft tune.

III. UNCERTAIN.

Why, O shepherds, do you drag by a shameless capture from dewy boughs, me a Cicada, the lover of soli-

tude, the road-side songster of the Nymphs, chirping shrilly in mid-day heat on the mountains, and in the shady groves. Behold the thrush and blackbird, behold how many starlings are the plunderers of field-abundance. It is right to take the destroyers of fruits. Kill them. What grudging is there of leaves and grassy dew?

Why, ruthless shepherds, from the dewy spray,
 In my lone haunt, Cicada tear away?
 Me, the Nymphs' way-side minstrel, whose sweet note
 O'er sultry hill is heard and shady grove to float?
 Lo! where the blackbird, thrush, and greedy host
 Of starlings fatten at the farmer's cost.
 With just revenge these ravagers pursue;
 But grudge me not a leaf, or grassy dew. F. WR.

IV. CARPHYLIDES.

O traveller, as you go by, do not blame my monument;
 I have not, even when dead, any thing worthy of lamentations. I have left children's children, and have enjoyed one wife of the same old age with myself. I have given marriages to three children, of whom many times I have borne the children in my lap; nor have I lamented the disease or death of one of them; who have poured libations on me unharmed, and have sent me to the country of the pious to sleep a sweet sleep.

Think not, whoe'er thou art, my fate severe;
 Nor o'er my marble stop to shed a tear!
 One tender partner shared my happy state,
 And all that life imposes, but its weight.
 Three lovely girls in nuptial ties I bound,
 And children's children smiled my board around,
 And, often pillow'd on their grandsire's breast,
 Their darling offspring sunk to sweetest rest.
 Disease and death were strangers to my door,
 Nor from my arms one blooming infant tore.
 All, all survived, my dying eyes to close,
 And hymn my spirit to a blest repose. BL.

V. APOLLINIS.

Melitinna heard unexpected news that her son had been overwhelmed by a wave bearing him ; and she unhappy saw a sea-washed body of another person, that had reached the sands, the symbol of her own fortune, and she bedecked it, as if it were her own son. But Dion came safe to land upon an unbroken ship from a trafficking voyage. How unequal a fate did the mothers get by lot ! the one has an unexpected living body, but the other will not see even the corpse [of her son].

VI. ANTIPATER.

I, Hermocrateia, after bringing forth twenty and nine [children], beheld the death neither of one son nor of one daughter ; for Apollo did not shoot at my sons, Diana did not take my daughters mourning heavily ; on the contrary, she came, and released my pain of child-bed, and Phœbus led the males, unhurt by diseases, to youth. See how I conquer justly with my children and temperate tongue the daughter of Tantalus.

VII. AGATHIAS.

Letoïus and Paulus both, being brothers, had a common union in life ; and had common threads of fate, and were clothed in common dust near the shore of the Bosphorus ; for they were unable to live apart from one another ; but they ran together likewise to Proserpine. Farewell, O sweet and unanimous ones. An altar of Unanimity ought to have been erected over your tomb.

VIII. ANTIPATER.

Archippus the ploughman, just leaving life from a heavy disease, and going to Hades, spoke these words to his sons—" Oh ! my dear children, be content with my spade and ploughman's life ; do not praise the groaning labour of the dangerous sea, and the heavy toil of ruinous sailing. As much as your mother was sweeter than

your stepmother, so much is the land more desirable than the sea white [with foam].

IX. UNCERTAIN.

Death robbed me of the autumn of youth ; and the stone has concealed me in this tomb of my grandfather. I was by name Rufinus, the son of Ætherius, and born of a good mother ; but I was born in vain ; for after reaching the highest point of music and of youth, I came, alas, a clever person to Hades, and a young one to darkness. O traveller, do even you, seeing these letters, lament greatly ; for surely you alive are either a son or a father.

X. LUCILLIUS.

I lost a little pig, and an ox, and one she-goat, on account of which you, Meneclæ, have received a small fee. But neither has any thing happened in common to me and Othryades ; neither do I lead away persons as thieves from Thermopylæ ; but we have a trial against Eutychnides ; so that what has Xerxes to do here ? and what have the Lacedæmonians ? But also remember me on account of the law ; or I will cry out loudly,—" Meneclæ says some things, the little pigs say other things." ¹

XI. AGATHIAS.

ON AN IMAGE OF ÆSOP.

Well, old Lysippus, Sicyonian modeller, hast thou done, in making an image of the Samian Æsop, and placing him in the front of the Seven Wise Men ; since they indeed introduced compulsion, and not persuasion, by their words. But he, by saying seasonable things in wise speeches, and playing in earnest, persuades [people] to be sensible. Now sharp counsel is a thing to be avoided ; but the sweetness of the Samian fable has a pleasant bait.

¹ With this Epigram Erasmus, quoted by Jacobs, has aptly compared one by Martial in vi. 19. From the two it appears that lawyers, employed on some trifling suit, were accustomed to make a long speech, and by lugging in matter not to the purpose, to neglect and sometimes lose the cause they were paid to advocate.

Well done, old Sicyonian, sculptor famous,
 Well hath Lysippus group'd Æsop of Samos,
 Before the Sages Seven, whose sayings stern
 Oblige, while his persuade, wisdom to learn.
 By tale or fiction apt, a word in season
 Draws us, 'twixt play and earnest, back to reason,
 When counsel rude we'd shun; with bait more sure,
 The pleasant Samian's fable can allure. H. W.

XII. THE SAYING OF THE WISE MEN.

I will speak of the Seven Wise Men with respect to their saying, city, name, voice. Cleobulus the Lindian said, Moderation is best. But Chilon in hollow Lacedæmon said, Know yourself. But Periander, who inhabited Corinth, said, Restrain anger. Pittacus, whose family was of Mitylene, said, Nothing too much. But Solon said, in holy Athens, Consider the end of life. But Bias of Priene declared, The majority are the worse. But Thales, the Milesian, said, Avoid being a security.

XIII. ERINNA.

ANTIPATER OF SIDON.

Erinna was of few words, and not of many stories, in songs; but these little words obtained for her the Muses. Therefore she has not missed a remembrance; neither is she kept under the dark wing of black night; but we the numberless myriads of new minstrels, waste away in oblivion in heaps. The little lament of a swan is more agreeable than the cawing of jackdaws uttered in the spring-clouds.

Few were thy notes, Erinna, short thy lay;
 But thy short lay the Muse herself has given;
 Thus never shall thy memory decay,
 Nor night obscure thy fame, which lives in heaven:

While we, the unnumber'd bards of after-times,
 Sink in the melancholy grave unseen;
 Unhonour'd reach Avernus' fabled climes,
 And leave no record that we once have been.

Sweet are the graceful swan's melodious lays,
 Though but an instant heard, and then they die;
 But the long chattering of discordant jays
 The winds of April scatter through the sky.

J. H. M.

XIV. UNCERTAIN.

ON THE DISTAFF¹ OF ERINNA.

This is the Lesbian wax-tablet² of Erinna; it is something sweet; a little thing, but wholly mixed with the honey of the Muses; and the three hundred verses of her are equal to those of Homer; her, the maiden nineteen years old, who through the fear of her mother stood by the distaff, or at the loom, a servant of and inspired by the Muses. But as much as Sappho is better in lyrics than Erinna, by so much is Erinna better than Sappho in hexameters.

XV. CRINAGORAS.

A parrot with human voice, having left its cage with sides of withies, came with its bright-coloured wing to a thicket, always practising salutations for illustrious Cæsar; neither did it have a forgetfulness of the name in the mountains. And every bird quickly taught ran striving who should be able to say first to the god,³ Hail! Orpheus persuaded the beasts in the mountains; but now every bird unbidden sings out Cæsar!

XVI. UNCERTAIN.

The inhabitants of Dorian Rhodes raised for you yourself, O Sun, this colossus made of brass up to Olympus, when they had lulled to sleep the wave of Enyo, and decked their country with the spoils of their enemies. For they placed⁴ not only over the sea, but also on land,

¹ Erinna wrote a poem under the title of Ἡλεκάρη, Distaff.

² Jacobs compares Νοστίδος ἐν δέλοις κηρὸν ἱρηξεν Ἐρω in Meleager.

³ Cæsar is here called δαίμων, as Augustus is "deus" by Virgil, and "divus" by Horace.

⁴ ἀνθεσαν for ἀνιθεσαν.

the mild light of freedom without slavery; for an hereditary dominion on sea and on land belonged to them, who had increased from the race of Hercules.¹

XVII. ANTIPHILUS.

ON THE ILIAD AND THE ODYSSEY.

Ye books, whose² are ye? What do ye keep concealed? We are the daughters of Mæonides, and knowing in the stories of Troy; one [the Iliad] tells of the wrath of Achilles, and the deeds by the hands of Hector, and the contests of the ten years' war; but the other the labour of Ulysses, and the weeping of good Penelope about her widowed bed. Be on good terms with the Muses; for after your songs Time said that it possessed eleven Muses.

XVIII. AGATHIAS.

ON A STONE WHICH AJAX HAD HURLED.

O traveller! you may not bear aloft in your grasp me, the stone of Ajax, hurled against the breast of Hector. I am black and rough. But do you search the divine Homer how I caused to roll the son of Priam on the ground. But now with difficulty men, the disgrace of a sad race, move aside me small from the earth with a lever, but may some one hide me under the earth, for I am ashamed to become a sport to worthless men.

Rear me not, traveller! The weapon I,
That Ajax once at Hector taught to fly.
Rude as I am, let Homer's verse unfold
How Priam's son along the plain I roll'd.
Now mortals scarce can raise my massive length
With levers—shame on their degenerate strength.
But hide me, earth; for 'tis indeed disgrace,
To be the jest of such a puny race. W. C.

¹ For Tlepolemus the son of Hercules came to Rhodes and founded there many cities, as stated by Homer in *Il.* B. 686.

² Instead of *τίς*, "what," Planudes has *τίς*, "whose:" which Brunck prefers, as better suited to the answer.

XIX. ANTIPATER.

O Ibycus, robbers having landed once on the solitary desert shore of an island, killed you, while crying many times upon a cloud of cranes, who had come as witnesses to you, when destroyed by a very sad death. Nor did you shout in vain; since a certain Erinnys did by a punishment avenge your murder through their cry in the land of Sisyphus.¹ O gain-loving tribe of robbers, why have you not feared the wrath of the gods? for neither did Ægisthus, who murdered aforetime the minstrel,² escape the ever-seeing eye of the black-robed furies.

XX. POSIDIPPUS.

What path of life shall a person cut through! In the forum are quarrels and difficult suits; at home cares; in the fields enough of toils; in the sea fright; in a foreign land fear, if you have any thing; but if you are in a difficulty, vexation. Have you a wife? you will not be without anxiety. Are you unmarried? you live still more solitarily. Children are troubles. A childless life is a maimed condition. Youth is thoughtless. Grey hairs are strengthless. There is a choice of one of these two things, either never to have been born, or to die as soon as born.

What path of life would man desire to keep?

Wrangling and strife the forum yields; at home

Are cares; abroad, incessant toils; the deep

Is vex'd with storms. An exile would'st thou roam?

If wealthy, fears; if needy, slights await.

Would'st seek to wed? Expect not so to shun

The general doom. Would'st choose a single state?

In joyless gloom thy heavy hours will run.

Children are plagues; a childless life's accurst;

Folly's in youth; in age fresh infancy.

Never to have been born, the wise man first

Would wish; and next, as soon as born, to die.

J. H. M.

¹ i. e. Corinth.

² See Homer, *Od.* *Γ.* 269.

XXI. METRODORUS.

PERSUASIVES ON THE CONTRARY.

You may cut through any path of life. In the forum there is reputation and clever suits ; at home, rest ; in the fields, the beauty of Nature ; in the sea, gain ; in a foreign country, if you have any thing, fame ; but if you are in a difficulty, you alone know it. Have you a wife ? home will be best. Are you unmarried ? you live still more easily. Children are a desire ; a childless life is without care. Youth is robust ; and, on the other hand, grey hairs are pious. There is not then the choice of one of two things, either never to have been born, or to die ; for all the things of life are good.

In every way of life true pleasure flows.
 Immortal fame from public action grows.
 Within the doors is found appeasing rest ;
 In fields the gifts of Nature are exprest.
 The sea brings gain. The rich abroad provide
 To blaze their names ; the poor their wants to hide.
 All households are best governed by a wife :
 His cares are light, who leads a single life.
 Sweet children are delights, which marriage bless ;
 He, that hath none, disturbs his thoughts the less.
 Strong youth can triumph in victorious deeds ;
 Old age the soul with pious notions feeds.
 All states are good ; and they are falsely led,
 Who wish to be unborn, or quickly dead.

JOHN BEAUMONT.

XXII. MELEAGER.

O Heliodora, I will give tears to you, even when under the earth, ¹the remainder of my affection to Hades, ¹tears sadly wept ; and I pour a libation upon the much-wept tomb, a stream ²of regret, a remembrance of my

¹— There is some error in the words *στοργᾶς λείψανον εἰς Αἴδαν* : which it would not be difficult to correct.

² So the Westm. text ; the Eton has *μνᾶμα*, which can hardly be united to *σπίνδω*.

friendly feeling. For piteously do I, Meleager, piteously wail for thee, beloved even among the dead ; a vain pleasure for Acheron. Alas ! alas ! where is my regretted blossom ? Hades has snatched it, has snatched it. But to thee, Earth, all nourishing, do I fall on my knees, that thou mayest, O mother, place gently in thy bosom her greatly bewailed.

Tears, all that love has left to give the dead,
Take, Heliodora, e'en in Earth's lone bed.
Tears, bitter tears, the glistening mound below,
Regret's, affection's, fond memorials flow.
Thee sorely, sorely loved, though lost, laments
Meleager ; Pluto's bosom nought relents.
Ah ! where's my soul's sweet blossom ? reft, the tomb
Hath reft it ; dust has stain'd her prime of bloom.
All-nursing Earth ! oh, bid her softly rest,
And gently fold my mourn'd one to thy breast. G. Bo.

XXIII. LUCIAN.

A certain physician sent his own son to me to learn from me grammar ; and when he knew, " Sing the wrath of Achilles," and, " He caused ten thousand griefs," and the third line following these, " And he sent untimely many brave souls to Hades," no longer does he send him to me to learn. But the father on seeing me, said—" Thanks to you, my friend ; but my child can learn these things at my house. For I send many souls untimely to Hades ; and for this I want no grammarian."

A doctor, fond of letters, once agreed
Beneath my care his son should learn to read.
The lad soon knew " Achilles' wrath" to sing,
And said by heart, " To Greece the direful spring."
" 'T is quite enough, my dear," the parent said ;
" For too much learning might confuse your head.
That wrath which hurls to Pluto's gloomy reign,
Go, tell your tutor, I can best explain." Bl.

XXIV. PALLADAS.

Tantalus ate nothing, for the fruit of the plants shaken

from above over his head fled from him;¹ and on this account, wanting nourishment, he thirsted less. But if he had eaten ripened figs, and damsons, and apples, how great is the thirst to dead men from green fruit. But we, having been invited, eat all kinds of salted things, chennia,² and cheeses, the salted fat of a goose, birds, and veal; and yet we drunk [only] one cup over them. Therefore, O Tantalus, we suffer more bitterly than thou.

XXV. UNCERTAIN.

ON A STATUE OF BACCHUS, STANDING NEAR THAT OF
PALLAS.

Tell me, what is there in common to you and Pallas? for spears and wars are present to the one; but to you sumptuous feasts are pleasant. O stranger, do not rashly inquire such things about the gods; but know in how many things I am like this deity; for the glory of wars is dear to me;³ all the Indus subdued even from the eastern ocean, knows me. And we have honoured the race of men; she with the olive, but I with the sweet grapes of the wild vine. And indeed neither did a mother endure pains for me; but I loosened the thigh of my father, but she the head.⁴

A. What has Bacchus to do with Minerva? the spear
And the battle please her; thee the feast and good cheer.

B. Not so fast, my good friend, when you question the gods,
'Twixt that goddess and me there are no such great odds.

As a proof that war's glories me also can please,
Take all India subdued to the easternmost seas.

To enliven man's race both our blessings combine;
Her's, the olive; my gift's the sweet clust'ring vine.

¹ See Hom. Od. A.

² As it is uncertain what kind of animal is intended by *χέννια*, the Greek word is left in the English. Hesychius says it meant a little bird eaten in a pickled state in Egypt, or a kind of fish.

³ So Horace says of Bacchus, "Quamquam choreis aptior et jocis Ludique dictus, non sat idoneus Pugnae ferebaris; sed idem Pacis eras mediusque belli."

⁴—⁴ Bacchus was said to have come from the thigh, but Pallas from the head of Jupiter.

Nor of me was a mother in pangs brought to bed ;
I slipt out of Jove's thigh ; she sprang from his head.

H. W.

XXVI. THEÆTETUS.

ON A STATUE OF NEMESIS IN RAMNUS.

A Median stone-cutter having cut me a white stone from a re-growing¹ eminence with stone-cutting instruments, caused me to cross the sea, in order that he might make statues, the symbols of labour-endurance against the Athenians. But when Marathon roared against the fighting Persians, and their ships sailed over the sea, stained with the outpouring of [their] blood, Athens, teeming with noble men, sculptured Adrasteia, a deity hostile to proud men. ²I balance hopes in return.³ But I am now to the Athenians, Victory ; to the Assyrians, Nemesis [Retribution].

Of ivory whiteness from a mountain rock
A Median sculptor in a massive block
Shipp'd me for Attica, and doom'd to stand
His mark of triumph o'er this Attic land.
But when at Marathon fall'n Persia groan'd,
And for invasion shatter'd ships atoned,
By Attic art, perfection's nurse, I rose
In form a goddess, who the proud o'erthrows.
In different characters my figure speaks,
To Persians Vengeance, Victory to Greeks. HAYLEY.

XXVII. PALLADAS.

They say that Sarapis stood as a vision of the night over a murderer, while sleeping near a rotten wall, and uttered an oracle—"Hollo ! you that lie there, stand up ;

¹ Jacobs observes, that by *παλιναυξέος* it is meant to show that stone, like trees, after being cut, grows again. It is more probable that the word is corrupt, and that the poet wrote *πολυαυγέος*, "wide-seeing," an epithet well suited to *περιωπή*, "a lofty look-out."

²⁻³ It is not easy to extract a legitimate sense from *Ἀντιαλαντεύω τὰς ἐλπίδας*: but not difficult to suggest, what the train of thought requires, and what the poet probably wrote.

and having changed the place, sleep, wretched one, some where else." And he, through the dream, changed the place; and the rotten wall on a sudden lay on the ground in pieces; and the malefactor rejoicing sacrificed to the gods early in the morning gifts for his safety, thinking that the god was pleased with murderers. But Sarapis again stood near him in the night, and gave a prophecy—"Thinkest thou, wretch, that I care for the unjust! ¹ If I had not left you to die, you had now escaped a painless death; ¹ but know that you are preserved for the cross."

A murderer, sleeping by a tott'ring wall,
Saw in a dream Sarapis' awful face;
And—"Ho, thou sleeper, rise"—he heard him call,
Go take thy slumber in some other place.
The murderer woke; departed; and, behold,
Straight to the earth the tott'ring fabric roll'd.
The wretch next morning offerings brought, as fain
To think himself to great Sarapis dear.
But the god came by night and spoke again—
"Wretch, dost thou think the like of thee my care?
To avert a painless death I bade thee wake;
But learn that Heaven reserves thee for the stake."

J. W. B.

XXVIII. POSIDIPPUS.

Who [and] whence is the modeller? A Sicyonian.
What is his name? Lysippus. But who are you? Time,
the subduer of all. But why do you go on tip-toe? I am
always running. But why have you soles of two kinds²
to your feet? I fly light as wind. Why do you bear
something cutting in your right hand? A sign to men
that I am sharper than any edge. But the hair, why is it
down your face? To be laid hold of by the person coming

¹—¹ The sense is the same, as if the poet had said, If I had left you to die now, a painless death would have come upon you.

² By *ῥαρσύνῃς—διφυσίς* is meant "soles of a double kind," one like a human being, and the other with little wings, similar to the *πέδιλα* of Mercury.

to meet me, by Jupiter.¹ But why are the parts behind bald? Because no one, even desiring it, will afterwards lay hold of me, after I have once rushed past him with winged feet. On what account has the artist modelled you? On account of you, O stranger, and has placed instruction in the doorway.

XXIX. AGATHIAS.

Calligenes, a countryman, when he had cast the seed in the ground, went to the house of Aristophanes, the astrologer, and inquiring, asked if there would be to him a favourable summer, and ungrudging abundance of ears of corn. And he, after taking his counters, and arranging them over the tablet, and bending his fingers, spoke to Calligenes—"If indeed the ground has become wet, as much as is sufficient, and shall not produce any flowers turning to wood [not fruit], and if the frost shall not break the furrow, nor the top of the rising sheaf be rubbed off by a hailstorm, nor fawns consume the crops, nor you see² any failure of air or earth, I foretell to you a good harvest, and you shall well cut down the ears. Fear the locusts alone."

XXX. CALLIMACHUS.

A certain stranger of Atarne thus questioned Pitacus of Mitylene, the son of Hyrradius—"O thou aged sir, a double marriage invites me: the one is a damsel both in wealth and birth my equal; but the other goes beyond me both in riches and birth. Which is the better

¹ Sonntag justly objected to this useless oath; but instead of *καίρια* he might have suggested rather *ῥῆδια*, "easy," as being nearer to *ῥῆ δια*. This Epigram is said by some to be not on Time, but Opportunity, in Latin "Occasio," as in Phædrus v. 8. But "Opportunity" could hardly be said to be "all-subduing," an epithet more applicable to Time: and hence *ἐνδόν* is not "a razor," nor "a scythe," but merely "something cutting."

² Instead of *ὄψεται* Scaliger suggested *ὄψει*, which alone makes sense here.

[act]? Come, advise with me, which of the two shall I lead to a marriage?" He spoke, but the other lifting up a staff, an old man's armour—"Lo! they will tell every thing to you. (Now some boys, who had tops made swift by strokes, were spinning them in a wide cross-road.) Go," says he, "after their steps." And he stood nearer. And they said, "Drive the top suited to thyself." The stranger, on hearing this, forbore to lay hold of a greater family, thinking upon the omen from the boys. And as he led the little damsel to his home [he said], "Thus do you go and drive the one suited to yourself."¹

¹ On this saying, attributed to different authors, see Blomfield at Prometh. 916.

THE ETON EXTRACTS.

I. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 1 EP.

II. ——— 1 — 17 —

III. UNCERTAIN.

WHAT man carelessly cut an unripe grape, the producer of wine, from a branch of a vine [sacred to] Bacchus ; and contracted [as to his] lips threw it on the ground, that it might be a half-eaten offal to wayfaring persons going along ? May Dionysus be hostile to him, as [he was] to Lycurgus, because he extinguished a joyous feeling on the increase. For by a draught from this some one might perhaps have come to singing, or had a release from sorrowful care.

Who has that unripe cluster torn,
And thrown, with wrinkled lip, away,
And left the parent vine to mourn
Her fruit, to barbarous hands a prey ?
May Bacchus on the spoiler turn
His fiercest rage and bitterest smart,
His head with fever'd phrensy burn,
With agony distract his heart.
For hence some transitory pleasure
The child of misery might have found,
Burst into song of wildest measure,
And quaff'd oblivion of his wound. BL.

IV. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 3 EP.

V. ——— 3 — 4 —

VI. ——— 2 — 3 —

VII. ——— 2 — 4 —

VIII. ALPHEUS OF MITYLENE.

Shut, god, the unwearied [unsubdued] gates of Olympus ; guard, Jupiter, the very holy citadel of the sky. For already is the sea brought by the spear under the yoke of Rome, and the land likewise ; but the road to heaven is still untrodden.

Olympus' gates, still unsubdued, god, shut ;
Guard, Jove, the holy fortress of the skies ;
Rome under her the sea and land has put ;
The road to heav'n alone untrodden lies. G. B.

IX. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 1 EP.

X. MUSICIUS ; OTHERS, PLATO.

ON A THREAT.

The Cyprian [goddess said] to the Muses, " Damsels, honour Venus ; or I will arm Love against you." And they [replied] to Venus, " These mouthings are for Mars. That little boy flies not to us."

" Yee Nymphs," quoth Venus, " stand of mee in awe,
Or armed Love shall all your hearts invade."
" Goddesses," sayd they, " wee reckon not a straw
That winged boy ; these threats to Mars upbraid."

LEXIMOS UTHALMUS.

When Venus bade the Aonian maids obey,
Or her own son should vindicate her sway ;
The virgins answer'd, " Threat your subjects thus :
That puny warrior has no arms for us." J. H. M.

XI. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 17 EP.

XII. LUCIAN.

ON A SPENDTHRIFT.

Theron, the [son] of Menippus, did, when a youth, pour out [waste] his paternal wealth basely upon expense uncontrolled. But Euctemon, a friend of the family, when he perceived him now worn down by poverty, dry as a stick, did, shedding tears, raise him up, and made him the husband of his own daughter, and gave many marriage presents. But when wealth came to Theron contrary to his expectations, immediately he indulged in the same expenses; and thus did a second time the wave of destructive poverty flowing again hide [overwhelm] Theron. A second time did Euctemon weep, not for him, but for the dowry and the marriage-bed of his daughter; and perceived that it is not possible for a man, who had used improperly his own property, to be trust-worthy in that of another.

XIII. PHILIP.

ON A FLUTE-PLAYER.

Phœbus said of Glaphyrus,¹ the shrill-toned, after he had played sweetly upon the flute with many holes, "You have spoken falsely, Marsyas, about your invention; for this person has taken as a spoil the flute of the Phrygian Athéné; and had you blown into such formerly, Hyagnis² would not have bewailed the unhappy flute-contest³ by the Mæander."

XIV. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 17 EP.

XV. PALLADAS.

Of Hope and Fortune there is to me no longer a care; nor do I count hereafter upon their deceit. I have

¹ This Glaphyrus is mentioned by Juvenal, vi. 78.

² The father of Marsyas.

³ This took place between Apollo and Marsyas. See Ovid. Met. vi. 385—400, where it is stated that Olympus, the musician, wept for the death of his young friend, not Hyagnis for that of his sor.

come to port. I am a poor man in Poverty, but I dwell with Freedom. I turn aside from wealth, the insulter of poverty.

XVI. LUCILLIUS, OR AMMIANUS.

Do not, man, sit thou at the table of another, gratifying the belly with a morsel to be reproached; at one time weeping with a person weeping, and saddened [as to his] eye, and again laughing with him laughing, having no need thyself either of weeping or laughter. I weep with Milia,¹ and I laugh with Milia.

Oh, do not at a stranger's table sit,
Thy belly pleasing with a shameful bit;
Now weeping with the weeper's sadden'd face,
Now laughing with the laughter's broad grimace,
Needing thyself no tears or laugh; the while
I weep with Milia, and with Milia smile. G. B.

XVII. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 100 EP.

XVIII. CRATES THE PHILOSOPHER.

Hail, Frugality,² goddess [and] mistress, the object of desire to virtuous men,³ the offspring of renowned Temperance, your excellence such persons honour, as practise what is just.

XIX. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 22 EP.

XX.	—	3	—	33	—
XXI.	—	4	—	20	—
XXII.	—	4	—	21	—
XXIII.	—	1	—	93	—

¹ "Milia." Brodæus thinks, was the wife of the epigrammatist.

^{2—3} Instead of *θεὰ δίσκου' ἀνδρῶν ἀγαθῶν ἀγάπημα*, Julian, in Or. vi. p. 199, has *θεὰ δίσκουα σοφῶν ἀνδρῶν ἀγάπημα*, which leads to *θεὰ, δίσκουα σοφῶν, ἀγαθῶν τ' ἀγάπημα*, i. e. "mistress of the wise, and the object of desire to virtuous men."

XXIV. PALLADAS.

I came upon earth naked, and naked I shall go under the earth. Why do I labour in vain, beholding my naked end?

XXV. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 94 EP.

XXVI. UNCERTAIN.

Many things happen between the cup and the tip of the lip.

XXVII. JULIAN.

Life has obtained by lot all pleasant paths. In the midst of the city fellow-bands are a boast; griefs at home are concealed. The field brings delight, the sailing gain; a strange land knowledge. From marriage a family has an union of sentiment; to the unmarried life is without care. A child becomes a wall of defence to a father; to the childless fear is not in their path. Youth knows how to give manliness; grey [hairs] wisdom. From thence obtaining confidence, O mortal, beget thou a family.

XXVIII. UNCERTAIN.

How shall any one fly from you, Life, without death? For numberless are your pains; and neither to fly from nor endure them is it easy. What are naturally beautiful are pleasant, the earth, sea, stars, the orbs of the moon and sun. But all the rest is fear and grief; and should any one have any good, he waits for a retributive Nemesis.

From thee, O Life, and from thy myriad woes,
Who, but by death, can flee, or find repose?

¹ This proverb was thus rendered into Latin by M. Cato, as we learn from A. Gell. Noct. Attic. xiii. 16, "Inter os et offam multa intervenire sunt potis."

For though sweet Nature's beauties gladden thee,
 The sun, the moon, the stars, the earth, the sea,
 All else is fear and grief; and each success
 Brings its retributive unhappiness. H. W.

XXIX. UNCERTAIN.

All things [are] a laugh, and all things dust, and all things nothing. For all that is produced comes from what is without reason.

XXX. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 97 EP.

XXXI. ARCHIAS.

The recently-born child of Lysippé having crept to a precipice, was commencing the unhappy fate of Astyanax. But she guided it away, by putting forward the teat from her bosom, the deliverer from hunger and death.

Her infant playing on the verge of fate,
 When but an instant's space had been too late,
 And pointed crags had claim'd his forfeit breath,
 The mother saw. She laid her bosom bare.
 Her child sprang forward the known bliss to share,
 And that which nourish'd life now saved from death.
 J. H. M.

Close to a crag had crept Lysippé's boy,
 T' endure the fate of Hector's son at Troy;
 When she her bosom bared; that, like a guide,
 Released from danger and life's stream supplied.
 G. B.

XXXII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 11 EP.

XXXIII. ——— 3 — 11 —

XXXIV. ANTIPATER; OTHERS, PLATO.

UPON TREES.

They planted me a walnut by the road-side, the amusement to boys passing by, for their skill in stone-throw-

ing. In all my end-twigs and well-growing branches have I been broken, through being pelted by frequent hands. There is no advantage for trees to bear fruit well. For truly I unfortunate have borne fruit to my own wrong.

XXXV. ANTIPATER OF BYZANTIUM.

Ye hanging branches of the wide-spreading oak, a well-shading height to men guarding themselves against unmitigated heat, bearing many leaves, a closer covering than tiles, the dwelling of wood-doves,¹ the dwelling of Tettiges,² ye branches in the open air, defend me too, reclining under your leaves, and flying from the rays of the sun.

Aerial branches of tall oak, retreat
Of loftiest shade for those, who shun the heat,
With foliage full, more close than tiling, where
Dove and Cicada dwell aloft in air,
Me too, who thus my head beneath you lay,
Protect, a fugitive from noon's fierce ray. G. Bo.

XXXVI. ANTIPATER.

A single heifer, and a sheep with wool like hair, was the wealth of Aristides; by these he kept off hunger from his door. But he failed in both. A wolf killed the sheep, and labour-pains the heifer; and the herd of poverty perished: and he having twisted a noose, with the string that tied round his wallet, to his neck, died piteously by his cabin, where there was no lowing.

¹ Instead of *φωρῶν*, to which Brunck justly objected, Jacobs happily suggested *φάρρῶν*, referring to Horace, "ulmo, Nota quæ sedes fuerat palumbis."

² The Greek word *τίττις* is generally translated "grasshopper;" but as the grasshopper is not found in England upon trees, the Greek word has been preserved. The animal alluded to answers rather to the cricket. It is called in Italy, where it is still found on trees, "cigala," a corruption of the Latin "cicada."

One fleecy ewe, one heifer, were the store
 That drove dire want from Aristides' door.
 He lost them both. His teeming heifer died.
 His single ewe the ravenous wolf descried,
 And bore away. Thus all he had was gone.
 Retiring to his silent hut alone,
 'The belt that bound his empty scrip he takes,
 Fastens the noose, and wretched life forsakes. F. H.

A single heifer and a coarse-wool'd sheep
 Was all the wealth of Aristides poor.
 With these he fondly fancied he could keep
 At least the pains of hunger from his door.
 In both he fail'd. A wolf the sheep devour'd;
 His heifer in the pains of labour died.
 His flock thus lost, he hung himself, mind-sour'd,
 In a noose twisting what his wallet tied,
 Hard by his cabin; where the poor man's shed
 Sounds heard no more; himself and flock were dead.
 G. B.

XXXVII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 33 EP.

XXXVIII. LUCIAN.

ON LOVE.

Love does not wrong the race of voice-dividing [men];
 but love is the pretext to the ill-regulated minds of
 mortals.

XXXIX. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 40 EP.

XL.	—	2	—	11	—
XLI.	—	1	—	14	—
XLII.	—	1	—	99	—
XLIII.	—	4	—	3	—

XLIV. AGATHIAS.

Why fear ye death, the parent of quietness, that which
 causes to cease diseases and the pains of poverty? He
 alone is at hand once to mortals, nor has any mortal seen
 him coming a second time. But diseases are many and

various, coming some to some mortals, and others to others, and changing places.

Why shrink from death, the parent of repose,
The cure of sickness and all human woes ?
As through the tribes of men he speeds his way,
Once, and but once, his visit he will pay ;
Whilst pale diseases, harbingers of pain,
Close on each other crowd, an endless train.

W. SHEPHERD.

Why fear ye death, the parent of repose,
Who numbs the sense of penury and pain ?
He comes but only once, nor ever throws,
Triumphant once, his painful shaft again.
But countless evils upon life intrude,
Recurring oft in sad vicissitude.

BL.

XLV. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 98 EP.

XLVI. UNCERTAIN.

The road down to Hades is straight, whether you go from Athens, or depart from Meroë a corpse. Let it not vex you that you have died at a distance from your country. There is one wind that carries you from every where to Hades.

Whether from Athens thou begin,
Or Meroë thy road,
One trodden path still points the way
Unto the joyless god.
And though an exile's death thou die,
And see thy home no more,
Blows from each clime a steady gale
Swift to the Stygian shore.

R. TWEDDEL.

Straight is our passage to the grave,
Whether from Meroë's burning wave,
Or Attic groves we roam :
Grieve not in distant lands to die ;
Our vessels seek from every sky
Death's universal home.

F. H.

From Athens or from Meroë
 Your passage to the grave will be
 Direct alike. Then cease to care,
 Far from your country if you die.
 From every quarter of the sky
 To our last home the wind sets fair. H. W.

XLVII. UNCERTAIN.

I am dead ; but I am waiting for thee ; and thou too
 shalt wait for some other person. One Hades receives
 all mortals equally.¹

XLVIII. WESTMINSTER, I BOOK, 13 EP.

XLIX. UNOWNED.

Jupiter [became] a swan, a bull, a satyr, gold, for the
 love [respectively] of Leda, Europa, Antiopé, Danaé.

L. LUCILLIUS.

UPON THOSE WHO ARE EVER AILING.

Those, who have left behind the pleasant light, I do
 not still lament, but those, who are living continually in
 the expectation of death.

Far happier are the dead, methinks, than they
 Who look for death, and fear it every day. W. C.

I mourn not those, who, banish'd from the light,
 Sleep in the grave through death's eternal night ;
 But those, whom death for ever near appals,
 Who see the blow suspended, ere it falls. BL.

LI. LUCILLIUS.

Nature has found amongst men nothing more baneful
 than a man who makes a false show of pure friendship.
 For we are not any longer on the watch as against an
 enemy ; but loving him as a friend, in this we are hurt
 the more.

¹ Here *ὅμως* seems to be used for *ὁμοίως*, "equally."

No mischief worthier of fear
 In Nature can be found,
 Than friendship, in ostent sincere,
 But hollow and unsound.
 For lull'd into a dangerous dream,
 We close infold a foe ;
 Who strikes, when most secure we seem,
 The inevitable blow. W. C.

Nature for man has nothing harsher found
 Than him, whose friendship false is and unsound.
 Not as a foe we watch him with alarm,
 But, as friend loving, suffer greater harm. G. B.

LII. UNCERTAIN.

You have a feigned love ; and through fear and compulsion you love. But nothing is less to be trusted than the loving in this way.

LIII. UNCERTAIN.

ON THUCYDIDES.

Friend, if you are clever, take me into your hands ;
 but if you are entirely ignorant of the Muses, throw
 away what you do not understand.

LIV. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 41 EP.

LV. JULIAN.

A home and country [are] the charm of life ; but
 overmuch care is to men not life, but labour.

LVI. ANTIPATER.

ON THE TEMPLE OF DIANA.

I have seen the wall of the ancient¹ Babylon, upon
 which chariots ran, and [the statue of] Jupiter² by the

¹ The word *Κρῆναϊς*, originally the name of an ancient king of Athens, is here metaphorically applied to Babylon.

² The statue of Jupiter at Olympia was one of the most celebrated works of Phidias.

Alphēus, and the hanging gardens [of Babylon], and the Colossus of the Sun,¹ and the great labour of the lofty Pyramids, and the vast monument of Mausōlus. But when I beheld the house [temple] of Diana [at Ephesus],² running up to the clouds, all these were obscured; and if the sun has seen,³ it has never beheld any thing of such a kind, except Olympus.

LVII. ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM.

ON NAVIGATION.

⁴Boldness, thou first leader of ships⁴—for thou hast discovered the running over the sea, and hast excited the minds of men by gain—what deceitful timber hast thou planned and worked; what a love of gain, detected by death, hast thou infused into man! ⁵The age of voice-dividing men was truly golden, if the sea was seen from the land at a distance, as Hades is.⁵

LVIII. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 19 EP.

LIX. ——— 2 — 14 —

LX. LUCIAN.

The wealth of the soul is the only true wealth. ⁶The rest of possessions have more annoyance.⁶ That man it is just to call a possessor of much and wealthy, who is able to use his good things. But if one is wasted away amongst pebbles [counters], ever hastening to heap one kind of wealth upon another, this man will labour, like

¹ The Colossus at Rhodes is here alluded to.

² See Pliny N. H. xxxvi. 14. Act. Apost. xix. 24.

³ In the words *κῆν ἰδε* is an error noticed, but not corrected, by Jacobs.

⁴—⁴ Jacobs quotes very appositely Statius Sylv. iii. 2, 61, "Quis rude et abscissum miseris animantibus æquor Fecit iter?—Audax ingenii."

⁵—⁵ Jacobs refers to Horace, Epist. I. ii. 8, "tamen illic vivere vellem—Neptunum procul e terra spectare furem."

⁶—⁶ Instead of *τάλλα δ' ἔχει αὐτῇ πλείονα τῶν κτεάνων*, where *αὐτῇ* interferes with the sense and metre, Brunck reads *τάλλα δ' ἔχει λύπην πλείονα τῶν ἀγαθῶν*, which is adopted by Jacobs, although he confesses it is not likely that *ἀγαθῶν* should have been corrupted into *κτεάνων*.

the bee in its hive with many holes, while others take away the honey.

The riches of the mind alone are true ;
 All other wealth only more trouble brings.
 To him the title of a rich man's due,
 Who's able to make use of his good things.
 But whoso's mind on calculations dwells,
 Intent on heaping money upon money,
 He, like the bee, adds to the hive new cells,
 Out of which others will extract the honey. H. W.

LXI. PALLADAS.

ON CONSOLATION.

The expectation of death is a very painful sorrow. A mortal when dead has this as a gain.¹ Do not then weep for him who has departed from life. Of death there is no second suffering.

Death to expect brings much of grief and pain ;
 Which not to feel the dead may count a gain.
 For him lament not, who yields up his breath ;
 There is no second suffering after death. G. B.

LXII.

WHAT WORDS ULYSSES WOULD SAY ON ARRIVING AT ITHACA.

ON ONE'S COUNTRY.

Hail, Ithaca. After my labours, after the bitter sorrows at sea, delightedly do I come to thy soil, in order that I may see Laertes, and my wife, and my only child shining [in youth]. For the love of you has soothed my mind ; and I know myself that there is nothing sweeter than one's own country and parents.

Hail, Ithaca, my loved paternal soil,
 How after years of travel, war, and toil,

¹ Viz. "not to be pained by the expectation."

How after countless perils of the sea,
 My heart, returning, fondly clings to thee!
 Where I shall once more bless my father's age,
 And smooth the last steps of my pilgrimage;
 Again embrace my wife; again enjoy
 The sweet endearments of my only boy.
 Now from my soul I feel how strong the chain
 That binds the passions to our native plain. J. H. M.

LXIII. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 25 EP.

LXIV. UNKNOWN.

UPON MENANDER.

For you did the bees themselves with their mouths
 carry away the varied flowers of the Muses, after they
 had plucked them. And the Graces themselves gave to
 you, Menander, a happy hit in expression, throwing
 themselves into [your] dramas. You live for ages; and
 the glory which comes from you to Athens, reaches the
 boundaries of the heavens.

The very bees, O sweet Menander, hung
 To taste the Muses' spring upon thy tongue;
 The very Graces made the scenes you writ
 Their happy point of fine expression hit.
 Thus still you live; you make your Athens shine,
 And raise its glory to the skies in thine.

ANON. SPECTATOR.

The bees, Menander, who with active wing
 Sport 'midst the flowers that deck the Muses' spring;
 Around thy lips in thick'ning clusters hung,
 And tipp'd with honey drops the infant tongue.
 The Graces, too, on thee their gifts bestow,
 And teach thy strains with elegance to flow.
 Celestial bard! immortal as thy lays,
 Thy native Athens shares thy meed of praise.

SHEPHERD.

Thee with their mouths the Attic bees have fed,
 Flowers various plucking from the Muses' bed;

The Graces too, Menander, gave thee wit,
 In thy plays throwing happy words and fit.
 For ever live thou, and the glory given
 By thee to Athens, touch the bounds of heaven. G. B.

LXV. PALLADAS.

ON SILENCE.

Every untaught person is most prudent by being
 silent, [and] concealing his talk, as a disorder the most
 disgraceful.

A blockhead, as long as he's silent, is wise ;
 For his talk is a sore he should hide from all eyes.

H. W.

LXVI. PAUL THE SILENTIARY.

ON WISDOM.

Not [merely] to live has an agreeable nature, but to
 throw away from the breast gray-headed cares. I wish
 to have wealth that is sufficient. But the overmuch and
 mad pursuit of gold ever eats down the feelings. Hence
 you will find amongst men both poverty [to be] better than
 wealth, and death than life. Do you then, knowing this,
 direct the paths of your heart, looking to one hope, name-
 ly, Wisdom.

LXVII. UNCERTAIN.

UPON TEMPERANCE.

Temperance and Love, after coming in opposition to
 each other, both lost their lives. A burning desire for
 Hippolytus destroyed Phædra; and chaste Temperance
 killed Hippolytus.

Once Love and Virtue were opposed in fight ;
 And either fell before the other's might ;
 Fond Phædra died, Hippolytus, for thee ;
 A victim thou to thine own chastity. R. C. C.

LXVIII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 80 EP.

LXIX. ——— 2 — 17 —

LXX. AGATHIAS.

A fisherman was employed in catching fish. Him did a damsel of property see, and was affected in her heart with desire, and made him the partner of her bed. But he after a life of poverty took on himself the swell of all kinds of high bearing. And Fortune with a smile¹ was standing by, and said to Venus, "This is not your contest, but mine."

Euseia, rich in gold and land,
To a poor fisher gave her hand.
Ophion, dazzled with his gain,
Grew haughty, petulant, and vain.
"Venus," says Fortune, looking sly,
"Who play'd the trick, pray, you or I?"

PH. SMYTH.

LXXI. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 42 EP.

LXXII. LUCIAN.

The deity is able [to do] many things, although they are contrary to one's thoughts. He raises up the little, brings down the great, and he will cause to cease your eyebrow [proud look] and haughty swelling, even though a river² should furnish streams of gold. The wind knows how to throw upon the ground not the rush or mallow, but the greatest of either oak or plane trees.

God's providence brings much to pass that's strange,
Making the small and great their lot exchange.
He'll tame thy haughty brow and swelling pride,
Though wealth pour on thee with a golden tide.
Winds o'er the reed and mallow sweep in vain,
But level the tall oak and spreading plane. H. W.

¹ In the Eton Greek text the word is γανώσα, evidently an error of the press for γελώσα in Jacobs' ed.

² By the river is probably meant the Pactölus. For in the old world, as in the new, gold has been generally found only where there are rivers.

LXXIII. LUCIAN.

Not stumbling, you are loved by mortals, and loved by the blest [gods], and easily they are wont to hear you when praying. Should you stumble, no one is any longer a friend to you ; but all things are at the same time inimical, and changed by the turns in the balance of Fortune.

While all goes smooth with thee, men hold thee dear ;
And gods, whene'er thou prayest, lend an ear :
Slip once ; the friends are foes, foes far and near ;
With Fortune's lightest puffs they shift and veer. G. C. S.

Stand well ; thou 'lt be of men and gods the friend ;
And to thy prayers a ready ear they 'll lend.
Stumble ; none love thee ; hostile all around
Are seen, and changed by Fortune's turns are found.

G. B.

LXXIV. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 24 EP.

LXXV. UNCERTAIN.

Envy subdues itself with its own weapons.

LXXVI. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 25 EP.

LXXVII.	—	1	—	4	—
LXXVIII.	—	1	—	49	—

LXXIX. UNCERTAIN.

If you love me loving [you], the gratification is two-fold ; but if you hate me, you do not hate so much, as I love you.

LXXX. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 68 EP.

LXXXI.	—	1	—	52	—
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LXXXII. THEOGNIS.

Please your own mind. Of your fellow citizens with bad feelings some one will speak ill, another better.

LXXXIII. PLATO.

An age carries away all things. A long time knows
how to change the name, and form, and nature, and
fortune.

Time bears the world away ; a little date
Will change name, beauty, nature—ay, and fate.

J. H. M.

LXXXIV. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 84 EP.

LXXXV. LUCILLIUS.

UPON AN ASTROLOGER.

All the astrologers prophesied, as if with one voice,
that the brother of my father would be of a long old-
age. But Hermocleides alone said he was on the point
of death. Now he said [so], when we were within, strik-
ing ourselves [through grief] for him a corpse.

My uncle's sure to live through many a year ;

So all, but one, the fortune-tellers swore.

Says Hermocleides, "He's short-lived, I fear ;"

But this was when the hearse was at the door. H. W.

With one voice all th' astrologers foretold

My uncle would not die till very old.

Alone said Hermocleides, "Death is nigh—"

When for the dead we raised the funeral cry. G. B.

LXXXVI. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 70 EP.

LXXXVII. ——— 3 — 47 —

LXXXVIII. ——— 2 — 81 —

LXXXIX. ——— 1 — 69 —

XC. PALLADAS.

You have bought hair, paint, honey, wax, teeth ; at
the same cost you could have bought a face.

XCL. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 10 EP.

XCII. LUCILLIUS.

Herdsmen, pasture your herd farther off, lest Pericles the thief shall drive you away together with the kine.

XCIII. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 29 EP.

XCIV. PALLADAS.

AGAINST INSULTING PERSONS.

Thou talkest much, man; but after a little time thou art laid in the ground.¹ Be silent; and while you are still living, meditate upon death.

XCV. THE SAME.

The sun is the god of light to mortals. But if he did an insult by shining, I would not desire even his light—[or, I would not regret the loss of his light].

XCVI. THE SAME.

To praise is best; but blame is the commencement of hatred. But ²to speak well is the honey of Attica.²

XCVII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 81 EP.

XCVIII. ——— 2 — 27 —

XCIX. ——— 1 — 7 —

C. ——— 2 — 29 —

CI. UNCERTAIN.

If you are living the extended period of the stag or

¹ *χαμαι* generally means "on the ground," not, as here, "in" or "under the ground."

² Here is a play on the words *καλῶς εἰπεῖν*, "to speak well;" which mean either "to speak in praise," or "to speak elegantly," like an Athenian. The honey of Attica, here applied metaphorically to a sweet discourse, owed its superiority to the thyme of Hymettus, a hill near Athens, much frequented by bees.

crow, [there is] a pardon for your collecting the greatest wealth. But if you are one of men, whom old age forthwith reaches, let no mad desire of boundless wealth seize upon you. Do not lose your mind in pains not to be borne; nor let others enjoy freely your good things.

CIL. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 36 EP.

CHIL. ——— 4 — 4 —

CIV. UNOWNED.

Do not you, being mortal, calculate upon any thing as being immortal. For there is nothing in life trustworthy to beings of a day. Since this coffin holds even Casander dead, a man worthy of an immortal nature.

CV. CALLIMACHUS.

If you inquire for Timachus in Hades, in order that you may hear something about his soul, or how he will be hereafter, inquire for the son of Pausanias of the tribe of Ptolemais. You will find him in [the portion] of the pious.

CVI. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 57 EP.

CVII. CALLIMACHUS.

Each one is pained, when those who belong to him perish. But friends and this city weep for Nicodicus.

We each lament the loved ones nearest us.

But friends and city mourn Nicodicus. STERLING.

CVIII. THE SAME.

Concise¹ was the stranger, and so [is] the tomb. I will not tell a long story. Theris, son of Aristæus, a Cretan, [will be] under me a long² [time].

¹ By σύντομος, Jacobs understands "a man of few words:" but Ruhnken, in Epist. Crit. p. 174, "of short stature," referring to N. Heinsius on Ovid, Amor. ii. 6, 59, "Oasa tegit tumulus; tumulus pro corpore parvus; Quo lapis exiguus par sibi carmen habet.

² After δολιχόν, Ruhnken would supply νικήσας, as in an Epitaph

CIX. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 56 EP.

CX. GERMANICUS.

ON THEMISTOCLES.

Instead of a slight tomb, place Greece, and place upon
it spears, the symbols of the barbarian's naval defeat:
and round the base of the tomb paint the Persian Mars
[army] and Xerxes. In this way bury Themistocles.
Salamis shall lie upon me as a column, telling my deeds.
Why do ye place the great man in a small [sepulchre]?

Greece be the monument. Around her throw
The broken trophies of the Persian fleet.
Inscribe the gods that led th' insulting foe,
And mighty Xerxes at the tablet's feet.
There lay Themistocles. To spread his fame
A lasting column Salamis shall be.
Raise not, weak man, to that immortal name,
The little records of mortality. J. H. M.

Give me no grave but Greece. That grave bedeck
With symbols of the fall'n barbarians' wreck;
The base to Xerxes and the Persian fleet.
Such burial for Themistocles is meet.
For column Salamis my deeds to tell
Shall stand. Such greatness brooks no narrow cell.
G. S.

CXI. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 54 EP.

CXII. UNCERTAIN.

My name. What is that to you? My country. For
what purpose is this [told]? I am of a renowned race.
What if of the most mean? After living with honour I
departed life. What if without honour? And I now
lie here. To whom art thou speaking thus?

found in Muratori, p. 649: others understand *ἐρα*. The passage is
probably corrupt, and might be easily corrected.

My name, my country, what are they to thee?
 What, whether proud or base my pedigree?
 Perhaps I far surpass'd all other men;
 Perhaps I fell below them all. What then?
 Suffice it, stranger, that thou seest a tomb.
 Thou know'st its use. It hides—no matter whom. W. C.

CXIII. UNCERTAIN.

Having robbed me of life, you are giving me a tomb.
 But you are hiding, not burying me. Such a tomb may
 you enjoy yourself.

CXIV. UNCERTAIN.

Although you are hiding me, as if no man were looking on,
 the eye of Justice is beholding all that is taking place.

Though here you laid my corpse when none were nigh,
 One saw thee, murderer, one all-seeing eye.

F. H.

CXV. CALLIMACHUS.

If you arrive at Cyzicus, it is a little labour to find out
 Hippachus and Didymé. For the family is not without
 note. And you will tell them a painful word indeed,
 but say altogether this—that I possess their son Critias.

If thou should'st go to Cyzicus, pray seek
 For Hippacus and Didymé.

Their name is known there; 'twill no trouble be,

And tell them—well I wot the words thou 'lt speak
 Will cut them to the heart—yet tell them—here

I hold the ashes of their Critias dear. J. W. B.

If thou to Cyzicus should'st go, 'twill be
 No toil to find out Hippacus and Didymé.

The family's well known. Though sad be told
 The tale, say—dead their Critias here I hold. G. B.

CXVI. ANACREON.

UPON AGATHON.

For Agathon of conspicuous strength, who died in defence of Abdera, the whole city here has raised the cry at the funeral pyre. For of youths not one such has blood-loving war slain in the whirlwind of battle.

Who for Abdera died, the city all
Lamented Agathon at his funeral.
Never did Mars, blood-loving, with such ruth
Slay in the storm of fight so brave a youth. G. B.

CXVII. GERMANICUS.

ON THEMISTOCLES.

This empty¹ tomb the people of Magnesia placed for Themistocles, when, after having freed his country from the Medes, he went under a foreign land and stone. For so the envy [of the gods] wished. But his virtues have a less² [or, too little] reward.

CXVIII. UNCERTAIN.

Dear Earth, place in thy bosom the old Amyntichus, remembering his many labours in thy behalf. For he ever fixed firmly the stem of the olive; and frequently adorned you with cuttings of Bromius [the vine]; and filled you with Ceres [corn]; and, drawing channels of water, made you fruitful-in-pot-herbs and autumn-produce. In return for which do you lie gently on his hoary head, and deck thyself with the flowers of spring plants.

¹ As the bones of Themistocles were said to have been carried clandestinely, after they had been placed in the tomb, to Athens, the epithet "empty" is supposed by some to have been written after that event. Jacobs suggests *καλόν*, because Plutarch testifies in Themistocl. § 32, that *τάφον αὐτοῦ λαμπρόν—Μάγνητες ἔχουσι*. Grotius preferred *κακόν*, for his translation is, "Vile—sepulchrum."

² In lieu of *μῖτον*, it has been proposed to read *μῖζον*, "greater." But neither word seems to be sufficiently forcible.

Take to thy bosom, Earth, the dear remains
 Of sage Amyntichus; whose kindly pains
 Raised the given olives, train'd the clustering vines,
 And led the irriguous rill in lengthen'd lines;
 Nurtured of herbs and plants the tender shoots,
 And fill'd the garden with autumnal fruits.
 Lie lightly on the old man's hoary brow,
 And on his grave let thy first flow'rets blow.

W. SHEPHERD.

CXIX. SIMONIDES.

Having eaten much, and drunk much, and spoken ill
 of men much, I, Timocrates of Rhodes, lie [here].

After much eating, drinking, lying, slandering,
 Timocreon of Rhodes here rests from wandering.

J. H. M.

CXX. CALLIMACHUS.

Who knows to-morrow's fate? since even thee,
 Charmis, who wast yesterday in our sight, we buried
 weeping the next day. Nothing more painful than that
 has (thy) father Diophon seen.

Who shall pretend to read to-morrow's doom?

O Charmis, dear,

One day our eyes beheld thee in thy bloom,

The next we laid thee weeping in the tomb.

Ne'er knew thy sire a sorrow so severe. J. W. B.

CXXI. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 40 EP.

CXXII. CALLIMACHUS.¹

ON TIMON.

I, Timon the man-hater, dwell within. ² But do you
 pass by, having bidden me to sorrow much.² Only
 pass on.

¹ This Epigram is attributed to Hegesippus in the Vatican MS., where it is preceded by another distich. It is assigned to Callimachus by Plutarch in the Life of Antony, T. i. p. 649. B.

² In the Eton Extracts the passage is thus read, ἀλλὰ πάρελθε, οἰμῶζεν εἰπας πολλά, πάρελθε μόνον. Jacobs more correctly, ἀλλὰ

CXXIII. THE SAME.

ON THE SAME.

Timon, for thou art not, which is to thee hateful?
darkness or light? Darkness; for in the grave there
are more of you.

CXXIV. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 41 EP.

CXXV. ——— 4 — 22 —

CXXVI. UNOWNED.

ON AN OLD MAN.

I Dionysius, of Tarsus, lie here, sixty years old,
having never married; and I wish my father had not.

CXXVII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 77 EP.

CXXVIII. SAPPHO.

This is the dust of Timas; whom dying before marriage
the livid bed of Proserpine received; and for whom,
when dead, all her fellows in age did with the newly-sharpened
copper [steel] cut down the cherished locks of their head.

This dust was Timas'; ere her bridal hour
She lies in Proserpina's gloomy bower;
Her virgin playmates from each lovely head
Cut with sharp steel their locks, the strewments for the
dead. ELTON.

Of Timas this the dust. The livid bed
Of Proserpine received th' unmarried dead;
Their cherish'd locks her equals with sharp steel
Cut off, to show how keen the pangs they feel. G. B.

πάρελθε, Οἰμώζειν εἶπας πολλά, where εἶπας is the Alexandrine aor. 1, particip. for εἰπών, aor. 2. To this he was led by Callimach. Ep. 39, where Timon says, Μὴ χαίρειν εἶπης με, κακὸν κῆαρ, ἀλλὰ πάρελθε: for μὴ χαίρειν εἶπης με means the same as οἰμώζειν εἶπας πολλά.

CXXIX. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 49 EP.

CXXX. HERACLEIDES.

Stranger, I am Aretemias; Cnidus my country; I came to the bed of Euphron; I was not without my share of labour-pains. But after bringing forth two children at the same time, I left one to be the foot-guide of my husband in old age; the other I take away, as a memorial of my husband.

CXXXI. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 43 EP.

CXXXII.	—	1	—	46	—
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CXXXIII.	—	2	—	57	—
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CXXXIV. UNCERTAIN.

UPON HIPPOCRATES.

Hippocrates of Thessaly, from a family of Cos, lies here, descended from the immortal root of Phœbus, after erecting, by the weapons of Hygæa (health), many trophies over diseases, [and] obtaining a great reputation, not by chance, but skill.

CXXXV. ISIDORUS.

ON A FOWLER.

With bird-lime and sticks Eumelus fed himself from the air [birds of the air], slightly, but in freedom. And never did he kiss a stranger's hand for the sake of his belly. This [occupation] brought him luxury, this hilarity. And after living to his thrice thirtieth year, he sleeps here, leaving to his children his bird-lime, and birds, and sticks.

With reeds and bird-lime from the desert air
Eumelus gather'd free, though scanty, fare.
No lordly patron's hand he deign'd to kiss;
Nor luxury knew, save liberty, nor bliss.

Thrice thirty years he lived, and to his heirs
His reeds bequeath'd, his bird-lime, and his snares.

W. C.

CXXXVI. PLATO.

I am the tomb of a shipwrecked sailor: the one opposite is of a farm-labourer. How under sea and land is there a common Hades.

This is a sailor's, that a ploughman's tomb:
Thus sea and land abide one common doom. F. H.

This is a sailor's, that a peasant's tomb.
'Neath sea and land there lurks one common doom.
R. C. C.

CXXXVII. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 51 EP.

CXXXVIII. CALLIMACHUS.

Lycus of Naxos died not upon land, but saw his ship and life at the same time lost in the sea, while he was sailing as a trader from Ægina. And he is indeed a corpse in the water; but I bearing in vain¹ the name of a tomb proclaim this thoroughly true word—Fly, sailor, from mixing yourself up with the sea, while the Kids² are setting.

CXXXIX. ALCÆUS.

Hateful to sailors is a voyage during the time of Arcturus.³ Through a heavy⁴ storm it brought bitter death to Aspasius, by whose tomb thou art, a traveller,

¹ On the use of *δῶλος*, "in vain," or "merely," see Ruhnken on Timæus, p. 199.

² According to Horace, the "*sævus*—impetus—orientis Hædi," brings with it foul weather. Both expressions are correct; for the constellation of the Kids is visible in the northern hemisphere about the autumnal equinox.

³ On the Arcturus, a star found near the tail of the Greater Bear, see Pfaff, quoted by Goeller on Thucyd. ii. 78.

⁴ The Vat. MS. has *βορρῆς*, "from the north," which is a preferable reading.

passing ; but the sea has hid his body, wetted¹ by the
Ægean Sea.

CXI. UNCERTAIN.

Sailor, ask not of whom I am the tomb here ; but meet
yourself with a kinder ocean.

Seek not, O mariner, to learn whose tomb it is you see ;
But to yourself may ocean prove more gentle than to me.

H. W.

Sailor, ask not, whose tomb is at thy feet ;
But may'st thou with the ocean kinder meet. G. B.

CXLI. CALLIMACHUS.

UPON YOUNG PERSONS.

Philip a father placed here his boy Nicoteles, twelve
years old, his great hope.

CXLII. THE SAME.

In the morning we buried Melanippus ; and as the
sun was setting Basilo died a virgin by her own hand.
For to live, after placing her brother on the pyre, she did
not endure, and the house of their father Aristippus be-
held a double ill, and the whole of Cyréné became
dejected, on seeing the house of those blessed with chil-
dren [now] bereft.

At dawn we look'd upon Melanippus dying ;
At eve, self-slain, his sister's form was lying.

"How shall this loving heart alone live on,"

The maiden cried, "my Melanippus gone?"

A parent's hope was laid for ever low,

And all Cyréné wept the double blow.

J. W. B.

We buried him at dawn of day ;

Ere set of sun his sister lay,

Self-slaughter'd by his side.

Poor Basilo ! she could not bear

Longer to breathe the vital air,

When Melanippus died.

¹ The Vat. MS. *παύμενον*, "broken," which is more graphic than *παύρομενον*.

Thus in one fatal hour was left,
 Of both a parent's hope bereft,
 Their desolated sire ;
 While all Cyréné mourn'd to see
 The blossoms of the stateliest tree
 By one fell blight expire.

J. H. M.

CXLIII. ANTIPATER.

No longer, Orpheus, shall you lead oaks charmed, no
 longer rocks, nor the self-pastured herds of wild beasts.
 No longer shall you put to sleep the roar of the winds,
 or hail, or the wreaths of snow, or the booming sea. For
 you are dead : and much have the daughters of Mne-
 mosyné [the Muses] lamented you, and chiefly your mo-
 ther Calliopé. Why do we moan over our own sons,
 when dead ? since even to the deities there is not a power
 to ward off Hades from their children.

No longer, Orpheus, shall thy sacred strains
 Lead oaks, and rocks, and beasts along the plains ;
 No longer put the boist'rous winds to sleep,
 Or still the billows of the raging deep.
 For thou art gone. The Muses mourn'd thy fall
 In solemn strains ; thy mother most of all.
 Ye mortals, idly for your sons ye moan,
 Since thus a goddess could not save her own.

ANON. SPECTATOR.

No more, sweet Orpheus, shalt thou lead along
 Oaks, rocks, and savage monsters with thy song ;
 Fetter the winds, the struggling hail-storm chain,
 The snowy desert soothe, and sounding main.
 For thou art dead. The Muses o'er thy bier,
 Sad as a parent, pour the tuneful tear.
 Weep we a child ? Not e'en the gods can save
 Their glorious offspring from the hated grave. BL.

CXLV. ION.

ON EURIPIDES.

This is not a memorial of you, Euripides, but you of it. For in your glory is this memorial clothed.

CXLVI. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 70 EP.

CXLVII. ANTIPATER OF SIDON.

UPON ANACREON.

May the ivy, with its four-bunch of flowers, flourish around thee, Anacreon, and the delicate petals of purpled meadows; and may fountains of white milk be squeezed out, and pleasant wine be poured out sweet-smelling from the earth, so that thy ashes and bones may receive pleasure—if indeed any pleasant feeling touches closely the dead.

Grow, clustering ivy, where Anacreon lies;
There may soft buds from purple meadows rise:
Gush, milky springs, the poet's turf to lave,
And fragrant wine flow joyous from his grave.
Thus charm'd his bones shall press their narrow bed,
If aught of pleasure ever reach the dead. BL.

CXLVIII. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 57 EP.

CLXIX. ——— 4 — 6 —

CL. MYRINES.

Thyrsis, the villager, he who tends the cattle of the Nymphs, Thyrsis, who plays on the reeds equal to Pan, is sleeping in the open air, drunk with wine, under a shady pine-tree. But Love, having taken his crook, is watching himself the flock. Ho, Nymphs, Nymphs, awake up the herdsman, bold as a wolf, lest Love become a prey to wild beasts.

Thyrsis, employ'd by Nymphs their flocks to feed,
Thyrsis, who Pan could equal on the reed, .

Drunken, mid-day under a pine doth sleep,
 And Cupid bears the crook and tends the sheep.
 Awake, ye Nymphs, awake the shepherd bold,
 Or wolves will bear off Cupid with the fold. T. F.

CLI. CALLIMACHUS.

ON A POOR MAN.

I, Micylus, had from small means a scanty living, committing no dreadful act, nor injuring a single person, O beloved Earth. If I have praised any thing wicked, may neither you be light [upon me], nor the other deities, who now possess me.

CLII. ANTIPATER.

ON THALES.

Small truly is the tomb; but see the renown of this the much-thoughtful Thales stretches to heaven.

CLIII. UNCERTAIN.

ON MILTIADES.

All the Persians know, Miltiades, your warlike deeds;
 and Marathon is of your valour the holy ground.

Miltiades, thy victories
 Must every Persian own;
 And hallow'd by thy prowess lies
 The field of Marathon. H. W.

CLIV. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 58 EP.

CLV. DIOGENES LAERTIUS.

I am Heracleitus. Why do you, illiterate persons, drag me down?¹ I did not labour for you, but for those

¹ Bruck explains *κάτω ἔλκετε* by saying that "to drag down" is "to read;" for as works were formerly written on parchment rolls, it was necessary to drag down the roll, to enable a person to read its contents; and he refers to Salmasius in *Exercitat.* Plinian. p. 278, and Isaac Vossius on Catullus, p. 51.

who know me. One man¹ is to me [as] thirty thousand ; but the numberless [as] not one. This I say even by the side of Proserpine.

CLVI. ANTIPATER.

ON DIOGENES.

A staff and scrip and a garment twice folded were the very light load of life to Diogenes the wise.

CLVII. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 55 EP.

CLVIII. LEONIDAS.

ON EPICTETUS.

I Epictetus was a slave, and maimed in body, and an Irus² in poverty, and beloved by the immortals.

A slave was Epictetus, who before thee buried lies,
And a cripple, and a beggar, and the favourite of the skies.
G. S.

CLIX. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 63 EP.

CLX. UNCERTAIN.

ON SAUCY PERSONS.

Not without skill did Cimon paint these ; but there is present to every work Momus,³ whom not the hero Dædalus has escaped.

CLXI. JULIAN.

ON THE COW OF MYRO.⁴

Why, neat-herd, do you force me to run on ? Refrain

¹ By the "one man" Heraclitus perhaps alluded to Socrates, who was one of the few, who fully appreciated the sayings of "the dark" philosopher, as he was called. According to Seneca in Epist. vii. it was not Heraclitus, but Democritus, who said—"Unus mihi pro populo est, et populus pro uno."

² On the Homeric Irus see Od. xviii.

³ By Momus is meant the spirit of blame personified.

⁴ The cow of Myro was probably Io, represented as being goaded by the ghost of the neat-herd Argus. See Æsch. Prom. 583.

from goading me. Art has not given me this power likewise [i. e. to run].

CLXII. GALLUS.

ON THE CARVING OF TANTALUS UPON A CUP.

He who formerly banquetted with the blest [gods],
he who frequently filled his belly with the draught of
nectar, now desires a mortal drop. But the envious
mixture is ever lower than his lip. The carving says,
"Drink, and learn the orgies of silence. We who are
forward with the tongue are punished thus."

He who with gods once feasted, he who quaff'd

E'en to satiety the nectar draught,

Seeks now the drink of mortals; but, than lips

Lower, the envious mixture ever dips.

"Drink," says the carving, "and the orgies learn

Of silence: thus with thirst the talkers burn." G. B.

CLXIII. LUCIAN; SOME SAY, ARCHIAS.

ON A STATUE OF ECHO.

You behold, friend, Echo of the rocks, the mistress
of Pan, who will send back a voice the counterpart [of
yours], the talking resemblance of all kinds of mouths, a
pleasant plaything for shepherds. Do you, after hear-
ing what you are saying, depart.

Echo, rock-dweller and Pan's mistress, friend,

Thou seest; who voice can back reflected send,

Of varied sounds the image; and a fun

To shepherds. Hearing what thou say'st, off run. G. B.

CLXIV. THE SAME.

ON A STATUE OF VENUS AT CNIDUS.

To you, Venus, I have put up a very beautiful statue
of your form, holding nothing superior to your figure.

Thine own fair form's sweet image, Venus, take.

Than this no choicer offering could I make. G. Bo.

CLXV. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 82 EP.

CLXVI. XENOCRATES.

ON A STATUE OF HERMES.

Some one was praying to a wooden Hermes; and it was [still] wood [insensible]. He then lifted it up, and dashed it on the ground; when from it, being broken, there flowed gold. An act of insolence frequently brings gain.¹

CLXVII.

ON A STATUE OF JUNO SUCKLING HERCULES.

The modeller designed a very step-mother. On this account he has not introduced milk into an illegitimate breast.²

CLXVIII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 71 EP.

CLXIX.

ON THE TEMPLE OF ÆSCULAPIUS.

It is meet for him, who goes within a temple, to be chaste. Now chastity is to have holy thoughts.

CLXX. WESTMINSTER, 4 BOOK, 28 EP.

CLXXI. PLATO.

Either such water produced Cytherea [Venus], or Cytherea made the water such, when she was washing her skin.

¹ A similar story in Æsop's Fables.

² Jacobs justly calls this a stupid Epigram. But perhaps the author wrote—

Εὖ τὴν μητρὶν τεχνήσατο τοῖνεκα μαζῶν
Εἰς νόθον ὁ πλαστής οὐ προσέθηκε γάλα.

i. e. Well did the modeller design the step-mother. On this account he has not introduced into the breast milk for an illegitimate [child]. For the bosom was probably represented in a dried-up and shrivelled state. By the slight change of αὐτὴν into εὖ τὴν, and μαζὸν into μαζῶν, it is hoped all is rendered intelligible.

Or from this fount, a joyous birth,
 The Queen of Beauty rose to earth ;
 Or heavenly Venus, bathing, gave
 Her own quintessence to the wave. BL.

CLXXII. DAMOCHARIS THE GRAMMARIAN.

UPON ANOTHER SMALL BATH.

Feel no ill-will against little things. A Grace follows
 what is little. Even Love, the child of the Paphian
 [Venus], was little.

Why should little things be blamed?
 Little things for grace are famed.
 Love, the winged and the wild,
 Love is but a little child. T. P. R.

CLXXIII. CYRUS.

The Cyprian [Venus], after washing herself here, in
 company with the Graces and her son with the golden
 dart, gave beauty [to the bath] as a reward.

CLXXIV. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 92 EP.

CLXXV. MELEAGER.

ON ZENOPHILA.

A sweet strain, by Pan the Arcadian, playest thou
 with the quill, Zenophila; acutely do you give out a
 pleasant strain. Whither shall I fly from you? On
 every side loves stand around, nor do they permit me
 to recover my breath for even a little time. Either your
 form throws desire on me, or again your music, or grace,
 or—what shall I say—all [together] I am burning with
 a fire.

By Pan, Arcadia's god, I swear
 Sweet are the notes thy fingers move ;
 Most sweet, Zenophila, the air
 Thou hymn'st; it speaks of love.

How shall I fly? On every side
 The wanton Cupids round me throng;
 Nor give me space to breathe, while tied
 A listener to thy song.
 Whether her beauty wakes desire,
 Her tuneful voice, her winning art,
 What shall I say? All, all. The fire
 Is kindled in my heart. J. H. M.

CLXXVI. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 87 EP.

CLXXVII. RUFINUS.

Said I not, Prodicé, we are growing old? Did I not
 foretell that quickly would come the love-dissolvers?
 Now [are] wrinkles, and hoary hair, and a rag-like body,
 and a mouth no longer possessing its former charms. Does
 any one come to you, lifted up [by airs], or after flattering
 make a request? We pass by you, as if you were
 a tomb.

Did I not warn thee, Prodicé, that time
 Would soon divide thee from the youthful throng;
 Feed on the blooming damask of thy prime,
 And scatter wrinkles, as he pass'd along?
 The hour is come. For who with amorous song
 Now woos thy smile, or celebrates thy bloom?
 See from thy presence how the gay and young
 Retiring turn, and shrink as from the tomb. BL.

Said I not, Prodicé, that we grow old?
 That love-destroyers quickly come, 't was told,
 In wrinkles, hoary head, rough body, face
 No more possessing of past times the grace.
 Who to thee, haughty, comes now, aught to crave,
 Or flatter? Thee we pass by, as a grave. G. B.

CLXXVIII.

The playing, and talking, and roguish eye, and sing-
 ing of Xanthippé, and the flame just commencing, will
 thee, my soul, consume. But from what event, or when,

or how, I do not know. Thou wilt know, hapless, when burnt up.

The strains that flow from young Aminta's lyre,
 Her tongue's soft voice and melting eloquence,
 Her sparkling eyes, that glow with fond desire,
 Her warbling notes, that chain the admiring sense,
 Subdue my soul, I know not how or whence.
 Too soon it will be known, when all my soul's on fire.

J. H. M.

Xanthippé's lyre, her voice, and eye,
 That luring eye, this kindling glow,
 Will burn thee, soul; whence, when, or why,
 I know not; thou in flames wilt know. G. Bo.

CLXXXIX. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 44 EP.

CLXXX. ——— 3 — 45 —

CLXXXI. CALLIMACHUS.

Callignotus swore to Ionis that he would never have a male or female friend dearer than her. He swore so. But they say truly that 'the oaths [made] in love never enter into the ears of the immortals.'¹ But now he is warmed with the flame of another [fair]; but of the hapless nymph there is, as ²of the Megareans, no account or number.²

Once Callignotus to Ionis swore,
 Than her to love no charming maiden more.
 But men say truly that the oaths of love
 Ne'er the ears enter of the powers above.
 Now with another flame he fiercely burns,
 And her unvalued holds and coldly spurns. G. B.

CLXXXII. JULIAN, ONE OF THE PREFECTS OF EGYPT.

While wreathing a garland I once found Love amongst the roses; and laying hold of him by the wings I dipt

¹—¹ So Shakspeare. "At lovers' perjuries they say Jove laughs."

²—² On this proverb see Heindorf on Hipp. Maj. § 19, and Baumgarten Crusius on Philebus, § 21.

him in the wine; and taking it I drank it. And now within my limbs he tickles me with his feathers.

As a rosy wreath I bound,
 'Mongst the roses Love I found:
 Swift I seized his pinions fast,
 And in wine the wanton cast.
 Taking then the laughing cup,
 Swift I drank the wanton up.
 Now with ever-tickling wings
 Up and down my breast he springs. J. ADDISON.

While for my fair a wreath I twined,
 Love in the roses lay reclined.
 I seized the boy. The mantling cup
 Received him, and I drank him up.
 And now confined the feather'd guest
 Beats, storms, and flutters in my breast.

C. J. BLOMFIELD.

CLXXXIII. RUFUS DOMESTICUS.

All things of yours I love; but I dislike alone your ill-judging eye, that is pleased with men hateful [to me].

CLXXXIV. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 90 EP.

CLXXXV. HESIOD.

That man is the very best, who knows himself all things. He too is good, who yields to a person who speaks correctly. But he, who neither knows himself, nor determines in his mind to listen to another, that man is on the contrary useless.

CLXXXVI. ON VALOUR.

WHAT WORDS JUNO WOULD PRONOUNCE ON HERCULES
 BEING DEIFIED.

Your sire, Hercules, has given an honourable return to the sweat [exertion] of your valour; since labour knows how to bring an unbounded boasting to men, after an endless circle of contests.

CLXXXVII. THEOGNIS.

Let no person persuade you, Cynus, to love a bad man. Of what use is that man in being a friend? He would neither defend you from a difficult trouble and calamity, nor be willing, while possessing a good, to share it. In the case of him who does a good to bad persons, the favour is most vain. It is equal to sowing the sea of the white ocean. For neither in sowing the sea would you reap a rich harvest, nor in doing good to the bad would you receive any good in return. For the bad have a feeling not to be satisfied. Should you fail in one thing, the friendship arising from all previous acts is poured out [lost]. But the good, who derive the greatest advantage during their suffering, preserve a remembrance of the good done, and a gratitude for the future. Never make the bad man your friend and companion, but ever avoid him as a bad [unsafe] haven. Many are the companions in drinking and eating; but in a serious matter rather few.

Let no persuasive art tempt you to place
Your confidence in crafty minds and base.
How can it answer? Will their help avail,
When danger presses, and your foes assail?
The blessing, which the gods in bounty send,
Will they consent to share it with a friend?
No. To bestrew the waves with scatter'd grain,
To cultivate the surface of the main,
Is not a task more absolutely vain,
Than cultivating such allies as these,
Fickle, and unproductive as the seas.
Such are all baser minds. Never at rest,
With new demands importunately press'd,
A new pretension or a new request;
Till foil'd with the refusal of the last,
They disavow their obligations past.
But brave and gallant hearts are cheaply gain'd,
Faithful adherents, easily retain'd;
Men, that will never disavow the debt
Of gratitude, or cancel or forget.

Never engage with a poltroon or craven ;
 Avoid him, Kurnus, as a treach'rous haven ;
 Those friends and hearty comrades, as you think,
 Ready to join you, when you feast and drink,
 Those easy friends from difficulty shrink. FRERE.

CLXXXVIII.

Be willing to live piously with little means, [rather] than to be wealthy, having obtained property unjustly. All virtue, [to speak] comprehensively, consists in justice ; and every man, Cynus, is good by being just. Fortune gives wealth even to a thoroughly bad man ; but virtue, Cynus, follows a few men. Satiety begets insolence, when wealth attends upon a bad man and one, to whom there is not a sound mind. Never do thou, having been annoyed, lay to the charge of a person his poverty, that destroys feelings, nor his wretched want of means. For Zeus turns the balance to one person on one side and on another to another, so as to be wealthy at one time, and to have nothing at another. Never, Cynus, speak a big word. For not a single person knows what a night and day will bring to pass to a man.

A part of this extract is thus translated by Frere—

Wealth nurses Insolence ; and wealth we find,
 When coupled with a poor and paltry mind,
 Is evermore with Insolence combined.
 Never in anger with the meaner sort
 Be moved to a contemptuous harsh retort,
 Deriding their distresses, nor despise
 In hasty speech their wants and miseries.
 Jove holds the balance, and the gods dispense
 For all mankind riches and indigence.

CLXXXIX.

We seek, Cynus, rams and asses and well-bred horses, and one wishes them to come from a good stock. But a good man cares not to marry the bad [daughter] of a bad [father], if he [the father] gives him [the man] much

wealth. Nor does any [woman] refuse to be the wife of a bad man of wealth ; but she wishes a rich instead of a poor [man]. Persons honour wealth. A good man has married out of a bad [family], and a bad one out of a good. Wealth has mingled the race.

With kine and horses, Kurnus, we proceed
By reasonable rules, and choose a breed
For profit and increase, at any price,
Of a sound stock, without defect or vice.
But in the daily matches that we make
The price is every thing. For money's sake
Men marry ; women are in marriage given ;
The churl or ruffian, that in wealth has thriven,
May match his offspring with the proudest race :
Thus every thing is mix'd, noble and base. FRERE.

CXC.

Wealth to the man, to whom it comes from Zeus and with justice, ever flourishes purely and abidingly. But if a man with a mind loving gain, shall possess it unjustly [and] unseasonably, or through an oath, having laid hold of it contrary to right, he seems indeed for the instant to carry off some gain ; but at the end there is, on the other hand, an evil. The mind of the gods has the superiority.

CXCI.

Of riches no end has been laid down for man. For such of us as have the greatest means of living hasten [to get] twice as much. Who shall satisfy all ? Money to mortals becomes a madness.

CXCII.

The bad have been born altogether bad from the womb ; but by having formed a friendship with bad men they have learned deeds of ill, and words of ill, and insolence, thinking that they [the bad] are saying all that is true.

CXCIII.

Many bad persons are rich, while the good are poor. But we will not change with them their wealth for our virtue, since the one is firm for ever ; but wealth sometimes one, and sometimes another possesses. A good man, Cynus, preserves his mind ever firm, and is bold, lying either in a good or bad state. But if a deity gives to a bad man the means of living and wealth, he is unable through his folly to restrain his wickedness.

CXCIV.

Hasten after nothing too much. A fitting time is the best for all acts of man. Often does a person hasten to virtue, while seeking gain, whom a deity on set purpose leads astray to a great mistake, and causes things easily to seem to him to be good, which are [really] evil, and those to be evil, which are useful.

Schemes unadvisable and out of reason
Are best adjourn'd. Wait for a proper season.
Time and a fair conjuncture govern all.
Hasty ambition hurries to a fall ;
A fall predestined and ordain'd by heaven.
By a judicial blindness madly driven,
Mistaking and confounding good and evil,
Men lose their senses, as they lose their level. FRERE.

CXCV.

Oh, wretched Poverty, why do you hesitate to leave me and to go to another. Why do you love me not wishing for you ? But come, depart to another house ; nor share with us perpetually this wretched life.

Why linger here, sad Poverty ? Go, dwell
With whom thou wilt, I woo thee not ; farewell.
Go seek another home, nor stay with me,
Only to share this life of misery. H. W.

CXCVI.

Opinion is to men a great evil ; but a trial the best thing. Many have an opinion of good things untried.

CXCVII.

Do not, diseased in mind, be grieved at ills, nor be delighted at good things on a sudden, before seeing the extreme end. Many silly persons has satiety destroyed ; for it is difficult to know moderation, when good things are present.

CXCVIII.

To a person doing a kindness to cowards there are two evils. For he will deprive himself of many things belonging to himself, and there [will be] no thanks [to him].

CXCIX.

Do not praise, before you know a person clearly, his temper, and measure [of life] and conduct, whatever it may be. Many, having a manner, like base [coin and] deceitful, conceal it, assuming feelings for the day. But the habit of each of all these time shows forth. For I have been very far from judgment ; and I have gone on in praising, before I knew all your habits. But now, as a ship, I sheer off at a distance.

CC.

Oh Timagoras, it is difficult for a person looking from a distance to know the temper of many persons, although he is wise. For some have concealed their wickedness by wealth, and others their virtue by destructive poverty.

Though gifted with a shrewd and subtle ken,
Timagoras, the secret hearts of men,
You'll find it, are a point hard to be guess'd.
For poor and shabby souls in riches dress'd
Make a fair show ; while indigence and care
Give to the nobler mind a meaner air.

FRERE.

CCI.

Hope is the only kind deity to men. The others have

left and gone to Olympus. Faith, a great goddess, has gone, and gone the Temperance of men, and the Graces, friend, have left the earth. Just oaths are no longer trusted amongst men, nor does a single person regard the immortal gods. The race of pious people has perished; nor do [men] know any longer justice or piety. But as long as one lives and beholds the light of the sun, being pious, as regards the gods, let him wait for Hope. And let him pray to the gods, and, burning splendid thigh-offerings, let him sacrifice to Hope the first and last; ¹ and let him even think upon the indirect language of unjust men, who, paying no regard to the immortal gods, ever keep their thoughts upon the goods of others, having made a base compact by evil deeds.¹

For human nature Hope remains alone
Of all the deities; the rest are flown.
Faith is departed; Truth and Honour dead;
And all the Graces too, my friends, are fled.
The scanty specimens of living worth,
Dwindled to nothing, and extinct on earth.
Yet whilst I live and view the light of heaven,
Since Hope remains and never has been driven
From the distracted world—the single scope
Of my devotion is to worship Hope.
When hecatombs are slain, and altars burn,
When all the deities adored in turn,
Let Hope be present; and with Hope, my friend,
Let every sacrifice commence and end.
Yes, Insolence, Injustice, every crime,
Rapine and Wrong, may prosper for a time;
Yet shall they travel on to swift decay,
Who tread the crooked path and hollow way. FRERE.

CCII.

No one can by giving a ransom escape from death or even a heavy misfortune, unless fate brings an end; nor can a mortal man escape, although wishing it, from an unhappy state of mind, by means of gifts.

¹ Such is the usual version of the words in the text. But it is difficult to discover their connexion with the preceding matter.

CCIII. SOLON.

Ye Pierian Muses, the splendid children of Memory and Olympian Jove, hear me, while praying. Grant me to possess happiness at the hands of the blessed gods, and ever a fair fame amongst all men; and to be pleasant to friends, and bitter to enemies, and to appear to the former an object of respect, and to the latter of fear. Property I desire indeed to possess; but I do not wish to obtain it unjustly. Last of all comes punishment. But the wealth which the gods give, remains to a man firm from the lowest foundation to the top. But that which men honour, comes from insolence, and not orderly, but obedient to unjust actions. Nor does it follow willingly, but it is quickly mixed up with calamity. Its commencement is from a little, as that of fire is, trifling at first, but it ends producing pain; for the acts of insolence do not exist a long time to mortals.

CCIV. EVENUS.

To many there is a custom to contradict upon every subject equally; but to contradict rightly, this is not in their custom. Now to these the old saying is alone sufficient—"This appears good to you; that to me." Any one would by speaking well persuade most quickly the intelligent, who are persons of the easiest instruction.

To contradict alike, whate'er is meant,

Is more in fashion than fair argument.

And to all such the common phrase comes pat—

"I am of this opinion; you're of that."

Yet men of sense at once to sense give way,

As apprehending soonest what you say. H. W.

CCV. CALLIMACHUS.

THE CONCLUDING WORDS OF THE FIRST HYMN TO JUPITER.

All hail, son of Saturn, the most highest, the giver of good things, the giver of a painless state. Your deeds who shall hymn? The person has not been nor will be. Who shall hymn the deeds of Jupiter? Hail, father!

hail again. Grant both virtue and wealth; for without virtue wealth knows not how to advance man, nor virtue without wealth; then give thou both virtue and wealth.

CCVI.

FROM THE HYMN ON THE BATH OF PALLAS.

Bring not, ye bath-water-pourers, myrrh, or boxes of perfume; for Athené loves not a mixture of ointments, nor a mirror; her countenance is always lovely. Not even when the Phrygian adjudged the contest at Ida, did the great goddess look into the orichalc, [a metal used for mirrors,] nor into the transparent water of the Simois; nor did Juno; but Venus took the very shining metal, and ¹oftentimes arranged twice the same hair.¹

CCVII. ANACREON.

UPON THE LYRE.

I wish to tell of the Atridæ; I wish to sing of Cadmus; but with its strings the lyre to Love alone gives a sound. I lately changed the strings, and all the lyre. And then I sang (with my voice) the labours of Hercules. But the lyre spoke in return of loves. Farewell henceforth, ye heroes; for the lyre sings only of loves.

Of the Atrides I would sing,
Of the wand'ring Theban king.
But when I my lute did prove,
Nothing it would sound but love.

I new strung it; and to play
Hercules' labours did essay;
But my pains I fruitless found;
Nothing it but love would sound.

Heroes, then, farewell; my lute
To all strains but love is mute. T. STANLEY.

Agamemnon, Menelaus,
We would gladly sing of you;

¹—¹ This union of πολλάκι and δις seems rather strange. Tibullus has more correctly "Sæpeque mutatas disposuisse comas." Did Callimachus write Πολλάκι τὰν ταναῶν δεσµὰ τίθειε κοµᾶν, i. e. "Of her long hair the tie-knot oft arranged," instead of Πολλάκι τὰν αὐτὰν δις μετίθηκε κόμαν.

But the lyre will not obey us :
 Its constant tone
 Is love alone.
 I tore the strings, I fitted new,
 It would not do.
 Away the rebel lyre I east ;
 And on another
 Boldly struck the combats glorious
 Of Alcides still victorious.
 'Twas like the last.
 For yet the tone
 Was love alone.
 Why, why attempt the fire to smother ?
 Since love alone
 Will be the tone,
 Heroes, kings, adieu, adieu, ANONYMOUS.

CCVIII.

ON LOVE.

Once at the hour of midnight, when the Bear was turning at the hand of Boōtes, and all the tribes of voice-dividing [men] were lying, subdued by toil; then did Cupid standing by knock at the bolts of my doors. "Who," said I, "is battering the door? you will break my dreams." And Love says—"Open, I am a child; be not alarmed; and I am wet; and I have been wandering through a moonless night." On hearing this I pitied him. And straightway lighting a lamp, I opened [the door]; and I beheld a child bearing a bow, and wings, and a quiver. And placing him by the hearth, I warmed his hands in mine, and squeezed out the water from his wet hair. But he, when the cold had left him, says—"Come, let us try this bow, whether the string is at all injured by having been wetted. And he extends [the arrow], and hits me in the middle of the liver, as if he were the sting of the gad-fly. And he leaps up, laughing, and, "Stranger," said he, "rejoice with me. The horn¹ is uninjured; but you will have a pain at the heart."

¹ The bows of the ancients, as of some of the moderns, were tipped with horn. Hence a part of the bow is put for the whole.

'Twas midnight's hour; the Bear turn'd slow,
 Urged by Boötes' hand below,
 What time the race of men supine,
 In heavy slumber's lap recline,
 When Love stood knocking at my gate.
 Who beats my door, thus loud and late,
 And scares my dreams? "'Tis I am here—
 Open—a child; you need not fear.
 I drop with wet, and, gone astray
 Through moonless night, have lost my way."
 I melted as he begg'd so hard,
 Rose; struck a light; the door unbarr'd.
 A boy my threshold cross'd; but lo!
 With wings, a quiver, and a bow.
 Near the warm hearth I bade him stand,
 And chafed in mine each tiny hand;
 And wrung the ringlets of his hair
 Rain-dropping on his face so fair.
 When by degrees the cold had fled,
 "Come, let me try the bow," he said,
 "If wet has spoil'd the flagging cord."
 He spoke, and twang'd it at the word.
 The arrow, fitted from his quiver,
 Thrill'd, like a gad-fly, through my liver.
 Laughing, the urchin leap'd aside—
 "My kind host, give me joy," he cried,
 "My bow-string yet is trim and sound;
 Your heart, I guess, will feel the wound."

C. A. ELTON.

CCIX.

ON HIMSELF.

The women say, Anacreon, you are old. Take a mirror and behold the hairs no longer there; and your forehead is bare. But whether there are hairs or they are gone, I know not; but this I know, that it becomes the more for an old man to play at what is pleasant, by how much the nearer is the period of fate.

The women say,
 Anacreon, you're grown old;

Your hair falls away ;
 Take a mirror ; behold
 Your forehead is bare.
 For my hair,
 It may go, or it may stay,
 I know not, nor care.
 This I know, and will declare,
 That an old man acts precisely
 As he ought to do, and wisely,
 Prizing life and love the dearer,
 As his end approaches nearer.

ANONYMOUS.

CCX.

ON LOVE.

I wish, I wish to be in love. Cupid was persuading me to love. But I having a mind not given to advice, was not persuaded. And he taking up instantly his bow and golden quiver, challenged me to a fight. And I, taking on my shoulder a corslet, like Achilles, and spears, and a bull's hide [shield], fought with Cupid. He hit me; and I fled. But when he had his arrows no longer, he was annoyed, and shot himself as an arrow; and he entered the middle of my heart, and dissolved [my strength]. In vain do I possess a bull's hide [shield]. For why should we be girt without, when a battle occupies us within?

I will, I will Love's power obey.
 Love woo'd me long to own his sway;
 But when with thoughtless scorn elate
 I mock'd submission to his state,
 He snatch'd his bow and quiver'd pride,
 And to fierce combat me defied.
 In haste to my defence I flew;
 My mail across my shoulders threw;
 Like some Achilles braved the field,
 And shook my spear, and grasp'd my shield.
 With Love I enter'd rebel-fight;
 He wing'd his darts, I wing'd my flight;

L

Till having spent his feather'd store,
 When that supplied revenge no more,
 Inflamed with rage, a living dart
 He shot himself into my heart,
 Dissolved my soul, and revell'd there.
 In vain a useless shield I wear;
 An outward guard to folly turns,
 When in my breast the battle burns.

ADDISON.

CCXI.

ON LOVE.

The Muses having bound Love with garlands, gave him up to Beauty. And now Cytherea [Venus] seeks, by bringing a ransom, to set Love free. But should any one free him, he will not go away, but remain. He has been taught to be a slave.

Once the Muses Cupid finding,
 And in bonds of roses binding,
 Straight their flower-enfetter'd slave
 To the care of Beauty gave.
 Heavenly gifts to loose his chain
 Venus brings, but brings in vain;
 Though released, the god will stay;
 He has learn'd with pride t'obey.

ADDISON.

Late the Muses Cupid found,
 And with wreaths of roses bound,
 Bound him fast, as soon as caught,
 And to blooming Beauty brought.
 Venus with large ransom strove
 To release the god of love.
 Vain is ransom; vain is fee;
 Love refuses to be free.
 Happy in his rosy chain,
 Love with Beauty will remain.

FAWKES.

CCXII.

ON LOVE.

Once upon a time Love did not see a bee, while reposing amongst roses, but was wounded; and being bitten in

the finger of his hand, he cried out ; and running and flying to the beautiful Cytherea [Venus], " I am undone, mother, said he ; I am undone, and dying. A little winged serpent, that husbandmen call a bee, has wounded me." But she said, " If the sting of a bee gives pain to you, how, think you, Love, do they feel a pain, whom you hit ?"

Love a bee, that lurked among
Roses, saw not, and was stung ;
Who for his hurt finger crying,
Running sometimes, sometimes flying,
Did to his fair mother hie ;
And, " Help," cried he, " ere I die ;
A snake wing'd has bitten me,
Call'd by country-folks a bee."
On which Venus—" If such smart
Little sting of bee impart,
How much greater is the pain,
Which, whom thou hast stung, sustain."

T. STANLEY.

CCXIII.

ON A CICADA.¹

We deem you, Cicada, happy, because, having drunk like a king, a little dew, you chirrup on the top of trees. For all those things are yours, whatsoever you see in the fields, and whatever the seasons produce. For you are a friend of land-tillers, ²from no one doing any harm.² You are held in honour by mortals, as the agreeable harbinger of summer. The Muses love you. Phœbus himself loves you, and has given you a shrill song. And old age does not wear you down. Oh thou clever one, earth-born, song-loving, without suffering, having flesh without blood, thou art nearly equal to the gods.

¹ On the Cicada, commonly but erroneously translated, grasshopper, see Eton Extracts, Ep. 58.

² The Greek is Ἀπὸ μηδενός τι βλάπτων. But the correct syntax would be μηδένα τι βλάπτων. The sense seems to require Ἀπὸ μηδενός τι ἐλέπτων, "stealing aught from nobody," through its living upon dew alone.

- On your verdant throne elate,
 Lovely insect, there in state,
 Nectar'd dew you sip, and sing,
 Like a little happy king.
 All thou seest so blooming fine,
 Lovely insect, all is thine,
 Which the painted fields produce,
 Or the soft-wing hours profuse.
 Swains adore thy guiltless charms;
 None thy blissful revel harms;
 Thee, sweet prophet, all revere;
 Thou foretell'st the ripening year.
 Thou by Muses art caress'd,
 Thou by golden Phœbus bless'd;
 He inspired thy tuneful voice;
 Age ne'er interrupts thy joys.
 Wisest offspring of the earth,
 Thou for nothing car'st but mirth;
 Free from pain, and flesh, and blood,
 Thou'rt almost a little god. ADDISON.

CCXIV.

UPON LOVE.

It is a hard thing not to love; and it is hard likewise to love; but the hardest of all is, when loving to fail. To Love, family is nothing. Wisdom, conduct is trodden down. To money alone do [men] look. May he perish who first loved silver. For this a brother is not [a brother]; for this parents are not [parents]. Wars, murders, are for this. And still worse, for this we lovers are undone.

'Tis a pain to miss Love's smart;
 Wing'd with pain is Cupid's dart;
 But the most joy-killing pain
 Waits the love which loves in vain.
 Noble birth has lost its charms;
 Wit no more the heart alarms;
 Virtue pleads in vain for Love;
 Gold alone can Beauty move.

Curst be he, ah ! doubly curst,
Who adored the idol first.
Gold 'mongst brothers sows debate ;
Gold begets paternal hate ;
Lights the torch of civil strife ;
Kindles all the feuds of life :
Happy, ceased its mischiefs here ;
Gold makes wretched Love despair. ADDISON.

CCXV.

Venus was making a loud cry after Love, her son—
“ If any one has seen Love wandering in cross-roads,
the run-away is mine. The informer shall have a present. The child is very remarkable. You would know him amongst twenty together. He is not pale, as to his skin, but like fire. His eyes are rather sharp, and lit up. His thoughts are wicked. His talk is pleasant ; for he does not mean and say alike. His voice is like honey. But if he is in a passion, his mind is ungentle. He is a deceiver, saying nothing true. A crafty child. Savage in sport. He has a head of handsome hair, but a pouting look. His weapons are tiny, but he shoots them even to Acheron and the king of Hades. He is naked as to his body ; but his mind has a thick cloak. And winged, like a bird, he flies at one time against some men and women, and at another time against others. And he settles on their entrails [heart]. He has a very small bow, and upon the bow an arrow. The arrow is a tiny one ; but it is borne even to the sky. And there is a golden quiver round his back. But there are sharp arrows in it, with which he wounds even myself. All his [doings] are cruel, all. But much more is the torch, that, although it is little, burns even the sun itself. If you catch him, bind and bring him. Do not pity him. And should you see him weeping, have a care lest he deceive you. And if he laughs, drag him along. But if he wants to kiss you, avoid him. His kiss is mischievous. His lips are a poison. But if he says, ‘ Take

these arrows, I make you a present of them,' do not touch them. His gifts are treacherous ; for they are all dipt in fire."

Her lost son Cupid careful Venus cried—
 "If any in the cross-roads Love has spied,
 He is my run-away ; who brings good news,
 Shall gain from me, what he will not refuse.
 The urchin has so very mark'd a show,
 Him you cannot 'mongst twenty fail to know.
 Fiery, not white, is his complexion ; eyes
 Sparkling ; fair words his treach'rous thoughts disguise ;
 His lips and heart dissent ; like honey sweet
 His tongue ; rage in his mind and malice meet ;
 A crafty, lying boy ; mischief his play ;
 Curl-headed ; knavish-faced ; no little way
 His hand, though little, can an arrow throw ;
 To Hell he shoots, and wounds the powers below ;
 His body he disrobes ; his mind he covers ;
 And, like a swift bird, up and down he hovers
 From man to woman, perching on the heart.
 A little bow he hath ; a little dart ;
 Whose nimble flight can pierce the highest spheres :
 A golden quiver at his back he bears,
 And poison'd shafts, with which he does not spare
 E'en me to wound : all cruel, cruel are ;
 But most his little torch, which fires the sun.
 Take, bring him bound ; nor be to pity won :
 Let not his tears thy easiness beguile,
 Nor let him circumvent thee with a smile ;
 If he to kiss thee ask, his kisses fly ;
 Poison of asps between his lips doth lie.
 If to resign his weapons he desire,
 Touch not ; his treacherous gifts are dipt in fire."

T. STANLEY.

CXXVI. PYTHAGORAS.

THE GOLDEN WORDS.

In the first place honour the immortal gods, as is laid down by law ; and reverence an oath ; and then the

renowned heroes. Worship too the deities below the earth, by doing customary rites. And honour your parents, and those born nearest of kin. But of others, make him your friend who is the best in virtue. Yield to mild words, and to deeds that are useful. Do not hate your friend for a trifling fault. Know these [precepts] in this way. And accustom yourself to be the master of these points; in the first place, of your belly, and sleep, and lasciviousness, and anger. Do nothing base, either with another or in private; and most of all, have a respect for yourself. Next practise uprightness both in deed and word. Nor accustom yourself to act irrationally about any matter; but know that to all it is fated to die. At one time a person is wont¹ to possess property, at another to perish. But whatever pains mortals have through accidents sent by the deities, endure with patience the share you may have, nor take it to heart. But it is becoming to cure them, as far as you can, and to commune with yourself thus—"Fate does not give very much of these things to the good." Many remarks, both bad and good, fall upon men; at which be not astonished, nor suffer yourself to be restrained [by them]: but if any falsehood is told, conduct yourself with gentleness. What I shall say, let it be accomplished in every case. Let no one deceive you, either by word or deed, to do or say what is not for the better; but take counsel before an act, in order that there may not be foolishness. It is the part of a coward [bad man] to do and say thoughtlessly; but [of a wise man] to complete what will not pain him subsequently. Do nothing that you do not know, but be taught what is requisite; and thus you will pass life the most pleasantly. Nor is it meet for you to have no care for the health of the body; but to make to yourself a moderation in drink, and food, and exercise: and I call that moderation, which will give no pain. And accustom yourself to have a diet simple and

¹ The Greek is *φάσκει*, which, like "amat" in Horace, is properly translated "is wont."

non-luxurious. And guard against doing that which begets envy. Do not expend beyond what is seasonable, like a person ignorant of what is honourable. Nor be illiberal. Moderation in all things is best. And do those things which will not injure you : and calculate before the act. Nor receive sleep upon your softened eyes before you have thrice gone over each act of the day—What have I passed by ? What have I done ? What necessary act has not been done by me ? And beginning from the first, go through them. And then, if you have acted improperly, reproach yourself ; but if properly, be glad. So labour ; so practise : these precepts it is meet for you to love. These will place you on the footsteps of divine virtue.

CCXVII.

BION. IDYLL. 3D.

While I was still dreaming, the mighty Venus stood by me, leading by the hand Love infant-like, with his head stooping towards the ground ; and such a word she said—"Take Love, dear herdsman, and teach him to play." As she said this, she went away. And I, a simpleton, began to teach Love, as if he were willing to learn, what herdsman's lore I knew ; how that Pan discovered the transverse flute, Athené the [straight] hautboy, Mercury the shell, and Apollo the reed. This I was teaching him. But he regarded not the stories ; but sang himself love ditties, and taught me the desires of mortals and immortals, and the doings of his mother. And I indeed forgot whatever I had taught Love ; but whatever Love had taught myself, that I learnt all.

I dreamt I saw great Venus by me stand,
 Leading a nodding infant by the hand ;
 And that she said to me familiarly—
 "Take Love, and teach him how to play to me."
 She vanish'd then. And I, poor fool, must turn
 To teach the boy, as if he wish'd to learn.

I taught him all the pastoral songs I knew
And used to sing ; and I inform'd him too,
How Pan found out the pipe, Pallas the flute,
Phœbus the lyre, and Mercury the lute.
But not a jot for all my words cared he,
But lo ! fell singing his love-songs to me ;
And told me of the loves of gods and men,
And of his mother's doings ; and so then
I forgot all I taught him for my part,
But what he taught me, I learnt all by heart.

LEIGH HUNT.

EDWARDS' SELECTIONS.

I. ARCHILOCHUS.

O SOUL, soul,¹ who art tost in cares, where the means of escape are difficult, keep thyself up, and protect thyself by throwing the breast before the foe, and stand firmly near the enemy in ambush;² and neither, when a victor, be openly elated; nor, when vanquished, fall down in the house and mourn. But neither joy (too much) in things of joy, nor be dispirited too much in the midst of ills; but understand what kind of measure keeps men (within bounds).

Soul, oh! soul, when round thee whelming
Cares, like mountain surges, close,
Patient bear their mighty rage, and
With thy strength their strength oppose.
Be a manly breast your bulwark;
Your defence firm-planted feet;
So in serried line of battle
Spears with calm composure meet.
Yet in victory's golden hour
Raise not your proud vaunts too high;
Nor if vanquish'd, meanly stooping
Pierce with loud laments the sky.

¹ In this address to his soul, Archilochus imitated the Homeric *Τέρλαθι μοι κραδίη*, in *Od. γ. 18*.

² So Melhorn understands *δοκοῖσιν*. But such is not elsewhere the meaning of that word, which is evidently corrupt.

But in prosp'rous fortune so re-
 joice, and in reverses mourn,
 As well knowing what is destined
 For the race of woman born.

J. H. M.

My soul, my soul, care-worn, bereft of rest,
 Arise, and front the foe with dauntless breast ;
 Take thy firm stand amidst his fierce alarms,
 Secure ; with inborn valour meet his arms.
 Nor, conquering, mount vain-glory's glittering steep ;
 Nor, conquer'd, yield, fall down at home and weep ;
 Await the turns of life with duteous awe ;
 Know—Revolution is great Nature's law.

MARQUIS OF WELLESLEY.

II. ETON EXTRACTS, 28 EP.

O Life ! how can we fly thee,
 Save through the gates of Death ?
 For cruel, countless, are the ills
 Encompassing thy path.
 Impossible for any one,
 Either to suffer or to shun.
 Yet beautiful is Nature
 In star, in earth, in sea,
 In silver moon, and golden sun ;
 Nought else from care is free.
 And if with light man's spirit burns
 Awhile, the deeper gloom returns.

DELTA.

III. SIMONIDES.

There is a saying,¹ that Virtue dwells in rocks, to be
 ascended with difficulty, and that she is to be seen²
 tending the holy spot. And yet she is not to be looked
 upon by the eyes of all mortals. He, to whom sweat

¹ In Hesiod *Epy.* 265.

² In lieu of *νῦν δὲ μιν θοδὺν*, which is unintelligible, Ilgen suggested *ἐν δὲ μιν θεαδὺν*—Wilson, in Blackwood's Magazine for Sept., 1833, p. 378, would read *ἐνθα τί μιν, φανόν τε χορὸν ἀγνὸν ἀμφίπειν' οὐδὲ πάντων—εἰ μὴ—μόλῃ, ἵκητ'*—But *μόλῃ* could not follow *εἰ μὴ*, nor *ἵκηται* be thus found in the subjunctive without something to govern it. The reading of *χορὸν* is adopted by Hay and Nemo.

eating the spirit shall not have come from within,¹ (shall not) reach² to the pinnacle of manliness.

'Tis said that Virtue dwells on high,
 'Mid rocky steeps, that seek the sky,
 Where o'er a hallow'd realm she holds her sway.
 No mortal eye her form hath met,
 Save his, from whose heart galling sweat
 Breaks out, and wins to manhood's top the way.

G. BO.

Virtue delights her home to keep,
 Say the wise of the olden time,
 High on a rugged, rocky steep,
 Which man may hardly climb.
 And there a pure, bright, shining band,
 Her ministers, around her stand.
 No mortal man may ever look
 That form august to see,
 Until with patient toil he brook
 The sweat of mental agony,
 Which all must do, who reach that goal,
 The perfect manhood of the soul.

HAY.

They say that Virtue doth aspire
 To dwell on high and pathless steeps,
 And there a bright celestial choir
 Around her constant vigil keeps.
 Nor is she seen by mortal eyes,
 Unless through toil, that gnaws the soul,
 He, who would be her votary, rise
 To manhood's pure and perfect goal.

NEMO.

IV. TIMOCREON OF RHODES.

Thou oughtest, O blind Plutus! to be seen neither on earth, nor on the sea, nor on the continent;³ but to in-

¹ Jacobs quotes from Lucretius vi. 94, "sudor e corpore manans." But that would lead to *ἐκροθεν*, rather than to *ἐνδοθεν*.

² Ilgen acutely saw that the sense required *οὐ κεν ἵκοιτ'* in lieu of *ἵκητ'*.

³ The expression *μήτ' ἐν ἡπείρῳ* is clearly superfluous after *μή τε γῆ*—for the continent (of Asia) is evidently a part of the earth. The poet probably wrote *μή τε τῷ ἡπείρῳ*, i. e. *τῷ ἀπείρῳ*, "the boundless," namely,

habit Tartarus and Acheron. For through thee all evils are amongst men.

Would thou'dst ne'er been by mortals seen,
Blind wealth, on earth or sea;
But doom'd to dwell in deepest Hell:
Our woes are all from thee.

G. S.

Blind Plutus, oh! I would that ne'er
Thou hadst been seen on earth, or air,
Or sea; but dwelt where Acheron flows;
For man to thee all mischief owes.

G. B.

V. PITTACUS OF MITYLENE.

It is the part of intelligent persons, before difficulties arise, to think beforehand, how they may not arise; but of brave men, when they do arise, to put them into a proper state.

'Tis for the wise,
Each difficult event
Foreseeing, to prevent
Ere it arise;
When come, the manly breast
Adjusts it for the best.

H. W.

VI. ETON EXTRACTS, 83 EP.

VII. LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM.

Being of a good mind, row on the way to Hades at a slow pace; for the way is not hard to pass, nor is it crooked, nor is it filled with wanderings; it is particularly straight, and all sloping downwards, and is travelled even by persons with eyes closed.

With courage seek the kingdom of the dead;
The path before you lies,
It is not hard to find, nor tread;
No rocks to climb, no lanes to thread;

air: and thus earth, sea, and air would be properly united. On the question, whether the air is or is not boundless, see Pseudo-Platon. Sisyph. § 2

But broad, and straight, and even still,
 And ever gently slopes down-hill;
 You cannot miss it, though you shut your eyes.

C. M.

VIII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 11 EP.

IX. HEDYLUS.

Of Bacchus, the limb-loosener, and of Venus, the limb-loosener, is born their daughter, a limb-loosener, the Gout.

Whilst on soft beds your pillow'd limbs recline,
 Dissolved by Bacchus and the queen of love,
 Remember, Gout's a daughter of that line,
 And she'll dissolve them soon my friend, by Jove.

J. H. M.

X. ANTIPATER OF SIDON.

A vine creeping up conceals me, a withered plane-tree, and I bloom with a foreign leaf, I, who formerly nourished bunches of grapes on my flourishing branches; I, who was with not less leaves than this (vine). Such a mistress however let one nourish hereafter, who alone knows how to requite even the dead.

See yonder blushing vine-tree grows,
 And clasps a dry and withered plane,
 And round its youthful tendrils throws,
 A shelter from the wind and rain.
 That sapless trunk in former time
 Gave covert from the noon-tide blaze,
 And taught the infant shoot to climb,
 That now the pious debt repays.
 E'en so, kind Powers, a partner give
 To share in my prosperity,
 Hang on my strength, while yet I live,
 And do me honour, when I die.

F. H.

Me, a dry plane-tree now, this creeping vine
 Mantles in robes, whose verdure is not mine;
 For these bare arms, once leafy as her own,
 Would nurse her clusters, and their beauty crown.

So cherish thou a friend—that friend indeed—
A woman's kindness for thy hour of need. HAY.

XI. WESTMINSTER, 4 BOOK, 20 EP.

XII. ——— 2 — 39 —

I know myself the being of a day ;
But when the rolling heavens my thoughts survey,
No more I tread the earth ; a guest I rise
At Jove's own banquets in the starry skies. HAY.

XIII. ARCHIAS OF MITYLENE.

Let any one praise the Thracians,¹ in that they lament
for sons, who came to light from the womb of a mother ;
and, on the other hand, deem happy such as, leaving
life, Death, not previously seen, the servant of the Fates,
has seized upon. For they, who live, are ever passing
on to evils of all kinds ; while the dead have found a
remedy for ills.

Thracians, who howl around an infant's birth,
And give the funeral hour to songs and mirth,
Well in your grief and gladness are express'd,
That life is labour, and that death is rest. BL.

The Thracians' custom I applaud, for they
Bewail the infant on his natal day ;
But joy, when death with unexpected blow
Consigns the spirit to the shades below.
Full well, for every ill besets man's life ;
But death's the balm of all its varied strife. T. F.

XIV. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 42 EP.

XV. ——— 4 — 8 —

XVI. ALPHÆUS OF MITYLENE.

I love not the ploughed fields with their heavy crops,
nor the happiness, like what Gyges had, from much gold ;

¹ To this custom of the Thracians Euripides was the first to allude, in
Cresphont. Fr. 1, translated by Cicero in Tusc. i. 48.

I love a life, Macrinus, that is self-sufficient ; for the saying—" Nothing too much," delights me very much.

XVII. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 20 EP.

Cover'd by winter snows, around her young
With sheltering wings a hen more closely clung,
Till the keen frosts of heaven, which long she tried
To struggle with, prevail'd, and then she died.
Procné, Medea, ye were mothers too ;
Blush, when ye learn, what e'en a bird could do. HAY.

XVIII. CRINAGORAS.

How far, O wretched soul ! wilt thou, still flying with
vain hopes close to the cold clouds, write down your
dreams of wealth, some in this way, and others in that ?
By mortals nothing is to be obtained spontaneously.
But do you go after the gifts of the Muses, and give up
these indistinct phantoms of the soul to simpletons.

How long upon vain hopes, O wretched soul !
Still fluttering too near the cloud's cold chill,
Shall dream on dream of riches thee cajole ?
For nought accrues to mortals, as they will.
Seek thou the Muses' gifts, and leave to fools
These visions dim, wrought by thy fancy's tools

E. S.

XIX. LOLLIUS BASSUS.

Let not the sea carry me along bold¹ in the storm ;
nor have I loved² the very great stillness³ of an inactive
calm. Moderation is the best ; at least where the doings
of men are ; and greatly have I embraced the measure,
which is sufficient. This do thou, dear Lampis, love,
and hate the mischievous whirlwinds. There are certain
Zephyrs even in life that are gentle.

XX. ETON EXTRACTS, 57 EP.

¹ In lieu of *θρασύς* the sense requires *θραδόν*—

² The Greek is *ἡσπασάμην*, literally "I have embraced."

³ So Jacobs explains *τὴν παλινῃνεμίην*. But one would prefer *εἰς ἀλὶ νηνεμίην*.

XXI. ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM.

Lo! the beautiful (and) self-elaborated flowing¹ from bees in the air,² and the self-fixed cells, not made by hands (of man)³ a gratis-boon for the life of man, that requires not a spade (to dig), nor an ox (to plough), nor crooked scythes (to reap), but a small bowl, where the sweet stream of the bees⁴ flows, as a fountain, abundant from a small hut (hive). Farewell, ye light-borne⁵ (creatures), and may ye feed on flowers, the winged workers of ethereal nectar.

Ah! sweet spontaneous effluence of the bee,
Air-form'd. Ah! cells by hands unlabour'd, ye.
Free boon to man; no need has he of hoe,
The plough's slow tilth, or sickle's reaping bow;
Thine a small hive, in which their luscious juice,
From tiny forms, the teeming bees produce.
Gay creatures, hail; and o'er the flowery mead
Of æther's nectar light-wing'd artists speed.

F. WRANGHAM.

Lovely, aerial dwelling, which the bees
Fashion of plastic wax, and fix with ease;
Free gift to man, whence many blessings flow,
Without the aid of sickle, axe, or hoe.
Only a little trough, where they may pour
The liquid sweets profuse of every flower;
Blessings be yours; may flowers your wanderings meet,
Ye winged workers of ethereal sweet.

HAY.

¹ Wilson, in Blackwood's Magazine, Sept., 1833, p. 390, translates "place of protection," as if he wished to read *ῥῦμα* for *ῥεῦμα*—

² Although "*mellis ærii dona*," quoted by Jacobs from Virgil G. iv. 1, seems, at first sight, to defend *ἐν αἰθέρι*, yet, as bees do not make their cells in the air, one would prefer *ἐν ὀρνί*, similar to "*mella cava manant ex ilice*," in Horace.

³ So Jacobs explains *καπλαστοὶ χειρῶν*. But the mention of man would be here out of place. H. Stephens correctly suggested *κήρων*—and should have suggested likewise *εὐπλαστοὶ*—for the cells of bees are peculiarly "well-formed." Wilson adopts *κήρων*—

⁴ As *πηγάξει* is an intransitive verb, the syntax requires *μελισσᾶν*, not *μέλισσα*.

⁵ So Jacobs understands *εὐαγέτες*. He should have suggested *εὐγλαγέτες*—i. e. "sweet as milk."

Oh beautiful bee-homestead, with many a waxen cell,
 Self-built for hanging, so it seems—that airy citadel!
 An unbought blessing to man's life, which neither any hoe,
 Nor axe, nor crooked sickle, e'er is needed to bestow.
 A tiny vessel, and no more, wherein the busy bee,
 From its small body, liquid sweets distilleth lavishly.
 Rejoice, ye blessed creatures, regaling while ye rove,
 Wing'd workers of nectareous food, on all the flowers ye love.

WILSON.

XXII. THE SAME.

A staff led me up to a temple, when I was uninitiated,
 'not only in sacred rites, but in the light of the sun.'¹ But
 the goddesses made me a partaker in both, and on that
 night I knew I was freed from the night upon my eyes;
 and without a staff I went down to the city, proclaim-
 ing the orgies of Ceres by eyes more clearly than by
 tongue.

XXIII. THE SAME.

A. Xerxes has given to thee, Leonidas, this purple robe,
 through respect² for the deeds of thy valour. L. I do
 not accept it. This is a favour granted to traitors. May
 my shield hold me, even when I am dead. Wealth is
 no funeral dress for me. A. But thou art dead. Why
 dost thou, even amongst the dead, feel so great a hatred
 of the Persians? L. The love of liberty dies not.

A. This purple robe, Leonidas, to thee

Has Xerxes given; for thy deeds in arms

Have won his admiration. L. Not for me

Be this the gift. A traitor's limbs it warms

Better; and I reject it. In death's sleep

My shield throw o'er me, not a garb of gold.

A. Why midst the dead thy hate 'gainst Persians keep?

L. The love of freedom not in death is cold. G. B.

¹ With βίβηλον — τελετῆς and ἡλείου Jacobs compares γάμων ἀμύητος in Oppian: and remarks that the epigram was written upon a blind man, who went up to the temple of Ceres and Proserpine at Eleusis, and there recovered his sight.

² Jacobs thus explains τερβήσας, literally "having feared—" He should have proposed θαμβήσας—"astonished at—"

XXIV. ETON EXTRACTS, 31 EP.

XXV. PARMENIO.

While a child was leaning over the extreme face of a lofty-tiled (house) — the Fates are for infants not a thing of fear—its mother from behind did by her bosom turn aside its thoughts; and twice did her milk contribute life to the child.

XXVI. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 18 EP.

XXVII. ANTIPHANES.

You are counting, unhappy man, with pebbles. But as time, while progressing, produces interest, so does it hoary old age likewise; and, though you have not been drinking, nor binding flowers on your temples, nor (sprinkling) ointment, nor knowing a smooth-faced object of love, you shall die, giving up your wealth¹ in a long will, and taking with you out of many farthings only one?²

XXVIII. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 5 EP.

XXIX. ADDÆUS OF MACEDON.

His ox, employed in field-work, when worn down by the furrow and old age, Alcon did not lead to the slaughtering knife, through respect for its labours; but in a meadow of deep grass it showed its delight by lowings, for its freedom from the plough.

The ox with age and labour spent
Died not by butcher's knife;
In gratitude for service lent,
Alcon hath spared his life;
And now along the grassy lea
Joyous he lows, from plough set free. G. S.

¹ The Greek is *πλουτοῦσαν*—*μεγάλην διαθήκην*. But as *πλουτοῦσαν* could hardly be thus applied to *διαθήκην*, the poet probably wrote *πλοῦτον σὸν*—*μεγάλῃ διαθήκῃ*.

² The one farthing was supposed to be wanted as the fare for Charon's ferry-boat.

XXX. GLYCON.

All things are a laugh, and all are dust, and all are nothing. For all are produced from things without reason. Children are cares, if they suffer some great evil; and cares too they are not a few, even when living. A good wife has in herself some delight; but a bad one brings to the husband a bitter life.

XXXI. SECUNDUS OF TARENTUM.

I Lais, who was of old (Love's) dart to all, am no longer Lais, but am become, conspicuous to all, the Nemesis of years. By Venus—and what is Venus to me, beyond an oath?—Lais is a thing no longer known even to Lais herself.

XXXII. LUCIAN.

ON THE GOUT.

O goddess! who hatest the poor, and art the sole subduer of wealth, (and) who knowest how to live well at all times, thou delightest to be supported on strange feet, and knowest how to wear shoes of felt,¹ and ointments are a care to thee. Thee too a garland delights, and the liquor of the Ausonian Bacchus. But these things never exist at any time to the poor. And therefore thou fliest from the threshold of poverty, that has no copper, and art delighted, on the other hand, in coming to the feet of wealth.

XXXIII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 97 EP.

XXXIV. ——— 2 — 100 —

XXXV. ETON EXTRACTS, 12 —

XXXVI. ——— 38 —

XXXVII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 14 —

XXXVIII. ——— — 13 —

XXXIX. ETON EXTRACTS, 51 —

¹ Jacobs suggested acutely *πλοφορεῖν*, for *ὀπλοφορεῖν*—

XL. LUCIAN.

Let a seal for words not to be spoken lie on the tongue.
A watch over words is better than over wealth.

XLI. ETON EXTRACTS,	60 EP.
XLII. ———	73 —
XLIII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK,	52 —
XLIV. ETON EXTRACTS,	23 —
XLV. ———	101 —
XLVI. ———	72 —
XLVII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK,	12 —
XLVIII. ——— 3 —	68 —
XLIX. ETON EXTRACTS,	50 —

L. AMMIANUS.

Should you reach even to the Pillars of Hercules,¹ while extending your boundaries, a portion of land, equal for all men, awaits you; and you shall lie, equal with Irus,² possessing nothing more than a farthing,³ and resolved into earth no longer your own.

LI. PHILO.⁴

Grey hairs, united to a mind, are rather honourable; but those not united to a mind, are rather a disgrace to the multitude of years.

LII. ETON EXTRACTS, 61 EP.	
LIII. ———	94 —
LIV. ———	25 —

LV. PALLADAS.

I was born while shedding tears; and after shedding tears, I am dead; and I have found the whole of life to

¹ The Pillars of Hercules, the modern Gibraltar, were once considered the western limits of the old world.

² The Homeric Irus was the name for any poor person.

³ See at Ep. 27, n. 1.

⁴ This Epigram is more full in Westminster, 2 Book, 34 Ep.

be with many tears. Oh! the race of man, subject to many tears, without strength, an object of pity, dragged below the earth, and resolved (into it).

Tears were my birthright; born in tears,
 In tears too I must die;
 And mine has been through life's long years
 A tearful destiny.
 Such is the state of man. From birth
 To death all comfortless;
 Then swept away beneath the earth,
 In utter nothingness.

E. S.

LVI. ETON EXTRACTS, 24 EP.

Naked I entered at my birth;
 Naked I hie me back to earth;
 Why then should I so anxious be?
 Since naked still the end I see.

J. W. B.

LVII. PALLADAS.

Life is an unsafe voyage; for being tost in a storm we often make stumblings in it, more piteous than persons shipwrecked. But having fortune, as the pilot of life, we sail, as it were on a sea, in a doubtful manner; some with a favourable voyage, others, the contrary. And yet all of us depart to one port, which is below the earth.

Life is an unsafe voyage, where we're tost
 And suffer more than those in shipwrecks lost.
 But should we Fortune take the helm to guide,
 Still is the bark oft strain'd from side to side.
 Some lucky onwards sail; and back some fall;
 One port beneath the earth is reach'd by all.

G. B.

LVIII. ETON EXTRACTS, 15 EP.

LIX. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 8 EP.

LX. PALLADAS.

You are rich. And what remains? Do you, when you depart, drag your wealth with you, being dragged to the tomb? Wasting your time, you collect riches;

but you are not able to heap up a more abundant measure of life.

LXI. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 24 EP.

LXII. ——— 3 — 24 —

LXIII. PALLADAS.

Alas! for the short pleasure that is in life. Lament the fleetness of time. We sit and lie down, in trouble or in luxury. But time runs on; (and) as it runs against us unhappy mortals, it brings to the life of each an (evil) turn.

LXIV. THE SAME.

A suffering of the soul (is) the body, Hades, Fate, the burden of Necessity,¹ and a powerful chain, and a punishment by tortures. But when it (the soul) shall have departed from the body, it flies, as if from the bonds of death, to an immortal god.

LXV. AGATHIAS.

Columns, and painters' brushes,² and triangular desks,³ are the cause of great delight to those, who possess them, as long as they live; for vain-glories benefit not much the spirits of men deceased. But virtue and the grace of wisdom go together even thither,⁴ and they remain here attracting a remembrance. Thus neither Plato nor Homer pride themselves on colours or columns, but on their wisdom alone. Happy (are they), of whom the remembrance dwells for ever in the forms of clever books, and not in vain likenesses. -

¹ The sense evidently requires ἀχθος ἀνάγκης, not ἀχθος ἀνάγκη—

² Here γραφίδες means "painters' brushes," not as generally "writers' pens," as shown by χρώμασι, "colours," a little afterwards.

³ By κύρβεις is meant here, says Jacobs, tables, on which titles and honours were displayed, not, as elsewhere, those on which laws were laid for public inspection.

⁴ Jacobs vainly endeavours to defend κείθι, "there," against Reiske's κείσε, "thither."

LXVI. ETON EXTRACTS, 44 EP.

Of Death—Rest's parent, leech of all disease
 And poverty's deep pangs—what means our fears?
 Death, before whom all human sorrow flees;
 Death, who but once, and only once, appears.
 Whereas disease is multiform; again,
 And oft it comes; fear then Disease and Pain. HAY,

LXVII. AGATHIAS.

Seated by this table of polished stone, you will have
 a pleasant game in shaking the rattling dice. But when
 you are the winner, do not be elated; nor when the loser,
 be grieved, finding fault with the trifling throw. For
 the mind of a man is seen through in trifles, and the dice
 tell the depth of the power of mind.

LXVIII. THE SAME.

All these things are games. The rush of fortune,
 which takes different turns, is borne along, like throws
 without reason. And you will perceive a slippery¹ imi-
 tation of the life of man, by being now the superior, and
 now the inferior. We praise then him, who both in
 life, and at dice (playing), adopts moderation in joy and
 sorrow.

LXIX. ETON EXTRACTS, 66 EP.

LXX. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 96 EP.

LXXI. UNCERTAIN.

WHAT WORDS CLYTEMNESTRA WOULD SAY, WHEN ORESTES
 WAS ABOUT TO MURDER HER.

Whither dost thou direct the sword? Against my belly
 or my breast? The belly brought thee forth; the breast
 has brought thee up.

Where wilt thou point the deadly steel?
 Shall breast or womb thy vengeance feel?
 The womb, that bore thee? or the breast,
 To which thy infant limbs were prest? E. S.

¹ Instead of *σφαλερόν*, which is unintelligible, the sense requires
φανερὸν, "conspicuous—"

LXXII. ETON EXTRACTS, 62 EP.

LXXIII. UNCERTAIN.¹

O Glaucus ! son of Epicydes, for the present indeed it is more gainful to conquer thus by an oath, and to obtain the spoil of money. Swear ; since death awaits even the man, who keeps his oath. But there is of oath an offspring without a name, nor has it hands or feet. And yet it pursues fleetly, until it seizes and destroys the whole race, and the whole house. But better afterwards is the race of the man, who keeps his oath.

LXXIV. WESTMINSTER, 4 BOOK, 12 EP.

LXXV. ETON EXTRACTS, EP. 68.

LXXVI. AN ORACLE OF THE PYTHIAN PRIESTESS.

The holy places of the gods are open to the good ; nor is there a need of purifications ; no pollution touches virtue. But thou, who (hast) a mischievous heart, depart ; for shall a wetted body wash out thy soul ?

LXXVII. AN ORACLE OF THE PYTHIAN PRIESTESS.

Come, pure as to thy soul, to the grove of a pure deity, after you have touched a virgin-like stream, since for the good, a small drop is sufficient.² But the bad man not even the whole ocean would with its waters wash.³

Enter the pure god's temple sanctified

In soul, with virgin water purified.

One drop will cleanse the good ; the ocean wave

Suffices not the guilty soul to lave.

H. W.

LXXVIII. UNCERTAIN.

If a little of sweet wine be left in vessels, the portion left is turned to vinegar. So after having drawn out the

¹ This Epigram is given as from an oracle by Herodotus, vi. 86.

² Jacobs correctly saw that *κείραι* is an error for *ἀραι*, required by the antithesis.

³ Jacobs quotes Soph. Oed. T. 1227, and Edwards from Shakspeare—
"Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood Clean from my hand ?

whole of life, and coming to the depth of old age, the old man becomes soured.

If in the cask some generous drops remain,
To vinegar 'twill turn from sweetest wine;
And thus, if to the dregs life's joy you drain,
The peevishness of sour old age is thine. H. W.

LXXIX. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 33 EP.

LXXX. ——— 1 — 40 —

LXXXI. ——— 2 — 17 —

LXXXII. ——— 1 — 49 —

Hast thou a friend ! Thou hast indeed
A large and rich supply ;
Treasure to serve you, every need,
Well managed, till you die. W. COWPER.

LXXXIII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 25 EP.

LXXXIV. ——— 2 — 14 —

LXXXV. ——— — — 7 —

LXXXVI. ETON EXTRACTS, 46 —

LXXXVII. UNCERTAIN.

Every reason is vain, that is not brought to a finish
by a thing done ; and every action exhibits a thing done,
as the reason.

LXXXVIII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 41 EP.

LXXXIX. ——— 1 — 99 —

XC. ANACREON.

He is not a friend, who, while drinking wine close to
a full bowl, speaks of quarrels, and tear-bringing war ;
but he, who, mixing together the brilliant gifts of the
Muses and Venus, calls to mind a joyousness delightful.

No friend is he to social joy,
Who these gay moments would destroy
By tales of martial woe ;
But he, who with a toast and song
The sportive pleasures shall prolong,
Which from yon goblet flow. PH. SMYTH.

XCI. SIMONIDES.

When the wind roared, while blowing against the well-wrought chest, and the water was agitated (Danaë) sunk with fear ; nor with cheeks unwetted did she throw her arms around Perseus, and said—Alas ! my child, what troubles do I endure ! and yet thou slumberest sweetly ; and with the feelings of the suckling¹ thou sleepest in a dwelling, cheerless, and bound with bolts of brass, and in darkness, where the night shines with a livid colour. But thou regardest not the wave passing by above thy dry and thick hair, nor the noise of the wind, lying with thy pretty face in a small purple robe. If any thing were dreadful to thee, this² at least is dreadful. And if thou couldest give a slight ear to my words, I exhort thee—Sleep, my babe ; sleep too, thou sea : and sleep, my measureless ills. But may some change of plan³ appear from thee, O Zeus ; and, what is a bold word, I pray for judgments in my favour by the hands of my child.

When the wind resounding high
Bluster'd from the northern sky ;
When the waves in stronger tide
Dash'd against the vessel's side,
Her care-worn cheek with tears bedew'd,
Her sleeping infant Danaë view'd ;
And trembling still with new alarms,
Around him cast a mother's arms.
My child, what woes doth Danaë weep !
But thy young limbs are wrapt in sleep.
In that poor nook all sad and dark,
While lightnings play around our bark,
Thy quiet bosom only knows
The heavy sigh of deep repose.

¹ Such seems to be the meaning of *γαλαθῆναι ἥτορι*— But Wilson, in Blackwood's Magazine, Sept., 1833, p. 428, would read *γαληναίω τ' ἥτορι*— One would prefer *Ἐδ' ἄωρεῖς σιγηλὸν λαθινῶ τ' ἥτορι*— For the sleep of infants is peculiarly silent and forgetful of pain.

² The Greek is *τό γε*, an evident error for *τόδε*—

³ One MS. has *μεταβουλία*, which is, what *μαροιοβουλία* is not, intelligible.

The howling wind, the raging sea,
 No terror can excite in thee :
 The angry surges wake no care,
 That burst above thy long deep hair.
 But could'st thou feel, what I deplore,
 Then would I bid thee sleep the more.
 Sleep on, sweet boy ; still'd be the deep ;
 Oh ! could I lull my woes to sleep !
 Jove, let thy mighty hand o'erthrow
 The baffled malice of my foe ;
 And may this child in future years
 Avenge his mother's wrongs and tears.

LD. DENMAN.

But when around that Dædalean ark
 The wind blew roaring, and the upheaved deep
 O'erwhelm'd the mother's soul with new alarms,
 Her cheeks bedew'd with mournful brine,
 She clasp'd young Perseus in her arms,
 And said, " What woes, beloved child, are mine !
 But thou dost sleep a balmy sleep,
 Like thine own peaceful breast profound,
 Within this joyless home, joyless and dark,
 With brazen bolts encompass'd round,
 All undisturb'd ; though moonbeams play
 Upon the wave, no glimmering ray
 Finds entrance here ; nor billows wild,
 That harmless burst above thy long deep hair,
 Nor the loud tempest's voice, my child,
 Awake in thee one thought of care.
 Thou sleep'st as on a couch ; thy beauteous head
 Still on its purple cloaklet spread ;
 Yet could these terrors terror wake in thee,
 Or could thine infant ear
 Catch but the note of fear,
 These lips pronounce, my words should rather be,
 Sleep, sleep, my child ; and sleep, thou sea ;
 And sleep, oh ! sleep, my misery.
 But hear, great father Jove, my prayer !
 Frustrate this babe's untimely doom—
 Spare him, great Jove ; I bid thee spare—

(Oh ! what a mother's soul may dare—)
 Avenger of my wrongs in years to come. J. L. E.

XCII. THE SAME.

It is the best thing for a mortal man to be in health ;
 the second to be born with a good form ; the third to
 be rich without trickery ; and the fourth to be in the
 prime of life in the society of friends.

The first of mortal joys is health ;
 Next beauty ; and the third is wealth ;
 The fourth, all youth's delight to prove
 With those we love. J. H. M.

XCIII. THE SAME.

This is the beautiful statue of Milo the beautiful,
 who conquered seven times at Pisa, and never fell on
 his knees (vanquished).

Fair statue this of Milo fair ; who won
 Seven times the Pisan prize, and quailed to none.
 STERLING.

XCIV. THE SAME.

Praxiteles has moulded accurately the love, which he
 felt, drawing the model-figure from his own heart, and
 given me to Phryné, as the payment for myself ; and I
 produce a love-philtre, not by drawing a bow, but by
 having her eyes fixed upon me.

Well has the sculptor felt, what he express'd ;
 He drew the living model from his breast.
 Will not his Phryné the rare gift approvè,
 Me for myself exchanging, love for love ?
 Lost are my fabled bow and magic dart ;
 But, only gazed upon, I win the heart. F. H.

XCV. CALLISTRATUS.

In a bough of myrtle I will carry the sword, like
 Harmodius and Aristogeiton, when they killed the ty-
 rant, and caused Athens to be under equal laws. O

dearest Harmodius! thou hast not died wholly;¹ but in the isles of the blessed they say you are, where they say (are) Achilles swift of foot, and Diomed the son of Tydeus. In a bough of myrtle I will carry the sword, like Harmodius and Aristogeiton, when at the festival-sacrifice of Athéné they killed Hipparchus the tyrant-man. Ever your glory through the land shall live, dearest Harmodius and Aristogeiton, because ye killed the tyrant, and caused Athens to be under equal laws.

I'll wreathe my sword in myrtle bough,
 The sword that laid the tyrant low;
 When patriots burning to be free,
 To Athens gave equality.
 Harmodius, hail! though reft of breath,
 Thou ne'er shalt feel the stroke of death.
 The heroes' happy isles shall be
 The bright abode allotted thee.
 I'll wreathe the sword in myrtle bough,
 The sword that laid Hipparchus low,
 When at Minerva's adverse fane,
 He knelt, and never rose again.
 While freedom's name is understood,
 You shall delight the wise and good;
 You dared to set your country free,
 And gave her laws equality. LD. DENMAN.

In myrtles veil'd I will the falchion wear;
 For thus the patriot sword
 Harmodius and Aristogeiton bare,
 When they the tyrant's bosom gored;
 And bade the men of Athens be
 Regenerate in equality.
 Beloved Harmodius, oh! never
 Shall death be thine, who livest for ever.
 Thy shade, as men have told, inherits
 The islands of the blessed spirits:
 Where deathless live the glorious dead,
 Achilles fleet of foot and Diomed.

¹ Instead of *πῶς*, the sense evidently requires *πᾶς*, similar to "Non omnis moriar" in Horace.

In myrtles veil'd I will the falchion wear ;

For thus the patriot sword
Harmodius and Aristogeiton bare,

When they the tyrant's bosom gored ;

When, in Minerva's festal rite,

They closed Hipparchus' eyes in night.

Harmodius' praise, Aristogeiton's name,

Shall bloom on earth with undecaying fame :

Who with the myrtle-wreathed sword

The tyrant's bosom gored ;

And bade the men of Athens be

Regenerate in equality.

ELTON.

XCVI. HYBRIAS THE CRETAN.

My wealth is a great spear and sword, and a beautiful shield, made out of a raw hide, the defence of my skin. With this I plough ; with this I reap ; with this I tread sweet wine from the vine ; by this I am called the lord of the household. And they, who dare not possess a spear and a beautiful shield, made out of a raw hide, all fall on their knees to me, and worship me as their lord, and call me mighty king.

My wealth is here ; the sword and spear ;

The breast-defending shield ;

With this I plough ; with this I sow ;

With this I reap the field.

With this I tread the luscious grape,

And drink the blood-red wine ;

And slaves around in order wait,

And all are counted mine.

But he, who will not rear the lance

Upon the battle-field,

Nor sway the sword, nor stand behind

The breast-defending shield,

On lowly knee must worship me,

With servile kiss adored,

And peal the cry of homage high,

And hail me mighty lord.

SIR DANIEL SANDFORD.

Much riches these me yield,
 My gallant spear and sword,
 And my brave hide-cover'd shield,
 The bulwark of its lord.
 'Tis thus I reap and plough ;
 'Tis thus the sweet grape tread ;
 'Tis thus the household bow,
 And call me lord and head.
 By those, who will not dare
 The spear and sword to wield,
 And the bulwark will not bear
 Of the brave hide-cover'd shield,
 Down on their knees before me,
 While one and all I bring,
 Must as their liege adore me,
 And hail me mighty king.

HAY.

XCVII. ARIPHRON OF SICYON.

O health ! thou most to be honoured amongst the
 blessed (powers), with thee may I live the remainder of
 life ; and may thou be my careful fellow-dweller. For
 if there be to man any pleasure in wealth, or in chil-
 dren, and in kingly-rule, equal to the gods, or in the
 desires, which we hunt after with the hidden nets of
 Venus ; or if there has been seen any other delight
 given by the gods to man, or respite from labours, with
 thee, blessed health, all things flourish, and shines the
 spring of loveliness. But without thee no one is happy.

Health, brightest visitant from heaven,
 Grant me with thee to rest ;
 For the short term by nature given,
 Be thou my constant guest.
 For all the pride that wealth bestows ;
 The pleasure that from children flows ;
 Whate'er we court in regal state,
 That makes men covet to be great ;
 Whatever sweet we hope to find
 In love's delightful snare ;
 Whatever good by heaven assign'd,
 Whatever pause from care ;

All flourish at thy smile divine,
 The spring of loveliness is thine ;
 And every joy that warms our hearts,
 With thee approaches and departs.

BL.

Hygeia, thou most blest of heavenly powers,
 Oh ! may I spend my life's remaining hours
 With thee ; and deign thou, goddess ever blest,
 To dwell with me, a well-pleased fellow-guest.
 Since all the joys, which wealth or offspring brings,
 The pomp, the power, the circumstance of kings,
 Whereby the monarch vies with gods above,
 The eager, furtive, toil-won joys of love,
 All the delights, which heaven to man may doom,
 Bless'd Hygeia, live with thee and bloom.
 Bright shines the Graces' spring, when thou art near,
 And happy hours without thee disappear. HAY.

Oh holiest Health ! all other gods excelling,
 May I be ever blest
 With thy kind favour, and in life's poor dwelling
 Be thou, I pray, my constant guest.
 If aught of grace or charm to mortals lingers
 Round wealth, or kingly sway,
 Or children's happy faces in their play,
 Or those sweet bands which Aphrodité's fingers
 Weave round the trusting heart,
 Or whatsoever joy or breathing space
 Kind Heaven has given to worn humanity,
 Thine is the charm, to thee they owe the grace.
 Life's chaplet blossoms only where thou art,
 And Pleasure's year attains its sunny spring :
 And where thy smile is not, our joy is but a sigh.
 E. B. C.

XCVIII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 1 EP.

XCIX. ——— 3 — 19 —

Attic Maiden, honey-fed, why seize and bear away
 Thy fellow-prattling grasshopper, to thy callow young a prey ?
 Fellow-prattlers, winged both, both visitants together,
 The summer bird, the summer fly, both fond of summer
 weather.

Oh ! let it go, it is not just, 'tis surely very wrong,
 That the conversant-in-song should die by the conversant-
 in-song. HAY.

C. PLATO.

The Paphian Cytherea (Venus) came by sea to Cnidus, desirous of beholding her own image ; and after looking round ¹every where in a spot, seen all around,¹ she cried out—Where did Praxiteles see me naked ? Praxiteles did not see what was not lawful ; but the iron (chisel) cut the Paphian, such as Mars wished.

Bright Cytherea thought one day
 To Cnidos she'd repair,
 Gliding across the watery way
 To view her image there.
 But when arrived, she cast around
 Her eyes divinely bright,
 And saw upon that holy ground
 The gazing world's delight,
 Amazed, she cried—while blushes told
 The thoughts that swell'd her breast—
 Where did Praxiteles behold
 My form ? or has he guess'd ? J. H. M.

CI. THE SAME.

The Graces seeking to obtain a sacred enclosure, which would not fall down, found it in the soul of Aristophanes. X

The Muses seeking for a shrine,
 Whose glories ne'er should cease :
 Found, as they stray'd, the soul divine
 Of Aristophanes. J. H. M.

¹—¹ In lieu of *πάντη*, the sense seems to require *αὐτὴν*, "herself," and *περισκίπτω*, "trodden all round," in lieu of *περισκίπτω*—for the spot where the statue stood was, no doubt, much trodden by persons, who came to see it, like the shrine of Thomas a Becket at Canterbury.

CII. THE SAME.

Seat yourself by this pine¹ with high boughs, that murmurs, while it bristles by (the breath of) frequent Zephyrs, and near the babbling rills my pipe shall bring a heavy sleep upon thy soothed eyelids.

Sit by this pine, whose leaves are murmuring sweet
And bristling, as the Zephyrs frequent rise ;
And by the babbling rills my pipe shall greet
Thy coming, and with slumber seal thine eyes.

G. B.

CIII. THE SAME.

Let the rough tops of the oak-grove be silent, and the rills from the rock, and the much-mingled bleating of ewes who have young ; since Pan himself is playing on his well-toned pipe, by putting his flexible lips over the united reeds ; and the Nymphs who preside over waters, and those who preside over oaks, have formed a dance around with their tender feet.

Sleep, ye rude winds, be every murmur dead
On yonder oak-crown'd promontory's head.
Be still, ye bleating flocks ; your shepherd calls ;
Hang silent on your rocks, ye waterfalls.
Pan on his oaten pipe awakes the strain,
And fills with dulcet sounds the pastoral plain ;
Lured by his notes, the Nymphs their bower forsake
From every fountain, running stream, and lake,
From every hill and ancient grove around,
And to symphonious measures strike the ground.

J. H. M.

Hush'd be the Dryad band on wooded rock ;
Hush'd be the water's dash, and bleating flock ;
E'en now his moist lips o'er the reeds he ran,
Himself the reeds attuning, mighty Pan.
In frolic dance their many-twinkling feet,
Nymphs of the grove and fount, around him beat.

J. B.

¹ Scaliger suggested, what Bosch has confirmed, *κῶνον* for *κῶμον*—

Keep silence now, ye Dryads' craggy rocks,
 Ye gurgling founts, mix'd bleatings of the flocks;
 Pan with moist lips his well-join'd pipe runs o'er,
 And the blithe reeds the jocund strain out-pour;
 While round and round, on light fantastic toe,
 Dryads and Hamadryads tripping go. HAY.

CIV. THE SAME.

ON A SATYR STANDING OVER A FOUNTAIN,
 AND A SLEEPING CUPID.

A hand, like that of Dædalus, designed the Satyr, a son of Bromius (Bacchus), and threw into a mere stone breath in a divine manner; and I am a cousin of the Nymphs; and, instead of the former purple wine, I pour forth pleasant water. Bringing your foot (hither) direct it in a quiet manner, lest perchance you rouse up the boy, who is soothed by a gentle slumber.

From mortals hands my being I derive;
 Mute marble once from man I learn'd to live.
 A Satyr now, with Nymphs I hold resort,
 And guard the watery grottos where they sport.
 In purple wine denied to revel more,
 Sweet draughts of water from my urn I pour.
 But, stranger, softly tread, lest any sound
 Awake yon boy, in rosy slumbers bound. BL.

CV. ETON EXTRACTS, EP. 34.

By the road-side a mark I stand
 For every passing school-boy's hand;
 A helpless butt, whereon to try
 The skill of their rude archery.
 My branches erst so widely spread,
 The leafy honours of my head,
 Scatter'd around me, shent and broke
 By many a pointed marble's stroke.
 Plants of the forest, pray that ne'er
 Your boughs may fruit or blossom bear.
 If to be barren is a curse,
 A fatal fruitfulness is worse. J. H. M.

CVI. ETON EXTRACTS, 10 EP.

CVII. MNASALCAS.

O reed!¹ why hast thou rushed thus to the froth-begotten (Venus)? Why art thou present thus far from a shepherd's lip? Here are no precipices or valleys. But all are Loves and Desire; but the rustic Muse dwells on a mountain.

Say, rustic Pipe, in Cytherea's dome
Why sounds this echo of a shepherd's home?
Nor rocks nor valleys here invite the strain;
But all is Love; go, seek thy hills again. F. H.

CVIII. THE SAME.

I, hapless Virtue, sit here, close to Pleasure, disgracefully, having cut off my ringlets, and am struck in my mind with a great grief, since pleasure with evil thoughts is judged by all to be better than myself.

In woeful guise at Pleasure's gate,
I, Virtue, as a mourner, wait,
With hair in loose disorder flowing,
And breast with fierce resentment glowing;
Since, in the country round I see
Base sensual joys preferr'd to me. J. H. M.

CIX. NOSSIS.

Nothing is more sweet than Love. What are things of wealth, are all secondary. I spit out from my mouth even honey. This says Nossis. He whom Venus has not loved, knows not of what kind are her roses.

What in life is half so sweet
As the hour when lovers meet?
Not the joys that Fortune pours,
Not Hymettus' fragrant stores.

¹ The Epigram, says Jacobs, is supposed to be written on a shepherd's pipe found in a temple of Venus.

Thus says Nossis. Whosoe'er
 Venus takes not to her care,
 Never shall the roses know,
 In her blooming bowers that grow. J. H. M.

CX. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 68 EP.

CXI. NOSSIS.

The tablet has the form of Thymareté. Well has it represented her stately mien, and the beauty of her mild eye. Even the little lap-dog, that guards the house, would wag its tail on beholding it, fancying that it saw the mistress of the mansion.

On yonder tablet graved I see
 The form of my Thymareté ;
 Her gracious smile, her lofty air,
 Warm'd as in life, are blended there.
 Her little fondled dog, that keeps
 Still watch around her while she sleeps,
 Would in that shape his mistress trace,
 And fawning lick her honour'd face. J. H. M.

CXII. ANYTÉ.

This is the spot of Venus ; since it was a delightful thing for her to be ever looking upon the shining sea, whilst she was bringing to an end a voyage agreeable to sailors. But the sea around feels a fear, while it looks upon the glossy statue.

Cythera from this craggy steep
 Looks downward on the glassy deep,
 And hither calls the breathing gale,
 Propitious to the venturous sail ;
 While ocean flows beneath, serene,
 Awed by the smile of Beauty's Queen. BL.

CXIII. THE SAME.

Stranger, rest beneath the rock¹ your tired limbs. A breeze murmurs sweetly amongst the green leaves. And

¹ Instead of *πίρραν* Meineke would read *πύκναν*—"the pine."

from a fountain the cold water drink; for to wayfarers this is an agreeable relief in the heat of summer.¹

Stranger, beneath this rock thy limbs bestow.

Sweet 'mid the green leaves breezes whisper here.

Drink the cool wave, while noon-tide fervours glow;

For such the rest to wearied pilgrim dear.

ANONYMOUS.

Stranger, beneath the rock thy limbs repose,

Way-worn. The breeze 'midst green leaves sweetly blows.

Cool water from a fountain drink. To tired feet

Such rest in summer's heat is ever sweet. G. B.

CXIV. THE SAME.

Sit every one² beneath the beautiful and blooming leaves of a laurel, and draw the pleasant draught of a seasonable stream, whilst you are resting your limbs, panting with the toils of summer, (and) struck³ with the breath of the Zephyr.

Rest thee beneath yon laurel's ample shade,

And quaff the limpid stream that issues there;

So thy worn frame, for summer's toil repaid,

May feel the freshness of the western air. F. H.

CXV. ASCLEPIADES.

Drink, Asclepiades. Why are these tears? What are you ailing? Not of you alone has harsh-tempered Venus made a spoil; nor against you alone has spiteful Love directed⁴ his bow and arrows. Why still living are you placed amongst ashes? Let us quaff a strong draught of Bacchus. The morn is our finger-guide⁵ (for drink-

¹ In lieu of *θερινῶ*, the poet evidently wrote *θερινῶ*—

² Instead of "*ἴεν ἅπας*," Jacobs would read "*ἴεν τὰσδ*"—

³ In lieu of *τυπτόμενα*, Runken would read *ψυχόμενα*: one would prefer *τερπόμενα*.

⁴ As *κατεθήκατο* means "has laid down," which is here unintelligible, the poet wrote, perhaps, *κάκ' ἐφῆκε τὰ*—Meineke suggests *κατερίσινετο*—

⁵ In *δάκτυλος ὥς* is an allusion to *δάκτυλος ἀμῆρα*, in a fragment of Alcæus preserved by Athenæus, x. p. 430.

ing); or wait we to see the lamp that puts us to sleep again. Drink we then gaily. After a period not long; we shall, O hapless one, repose through the long night (of death).

Drink, Asclepiades. Why stream thine eyes?
 Art thou alone resistless Beauty's prize?
 Hast thou alone sustain'd the piercing darts
 Which sportive Love directs at human hearts?
 Why buried thus alive? The rosy ray
 Of morn fades swiftly. Drink thy cares away.
 Wait we again the lamps of drowsy night?
 With wine, with wine salute the dawning light.
 A few short hours, and all our joys are o'er;
 We sleep in darkness and shall quaff no more. F. H.

CXVI. THE SAME.

The remnant of life, whatever it may be, do ye, O Loves, dismiss by the gods, so as to enjoy quietness. But if not, do not strike me with arrows, but with thunderbolts, and reduce me completely to ashes and charcoal. Yes, yes, strike me, ye Loves; for I am willing, if there be any evil greater than this, to endure it, after being reduced to a skeleton by sorrows.

All that is left me of my soul,
 That little all, O Love, release;
 Release, kind Love, from all control,
 And let me be at peace.
 Or, if in vain for ease I pray,
 Bid not thy shafts, but lightnings, fly,
 That so I may consume away
 To ashes, where I lie.
 Strike then, kind Love; nay, do not spare;
 And, if aught worse thou hast in store,
 I do not ask thee to forbear;
 But rather strike the more. J. H. M.

CXVII. THE SAME.

O Night, for I call thee, not any other (deity), to witness how Pythias, the daughter of Nico, has insulted

me, by being a friend deceitfully. I came invited, and not without an invitation. May she suffer in the same way, and standing at my porch find fault with you.

Witness, Night—I ask no more—

What a fool Melissa made me ;

When to be her paramour,

First she lured and then betray'd me.

Not uncall'd I sought her door,

I, her chosen paramour.

Witness, Night, who saw me wait

All your long and dreary hours,

Sighing, shivering at her gate.

Grant me this, ye amorous powers—

May she live herself to be

Cheated, as she cheated me.

J. H. M.

CXVIII. THE SAME.

You spare your virginity. And what profits it? For when you have gone to Hades, you will not find, my girl, a lover (there). The joys of Venus are amongst the living. But in Acheron, we lie, O virgin, bones and dust.

Still glorying in thy virgin flower?

Yet, in the gloomy shades below,

No lovers will approach thy bower ;

Love's pleasures with the living flow.

Virgin, we shall be dust alone

On the sad shore of Acheron.

J. H. M.

CXIX. THE SAME.

Snow, hurl hail, make darkness, burn with lightning,¹ shake the clouds, that render all things on earth of a livid colour. For if you kill me, I will then cease. But if you leave me to live, and yet distribute things worse than these, I will revel. For a deity, who is even thy master, O Jove, draws me along, persuaded once by

¹ The Greek is at present αἶθε, κεραυνῷ. It was originally αἶθε κεραυνῷ. Compare Ep. 342, κεραυνῷ βάλλε—

whom you passed, as gold, through nuptial chambers of brass.¹

Snow on ; hail on ; cast darkness all around me ;
 Let loose thy thunders ; with thy lightnings wound me ;
 I care not, Jove, but thy worst rage defy ;
 Nor will I cease to revel, till I die.
 Spare but my life, and let thy thunders roar,
 And lightnings flash, I'll only revel more.
 Thunderer ! a god more potent far than thee,
 To whom e'en thou hast yielded, maddens me. J. H. M.

CXX. THE SAME.

This is a likeness of Venus. Come, let us see if it be not of Berenicé. I am in doubt to which of the two a person would say it is more like.

This form is Cytherea's. Nay,
 'Tis Berenicé's, I protest.
 So like to both, you safely may
 Give it to either you like best. J. H. M.

CXXI. THE SAME.

This is the sweet labour of Erinna. It is not much, as being that of a virgin's nineteen years old, but of greater power than many others ; and had not Hades come to me quickly, who would have obtained an equal name ?

CXXII. LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM.

Catch well thy prey, hare-hunter ; and if thou art in pursuit of birds, and comest with bird-lime under this double hill,² call from the cliff upon me, the wood-guardian Pan, and I will hunt together with dogs and reeds.

¹ This alludes to the story of Danaë, told by Horace, "Inclusam Danaen," &c.

² By a double hill Brunck understands a valley between two hills. Instead however of τοῦθ' ὑπὸ δισσὸν ὄρος, the poet wrote perhaps τοῦθ' ὑπ' ἑρ' ἀσσον ὄρους, i. e. still nearer under this hill. Toup merely reads λισσὸν for δισσὸν—

Good luck to you, sportsman, while chasing the hare,
Or plying for birds in this dell the limed snare;
Me, the forester Pan, from a crag if you call,
I'll help you to quarry with dogs, reeds, and all.

G. Bo.

CXXIII. THE SAME.

Behold the old Anacreon, abundantly shaken by wine,
with a garland¹ (on his head), upon a well-turned marble (seat). How the old fellow looks with eyes lascivious and moist, and has drawn his robe down to his heels; but one of his slippers he has, like a drunken man, lost; and the other fitted to his wrinkled foot. And he is singing either of the lovely Bathyllus, or Megisteus, while raising on high the lyre, ill-suited to love,² with his hand. But do you, father Dionysus, guard him. For it is not reasonable that a servant of Bacchus should, through Bacchus, fall.

Come, see your old Anacreon,
How, seated on his couch of stone,
With silvery temples garlanded,
He quaffs the rich wine rosy-red.
How, with flush'd cheek and swimming eye,
In drunken fashion from his thigh
He lets his robe unheeded steal,
And drop and dangle o'er his heel.
One sandal's off, one scarce can hide
The lean and shrivell'd foot inside.
Old Anacreon! hark, he sings
Still of love to th' old harp-strings.
Still, Bathylla, still, Megisté,
How he coax'd ye, how he kiss'd ye.
Gentle Bacchus, watch and wait,
You must watch, and hold him straight;
Hold him up; for if he fall,
You lose your boldest Bacchanal.

C. M.

¹ In lieu of *στεφανόν*, Jacobs has ingeniously suggested *στεπρόν*—

² Jacobs explains *τὰν ἀνείπων* by "to which his unsuccessful loves are sung." But such a meaning would be perfectly inadmissible. The words conceal a corruption not difficult to be corrected.

See on this rounded pedestal
 The old Anacreon crown'd
 With garlands, while his senses
 In floods of wine are drown'd.
 His swimming eyes are twinkling
 With sparks of soft desire,
 While at his ancles dangling
 He drags his loose attire.
 And, like a man wine-stricken,
 One buskin he hath on
 A foot so old and shrivell'd ;
 The other buskin's gone.
 And in his hand upraising
 His harp, he softly sings
 Bathyllus or Megisteus,
 Or the pains which loving brings.
 Protect him, father Bacchus ;
 'Tis neither meet nor fair,
 A Bacchanalian votary
 Should fall from lack of care. HAY.

Upon this rounded pedestal behold Anacreon placed ;
 Fill'd full of wine, as if in life, and with a garland graced.
 The old man he looks swimmingly around with amorous
 eyes,

And drags about his ancles his garments, as he hies.
 Of his two buskins one, you see, like a drunkard he hath tint,
 And the other—what a shrivell'd foot—gramercy, is got in 't.
 He needs must sing too, lifting up his love-resounding lyre,
 For Bathyllus or Megisteus hath his soul set all on fire.
 Fly, father Bacchus, to his aid, or you 'll be blamed by all ;
 Shame to your godship 'twere to let such votary get a fall.

WILSON.

CXXIV. THE SAME.

Do not, way-farer, drink here the warm water from a
 pond surrounded¹ by mud, and frequented by sheep,
 but go a little further over the high ground, where heifers

¹ This is the only meaning one can give to *περίπλεον*. But the author wrote perhaps *πυρρός πλέον*, which he meant to unite to *θερμόν*—"more hot than fire—"

feed ; there by that shepherd's pine you will find a stream babbling though a rock, with a pleasant fountain, and colder than the snow of the North.

Not here, O thirsty traveller, stop to drink,
The sun has warm'd, and flocks disturb'd its brink ;
But climb yon upland, where the heifers play,
Where that tall pine excludes the sultry day ;
There will you find a bubbling rill, that flows
Down the smooth rock, more cold than Thracian snows.

BL.

Too lonely is this place ; nor cool, nor clear
The torrent's water ; wanderer, drink not here ;
Climb but yon knoll, the heifer's pasture sweet ;
There by yon pine, the shepherd's noon-day seat,
Thou'lt see from out its rocky fountain flow
The gurgling wave, more cold than Scythian snow.

G. S.

CXXV. THE SAME.

Apelles having seen the well-bedded¹ Venus, as she escaped from the bosom of her mother,² and shining with the foam (of the sea), moulded a form of beauty, most desirable, not painted, but alive. For well does she, with the ends of her fingers, squeeze out her hair, and well does calm desire shine from out her eyes ; and her bosom, the messenger of the prime of youth, is swelling. And Athené and the wife of Jove will say—
We are inferior, O Jove, in the trial.

From her mother's bosom flying,
Glistening with the salt sea-foam,
Our Apelles Venus spying,
Bade his daring pencil roam
O'er her beauties, rapture giving,
Not to paint but catch them living.

¹ Bosch compares εὐλεχῇ Κύπριν with εὐλέκτρον νόμφας in Soph. Antig. 796.

² In the text, given by Edwards, μητρὸς is omitted

'Tis thus her fingers small she weaves
 In her long and dripping tresses ;
 'Tis thus her full round bosom heaves,
 Like rich fruit, that Autumn blesses.
 While her goddess-rivals say—
 "Mighty Jove, we yield the day." J. H. M.

From her own mother's bosom just escaped
 Came genial Venus, while adown her skin
 The foam-bells sparkled. Her Apelles saw
 In all her kindling beauty, and there fix'd
 Not her bright semblance, but her breathing self.
 See with what grace her finger-tips express
 The moisture from her hair, and beautiful
 Is passion's lustre, mildly beaming forth
 From her large eyes ; and oh ! that swelling breast
 Heralds perfection by its quince-like round.
 Minerva's self, and Jove's own queen exclaim—
 Yes, Jupiter, to her we yield the palm. HAY.

CXXVI. THE SAME.

The fiery sun, while rolling his chariot-wheels, has
 caused to disappear the stars and the holy circle of the
 moon. And Homer has reduced to nothingness the
 crowd of minstrels by holding up the most brilliant light
 of the Muses.

Rolling his chariot round, the fiery sun
 Blots out the stars, and the moon's holy light ;
 The host of bards thus Homer has outdone,
 Holding the Muses' torch so high and bright.
 F. H.

CXXVII. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 39 EP.

Eurotas erst to Cypris said—
 "Or clad in arms appear,
 Or hence depart. This city raves
 For buckler, sword, and spear."
 "Nay," faintly laughing, she replied,
 "Though I unarm'd remain,
 Yet Lacedæmon shall no less
 Be held my favour'd reign."

Ne'er yet was Cytherea seen
 Array'd in horrid mail;
 And shameless they, who Sparta's name
 Brand with so false a tale. J. H. M.

CXXVIII. MELEAGER.

If quick wings are stretched about your back, and
 the far-darting points of Scythian arrows, shall I fly from
 you, Love, beneath the earth? For what avails it?
 Since not even Hades, the all-subduer, has escaped
 your power.

If on thy back are stretch'd quick-flying wings,
 And Scythia's arrows with far-darting stings,
 Beneath the earth from thee, Love, shall I fly?
 No; Hades, conquering all, can't thee defy. G. B.

CXXIX. LEONIDAS.

This is the season for sailing. For the twittering
 swallow has already come, and the pleasant Zephyr;
 and the meadows are in flower, and silent has become
 the sea, broken (lately) by waves and the rough gale.
 Take up the anchors, sailor, and let loose the ropes, and
 set sail, giving out the whole canvass. This do I, Priap-
 us, enjoin, who inhabit the harbour, in order that you,
 O man, may set sail for every kind of traffic.

Haste to the port! The twittering swallow calls,
 Again return'd; the wintry breezes sleep;
 The meadows laugh; and warm the Zephyr falls
 On Ocean's breast, and calms the fearful deep.
 Now spring your cables, loiterers; spread your sails;
 O'er the smooth surface of the waters roam:
 So shall your vessel glide with friendly gales,
 And, fraught with foreign treasure, waft you home.
 BI..

'Tis time to sail. Soft blows the breeze;
 The twittering swallow now is heard;
 The fields are green, and still the seas,
 By no rough blast or billow stirr'd.

Cut cable, mariner ; aboard ;
 Weigh anchor ; set thy canvass free ;
 Priapus bids, the harbour's lord ;
 Off, off, with every argosy. G. S.

This is the time for sailing. Back again
 The twittering swallow comes, and Zephyrs mild ;
 The meadows are in flower ; and still the main,
 Lately with blustering winds and billows wild.
 Draw up the anchor, sailor ; ropes let go ;
 And all the canvass let the breeze fill well :
 To thee Priapus, near the port, says so ;
 That thou of traffic may the profits tell. G. B.

CXXX. THE SAME.

The skipping and well-bearded husband of a female goat,¹ once in the enclosure of a vineyard nibbled all the tender branches. To whom a voice from the ground spoke thus much : " Nip off, O thou most wicked one, with thy jaws our fruit-bearing branch ; for the root, still secure, will send up again sweet nectar, enough to pour upon thee, O goat, when sacrificed."

CXXXI. THE SAME.

Ye water-nymphs, the race of Dorus,² may ye come and irrigate this garden of Timocles. For Timocles, the gardener, ever brings from these gardens gifts to you, damsels, in season.

CXXXII. DIOTIMUS OF MILETUS.

Thou old nurse of a loved one,³ why do you bark at me, while approaching (you), and harshly throw me into

¹ Jacobs quotes opportunely from Virgil — "pecori—maritum," and from Horace, "olentis uxores mariti."

² By Δώρου γένος Jacobs understands "the race of some unknown stream, that bore probably that name." Graefe would read διεργόν γένος—He should have suggested δώρ' ὧν γένος—"whose gifts are water"—For thus the gifts of the Water-Nymphs would answer to the gifts of the gardener. Meineke suggests Δώρου, referring to Steph. Byz. in Δώτιον.

³ The sense requires φίλης, not φίλη, as remarked by Jacobs.

I have been
very busy I
am sorry to
hear of your
illness and even

very
much
in the
middle

of the
year

and all day
long I have
been very busy
and I have
not had time to

write to you
for a long time
and I have
not had time to

write to you
for a long time

CXXXV. THEOCRITUS.

Art thou willing, by the Muses, to play something pleasant to me with the double pipe? and I, lifting up the tambourine, will begin to make a noise; and do you, Daphnis, a herdsman, sing near, pleased with the air from the wax-bound (reeds). And let us, standing near to the shaggy-necked¹ cave, deprive Pan, the goat-herd,² of sleep.

CXXXVI. THE SAME.

O thou unhappy Thyrsis, what avails it, should you waste away your two-eyed visage by tears and moaning? The female kid, a lovely youngling, has gone; has gone to Hades. For a rough-haired wolf has throttled it with its paws, while the dogs are howling. What avails it? since not a bone, nor even ashes of the departed, are left.

What boots it, hapless Thyrsis, though your eyes
Should waste in tears, your breast dissolve in sighs?
Lost is the kid—for ever lost above—
Torn by the wolf's sharp fangs—the kid you love.
Hark, how the dogs upbraid thy fruitless moans;
He left not e'en the ashes of his bones. C. M.

Ah! wretched Thyrsis, what avail thy sighs?
Ah! what avail thy twain, tear-moisten'd eyes?
Thy kid, dear kid, hath enter'd Orcus' jaws;
For the fierce wolf has clutch'd her in his claws,
While the dogs bark; ah! nought avail thy groans;
Ne'er shalt thou see the ashes of her bones. HAY.

CXXXVII. MOSCHUS.

Mischievous Love, having laid aside his torch and arrows, took up an ox-driving stick, and placed a wallet adown his shoulders; and, having united the hard-working necks of bulls under a yoke, he went sowing the wheat-bearing furrow of Ceres; and looking up, he

¹ As the MSS. vary between *λασιαύχινος* and *λασίας δρυός*, it is evident they conceal some other reading, still to be discovered.

² Brunck correctly reads *αἰγοβάραν*, in lieu of *αἰγιβάραν*—

said thus to Jove himself—"Fill¹ the ploughed land (with rain), lest I put you, the bull of Europa, under plough—(harness)."

His torch, and bow, and arrows laid aside,
And rustic wallet o'er his shoulders tied,
Sly Cupid, always on new mischiefs bent,
To fields in tillage, fit for furrows, went.
Like any ploughman toil'd the little god;
His tune he whistled, and his wheat he sow'd.
Then sat and laugh'd, and to the skies above,
Raising his eyes, he thus insulted Jove:
"Lay by your hail; the hateful storm restrain,
And, as I bid you, let it shine or rain;
Else you again beneath my yoke shall bow,
Europa's bull, and draw the rustic plough." PRIOR.

Laying aside his bow and torch, a whip
Severe Love took, and at his side a scrip;
Then on the patient oxen doth impose
A yoke, and in the fertile furrow sows;
And looking up—"Good weather, Jove; or thou,"
Saith he, "Europa's bull, shalt draw my plough."

T. STANLEY.

CXXXVIII. CALLIMACHUS.

The sportsman, Epicydés, searches after every hare
In the mountains, and the footsteps of every fawn, making
use of the hoar-frost and the snow. But if any one says
—"Here, this animal has been hit"—he does not take it
up. And such is my love. It knows how to pursue
what flies from it; but it flies past what lies before it.²

Mark, Epicydés, how the hunter bears
His honours in the chase. When timid hares
And nobler stags he tracks through frost and snow
O'er mountains, echoing to the vales below,

¹ Valckenaer, justly objecting to *πλήσον*, proposed to read *βρέξον*, "moisten—" How strange he did not see that the poet wrote, *ἔλπε δ' ἄνω βλεψας*—*Ζεῦ, θύδατι πλήσον*—not *ἀντῷ Διὶ πλήσον*: where *ἀντῷ* is perfectly without meaning, while *θύδατι* is the contraction of *τῷ ὕδατι*, i. e. "thy water."

² This Epigram is translated almost literally by Horace, in I. Sat. ii. 105, as remarked by Jacobs.

If then some clown bawls out—"Here, master, here,
Lies panting at your feet the stricken deer—"
He takes no heed, but starts for newer game.
Such is my love, and such his arrows' aim;
That follows still with speed the flying fair,
But deems the yielding slave below his care. J. H. M.

The hunter, used to frost and snow,
Tracks o'er the mountains every roe
And every timid hare.
But say to him—"Ho! there,
Look to your stricken game—" he takes no heed.
My passion, Epicydés, is the same;
I chase each flying nymph with eager speed,
But pass with disregard the yielding dame. H. W.

CXXXIX. THE SAME.

So may you sleep, Conopion, as you cause me to lie
at these cold portals. So may you sleep, most unjust
one, as you cause your lover to lie; and with not even
the shadow of pity have you given him to meet.¹ The
neighbours pity me. But you not even the shadow of
it. But your grey hair will shortly remind you of all
these matters.

Such sleep, Conopion, on thine eyelids wait,
As sits on his, now shivering at thy gate.
Such sleep, thou false one, as thou bidst him prove,
Who vainly sues thy stony breast to move.
Not e'en a shade of pity thou 'lt bestow.
Others may weep to see me suffer so;
But thou—not e'en a shade. Oh cruel fair!
Be this remember'd with thy first grey hair. J. H. M.

CXL. THE SAME.

The Graces are four. For, in addition to the three
well known, one has lately been moulded; and still

¹ As ἀντίω is not elsewhere united to an accusative—for in the Homeric ἐμὸν λέχος ἀντίωσαν the sense is, "meeting me, as my concubine—" in ἡντιόσας perhaps lies hid ἡν ἐπ' ἄσας, "has been for my pains."

dropping with myrrh is the happily living Berenicé, an object of envy amongst all ; without whom, not even the Graces themselves are Graces.

Four are the Graces. With the three of old
Be Berenicé's heavenly form enroll'd,
Breathing fresh odours. They no more would be
Graces themselves without her company. F. H. M.

The Graces, three erewhile, are three no more ;
A fourth is come, with perfume sprinkled o'er.
'Tis Berenicé, blest and fair ; were she
Away, the Graces would no Graces be. G. S.

CXLI. HEDYLUS.

Let us drink : for we may find, while at wine, something novel, and something neat, and something sweet to say. Wet me then with casks of Chian, and say, "Indulge, Hedylus, in fun ; I hate to live, by not being drunk, in vain."

Drink we. 'Midst our flowing wine,
Something new, or something fine,
Something witty, something gay,
We shall ever find to say.
Flasks of Chian hither bring,
Sprinkling o'er me, whilst you sing—
"Jovial poet, sport and play ;
Sober souls throw life away."

J. H. M.

CXLII. ALCÆUS.

No more, O Nymph-begotten Satyr, shalt thou through pine-producing Phrygia play, as erst, a strain, speaking through the well-bored reeds ; nor, as before, shalt bloom in thine hands the work of the Tritonian Athéné. For thou art kept down as to thy hands by chains, not to be loosened ; because thou, a mortal, didst meet Phœbus in a divine contest : and the pipe which sounded a strain, equally sweet with the harp, has given after the contest not a garland, but Hades.

No more through Phrygia's pine-bearing land
 Shalt thou, as erst, O Nymph-born Satyr, play;
 Nor bid through well-bored reeds the strains expand
 From what Athéné fashion'd; for in chains,
 Not to be loosen'd, are thy fingers bound;
 And pipes, that breathed the harp's mellifluous strains,
 Have garland none for thee, but Hades found;
 Since a mere mortal thou didst dare to call
 To contest Phœbus, lord of music all. G. B.

CXLIII. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 62 EP.

CXLIV. ALCÆUS.

Who has thus fettered you and made you unholily a captive? Who has bound your hands in folds, and devised your dirty face? Where are your rapid arrows, infant? Where the bitter and fire-bearing quiver? Surely the sculptor has laboured vainly, who in this net hath bound you, who cause the gods to be tost wave-like with madness.

CXLV. THE SAME.

Breathe, Pan, the mountain-treader, a strain with thy pleasant lips; breathe it, delighted with the shepherd's reed, and pour forth melody with thy sweet-sounding pipe; and rattle away, directing the harmony of thy fellow-minstrel's words. And around thee, according to the beat of the rhythm, let a divine footing break out from these Water-Nymphs.

CXLVI. DIOSCORIDES.

Who has tied up to this oak the newly despoiled arms? Whose Dorian small-shield has an inscription on it? ¹Who of the brigade at Thyria has approached after the bloody battle? ¹We are left, the only two of

¹—¹ In lieu of *Θυρεῖαις ἐφ' αἶμαρος*, which is unintelligible, the sense requires *Θυρεῖα ριγ' ἀφ' αἶμαρος*— For it appears from Herodotus, i. 82, where the story is told to which Dioscorides alludes, that the Spartan, Othryades, before his own death, which took place after the Argives had run away from the battle-field, wrote with his own blood on his shield,

the Argives. Search every corpse that has fallen, lest some one, left still alive, shall cause to shine¹ a bastard glory at Sparta. Stop your going. For the victory of the Laconians is proclaimed on this² shield by drops of the blood of Othryades, and he who laboured at this work is gasping near. Oh ancestral Jove, hate the marks of a fight, where victory is not.

CXLVII. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 40 EP.

CXLVIII. ANTIPATER OF SIDON.

Venus is not at Sparta, as in other cities, placed as a statue, dressed in soft garments; but on her head she has a helmet instead of a veil, and instead of golden boughs,³ a spear. For it is not meet that she, who is the wife of the Thracian Mars, and a Lacedæmonian, should be without arms.

A Spartan Venus! yes, for there she stands,
Not in soft vestments, as in other lands;
A helmet's weight and not a veil she wears;
No golden myrtle, but a lance she bears.
So should it be; a warlike Spartan's dame
And Mars' own queen should be equipp'd the same.

HAY.

CXLIX. THE SAME.

The deep neck of a bull, and the iron-like shoulders of Atlas, and the hair and the solemn beard of Hercules, and the eyes of a lion in the Milesian giant,⁴ not even the Olympian Jupiter beheld without alarm, what time Nicophon conquered men in boxing at Olympia.

that he was the conqueror; whom the Epigrammatist feigns that the two Argives, who had fled, but afterwards returned to the field, found in a dying state.

¹ Jacobs takes *ἐλαμψε* in a transitive sense.

² Meineke suggests *ἀσπίδι τῇδε* in lieu of *δορίδος ἄδε*—

³ Unless by *ἀρπεμόνων* we are to understand boughs of myrtle—which would be scarcely admissible—it is difficult to say what the writer meant by that word.

⁴ Jacobs correctly refers the "Milesian giant" to Nicophon himself.

CL. THE SAME.

Who hath bound your two hands to a column with bands not to be escaped from? Who hath (put out) fire by fire, and overcome craft by craft? Do not thou, silly one, let fall a tear down thy sweet face. For thou art delighted with the tears of young persons.¹

CLI. THE SAME.

Some say that your nurse, Homer, was Colophon; others, the beautiful Smyrna; others, Chios; others, Ios; and others have bawled out for Salamis with its happy allotments;² others again for Thessaly, the mother of the Lapithæ. And some have shouted for one land, and some for another. But if I must speak unhesitatingly the knowing oracles of Phœbus, the great heaven is your country, and you were not from a mortal parent, but from Calliopé your mother.

From Colophon some deem thee sprung;
 From Smyrna some, and some from Chios;
 These noble Salamis have sung,
 While those proclaim thee born in Ios;
 And others cry up Thessaly,
 The mother of the Lapithæ.
 Thus each to Homer has assign'd
 The birth-place just which suits his mind.
 But if I read the volume right,
 By Phœbus to his followers given,
 I'd say—They're all mistaken quite,
 And that his real country's heaven;
 While for his mother, she can be
 No other than Calliopé.

J. H. M.

CLII. THE SAME.

As much as the trumpet sounds above the flute, made

¹ From this expression Jacobs infers that the Epigram was written upon a Cupid in bonds.

² Why Salamis should be called *ἐκκληρος* even Jacobs has failed to show.

of the bones of fawns, so much does your harp sound above all. Nor in vain has the brown swarm (of bees) formed their honey, bound with wax, around your tender lips, O Pindar. The horned god of Mænalus is the witness, by singing your hymn (upon him) and forgetting the shepherd's reeds.

As the loud trumpet to the goat-herd's pipe,
 So sounds thy lyre, all other sounds surpassing;
 Since round thy lips, in infant fulness ripe,
 Swarm'd honey-bees, their golden stores amassing.
 Thine, Pindar, be the palm by him decreed,
 Who holds on Mænalus his royal sitting;
 Who for thy love forsook his simple reed,
 And hymns thy lays in strains a god befitting.

J. H. M.

As the voice of the jubilant trumpet's swell
 Surpasses the goatherd's flute,
 So, Pindar, wherever thou strik'st the loud shell,
 Overpower'd, all others are mute.
 'Twas for this on thy soft lips the bees in a throng
 Honied labours are said to have plied;
 And Mænalian Pan, for the charm of thy song,
 Laid his pastoral ditty aside.

H. W.

CLIII. THE SAME.

Where, Dorian Corinth, is thy beauty (once) gazed on?
 Where the crests of thy towers? Where thy former pos-
 sessions? Where the temples of the blessed (gods)? Where
 the (private) dwellings? Where the wives of the de-
 scendants of Sisyphus, and the former myriad of people?
 Not even a vestige, thou very hapless city, is left of thee.
 War hath seized upon and eaten up all. We the
 Nereids, daughters of Ocean, alone undestroyed ¹ remain
 Halcyons of your sorrows.¹

¹—¹ This is scarcely intelligible. Perhaps the poet wrote, Ὠκεανίδαι
 δάκρυσι σὺν ἀχέων μνήσκομεν ἀλκυόνας— i. e. "we the daughters of
 Ocean, like Alcyons, remember with tears your sorrows."

Where has thy grandeur, Corinth, shrunk from sight?
 Thy ancient towers, and thy rampart's height?
 Thy godlike palaces and fanes? Oh! where
 Thy mighty myriads and majestic fair?
 Relentless war has pour'd around the wall,
 And hardly spared the traces of thy fall.
 We, Nymphs of Ocean, deathless yet remain,
 And sad and silent sorrow near thy plain. BL.

Where are thy splendours, Dorian Corinth? where
 Thy crested turrets? thy ancestral goods?
 The temples of the blest? the dwellings of the fair?
 The high-born dames? the myriad multitudes?
 There's not a trace of thee, sad doom'd one, left;
 By rav'ning war at once of all bereft.
 We, the sad Nereids, offspring of the surge,
 Alone are spared, to chaunt the Halcyon dirge. H. W.

CLIV. THE SAME.

This is a small dwelling—since I am located near the
 dark wave, the mistress of the moistened shore—but dear
 to me; for I rejoice at the ocean widely fearing, and
 sailors being saved through me. Propitiate Venus; and
 I will breathe favourably upon you, either in love-mat-
 ters, or on the wide-gaping sea.

Small is this dome, where o'er the billowy main,
 Sole empress of the sea-beat shore, I reign,
 Yet dear; for much I love the roaring sea,
 And much the shipwreck'd seaman saved by me.
 Worship thou Venus. Her propitious gales,
 Lover or mariner, shall fill thy sails.

FR. WRANGHAM.

Simple this shrine, where by the dark-white wave

I sit the mistress of a briny shore,
 Simple, but loved; for I delight to save
 The sailor, and to hear the billows roar.

Propitiate Venus; I will prove to thee
 A friend, when toss'd by love, or on the clear blue sea.
HAY.

CLV. THE SAME.

Thee, O swallow, the mother of young ones lately born—thee, just now warming thy offspring under thy wing, did a serpent with many folds, after having entered within the nest where nurslings are tended, deprive of what had been thy labour pains; and when it came rolled up¹ to destroy thee too, while lamenting, it fell into the violent breath of a fire from a hearth. Thus did the evil-doer die. See how Vulcan, as a protector, saved the race,² that came from his son Erichthonius.

CLVI. THE SAME.

Lampon, the hunting dog of Midas, did thirst destroy, although it had laboured much for its life. For with its feet it had dug up the moist ground; but the sluggish water did not hasten from a blind fountain; and it fell giving up the task. The water bubbled up, however. Surely the Nymphs brought upon Lampon their anger for the fawns that had been killed.

CLVII. MELEAGER.

I am lying down. Tread with thy heel upon my neck, thou savage deity. I know thee, by the gods, as being difficult to bear. I know too thy arrows of fire. But if thou hurlest fire-brands against my heart, thou wilt not burn it now. It is all a cinder.

Ay, tread on my neck, tyrant Cupid. I swear,
Though so little, your weight is no trifle to bear.
But I laugh at your darts, tipp'd with flaming desire;
Since my heart, burnt to ashes, is proof against fire.

B. KEEN.

CLVIII. THE SAME.

Why is it strange, if Love, the man-destroyer, shoots

¹ Such might perhaps be the meaning of ἀθροος. But one would prefer ἀθ-βροος—for θ and β are sometimes confounded in MSS.

² Progné was the daughter of Pandion, whose grandfather, Erichthonius, was the son of Neptune.

his fire-breathing arrows, and laughs bitterly with his saucy eyes. Does not his mother love Mars? and is she not the wife of Vulcan, and thus common to fire and swords? Does not the Sea, the mother of his mother, roar roughly under the lashings of the winds? And no one is his father, and he is the father of no one. Hence he possesses the fire of Vulcan, and cherishes anger equal to the waves, and (has) the blood-stained weapons of Mars.

No wonder Love, the ravisher of hearts,
For slaughter raging, hurls fire-breathing darts;
With bitter scorn envenoms every wound,
And laughs at every death he scatters round.
For Mars, the homicide, his mother vows
A lawless flame, while Vulcan is her spouse.
Common to fire and sword, the daughter she
Of the wild, boisterous, tempest-scourged Sea.
But who or whence his sire, can no man trace.
No wonder then, since such is Cupid's race,
His arrows Mars, hot Vulcan's forge supplied
His fire, his fury the remorseless tide. J. H. M.

CLIX. THE SAME.

Terrible is Love, terrible. But what avails it, if I should say, again and again, mourning often, terrible is Love? For surely the boy laughs at this, and is pleased, when often ill-treated; and is nourished, should I speak abuse. And it is a wonder to me, how you, Venus, who appeared through a blue wave, produced out of a moist substance, fire.

Mighty is Love; most mighty; once again
I cry, most mighty, writhing with my pain,
And deeply groaning; who, for mischief born,
Mocks at our woes, and laughs our wrongs to scorn.
The cold blue wave, from which thy mother came,
Proud boy, should quench, not feed, that cruel flame.
J. H. M.

Cruel is Love ; but where's the use,
 Still, "Love is cruel," thus to say ?
 The urchin laughs ; nay, on abuse
 He thrives, revile him as you may.
 Venus, thou daughter of the sea,
 Oh ! how can fire thus spring from thee ? G. S.

CLX. THE SAME.

By Venus, I will burn all things of yours, Love, by firing them, both the bow and quiver that holds the Scythian arrows. Yes, I will burn them. Why do you laugh in a silly manner; and turn up your lip, grinning with a Satyr-like look? Perhaps you will have a Sardonic¹ laugh. For surely I will cut off your quick wings, the guides of desires, and I will rivet a fetter, bound with brass, around your feet. And yet I shall have a Cadmean victory,² if I join you as a near-dweller to my soul, a lynx near goat-folds.³ But come thou, hard to be conquered, and take your light sandals and stretch thy rapid wings towards others.

Love, by the author of your race,
 Of all your sweetest joys the giver,
 I vow to burn, before your face,
 Your arrows, bow, and Scythian quiver.
 Yes, though you point your saucy chin,
 And screw your nostrils like a Satyr,
 And show your teeth, and pout, and grin,
 I'll burn them, boy, for all your clatter.
 I'll clip your wings, although they be
 Heralds of joy ; your legs I'll bind
 With brazen bolts ; you shan't get free.
 Alas ! I have but caught the wind.

¹ The Sardonic laugh would be best paraphrased in English, by "a laugh on the wrong side of the mouth."

² By a Cadmean victory, was meant one equally fatal to both combatants.

³ With this proverb Jacobs compares "ovem lupo committere," in Terence.

Oh! what had I with Love to do,
 A wolf among the sheep-folds roaming?
 There, take your wings, put on your shoe,
 And tell your playmates you are coming. J. H. M.

CLXI. THE SAME.

Let the die be cast. Light (a torch);¹ I will go, behold, with boldness. What thought hast thou, O man, heavy with wine? I will revel, I will revel. Whither, O soul! are you turning yourself? What has reasoning to do with Love? Light quickly. Where is the former study of reason? Let the great labour of wisdom be cast aside. This one thing only do I know, that Love has brought down even the proud bearing of Jove.

The die is cast. Boy, light the torch. I go. Away, away, Untimely fears. Thou drunken fool, what art thou thinking? stay.

I go to mix with Comus' band. With Comus' band? Beware. Intruding Reason, hence! your counsels Love would gladly spare.

Boy, light the torch; be quick. Oh! where has godlike Reason fled?

And Wisdom, where? They prostrate lie among the mighty dead.

But this I know, the same decree binds e'en the gods above;
 The strength of Jove himself has bent before all-conquering Love.
 J. H. M.

CLXII. THE SAME.

By thee, O Bacchus, will I bear with thy boldness. Lead. Commence the revels. A god holds the reins of a mortal heart. Born thyself in fire, thou lovest the fire which is in love; and having again bound me, thou

¹ The party, who is here merely holding a conversation with himself, is supposed by Jacobs to be talking with his slave. But a slave would hardly have dared to call his master *Οἶνοβαρές*. For similar instances of persons talking with themselves, see Soph. Antig. 227, and Shakspeare, Merchant of Venice, Act ii. Sc. 2. In the words *ἄπτε, πορεύσομαι, ἡνίδε, τόλμα*, where *ἄπτε* wants its object, and *ἡνίδε* is perfectly useless, and *τόλμα* without sense or syntax, lies hid something it would not be difficult perhaps to discover.

leadest me thy suppliant. Surely thou art by nature a traitor, and not to be trusted; and telling me to conceal thy mysteries, thou art now willing to disclose mine.

Bacchus, I yield me to thy sway;
 Master of revels, lead the way.
 Conqueror of India's burning plain,
 My heart obeys thy chariot rein.
 In flames conceived, thou sure wilt prove
 Indulgent to the fire of love;
 Nor count me rebel, if I own
 Allegiance to a double throne.
 Alas! alas! that power so high
 Should stoop to treacherous perfidy!
 The mysteries of thy hallow'd shrine
 I ne'er profaned. Why publish mine? J. H. M.

CLXIII. THE SAME.

Give this message, Dorcas; look you, Dorcas, tell her again, a second and a third time, all. Run. Delay not. Fly. Stop a little, Dorcas; a little. Whither, Dorcas, are you hastening, before you have learnt all? Add to what I have said just now—I am silly still more—say nothing wholly—but that—say all. Do not spare yourself from saying all this. And yet, why do I send you, Dorcas? when, see, I am going myself with you onwards?¹

Haste thee, Dorcas! haste, and bear
 This message to thy lady fair;
 And say besides—nay, pray, begone,
 Tell, tell her all—run, Dorcas, run.
 Whither so fast? a moment stay,
 Don't run with half your tale away;
 I've more to tell. Alas! I rave;
 I know not what to do or have.
 Go, tell her all, whate'er you know,
 Whate'er you think; go, Dorcas, go.
 But why a message send before,
 When we're together at the door? J. H. M.

¹ In lieu of *προάγων*, where *προ* could hardly be thus united to *σὺν*, one would prefer *πρόδ' ἄγων*.

CLXIV. THE SAME.

Dorcas, say to Lycænis, "See, how you have been caught loving, as if you were with a coat of plaster.¹ Time does not conceal a feigned love."

CLXV. ETON EXTRACTS, 175 EP.

'Tis a sweet strain, by Pan of Arcady,
Which warbles from thy lyre with thrilling sound,
Zenophilé; oh! how can I be free?
Since Loves on every side enclose me round,
Forbidding me to breathe a single hour
In peace, since first thy beauty, then thy lyre,
Thy face, and then—oh! words of feeble power—
Thy perfect all has set me all on fire. HAY.

CLXVI.

The three Graces ²(have given) a triple crown to my mistress³ Zenophila, the symbols of a three-fold beauty. One has placed upon her Desire, on account of her colour; another, Love on her form; and another, on her discourse sweet-spoken words. Triply fortunate is she, whose bed Venus has furnished;³ language, Persuasion; and sweet beauty, Love.

The Sister-Graces for my fair
A triple garland wove,
When with each other they to make
A perfect mistress strove.
A tint, to mock the rose's bloom;
A form, like young Desire;
A voice, whose melody outbreathes
The sweetness of the lyre.

¹ Jacobs vainly endeavours to defend *ἐπίκτητα*, instead of which Brunck properly proposed *ἐπίτηκτα*, referring most opportunely to Cicero, Epist. Attic. vii. 1.

²⁻³ Instead of *στεφάνωμα συνένυφ*, where Jacobs denies that *σύνενυφ* can be applied to a female, he would read *στεφάνωμ' ἐπένησαν*, "knitted a crown," and thus supply the verb wanting at present.

³ In lieu of *ᾠπλίσεν*, Jacobs suggests *ᾠπασεν*, "gave—" One would prefer *ἐπλασεν*, "moulded—"

Thrice-happy fair ! whom Venus arm'd
 With joy's ecstatic power,
 Persuasion with soft eloquence,
 And Love with beauty's flower. J. H. M.

CLXVII. THE SAME.

I make a proclamation against Love, the wild boy.
 For now, just now, he went away early in the morning,
 flying from his bed. The boy is, with sweet tears, ever
 talking, quick, fearless, laughing slyly, with wings on
 his back, (and) bearing a quiver. But from what father
 he is, I cannot tell. For neither the Air, nor Earth, nor
 Sea, say that they begat the daring (urchin). For he is
 hated in every way by all. But look to him, lest some-
 how he place other¹ nets upon your souls. And yet,
 behold, he is about his lair. Thou hast not escaped me,
 archer, concealed in the eyes of Zenophila.

Love, I proclaim, the vagrant child,
 Who, even now, at dawn of day,
 Stole from his bed and flew away.
 He's wont to weep, as though he smiled,
 For ever prattling, swift, and daring ;
 Laughs with wide mouth and wrinkled nose ;
 Wing'd on the back, and always bearing
 A quiver, rattling as he goes.
 Unknown the author of his birth ;
 For Air, 'tis certain, ne'er begot
 The saucy boy ; and as for Earth
 And Sea, both swear they own him not.
 To all and every where a foe.
 But you must look, and keep good watch,
 Lest he should still around him throw
 Fresh nets, unwary souls to catch.
 Stay, while I yet am speaking, lo !
 There, there he sits, like one forbidden ;
 And did you hope to 'scape me so—
 In Lesbia's eyes, you truant, hidden. J. H. M.

¹ In lieu of ἀλλὰ, one would have expected οὐλὰ, "destructive—"

OYEZ. Take notice, Love, the runaway,
 Fled from his bed-chamber at break of day.
 The boy is an adept at wheedling, crying ;
 Talks much, is swift of foot, and given to lying ;
 Audacious, cunning, and with malice fraught,
 He laughs at mischief his own wiles have wrought.
 With wings for flight equipp'd ; and for attack,
 With darts, he bears a quiver on his back.
 Who is his father, I could ne'er discover ;
 Earth, Air, and Sea, alike disown the rover.
 He's every body's foe. Ah, maids, beware ;
 Youths, too, take heed. For you he spreads the snare.
 But look, can I be wrong ? No. There I spy
 The truant archer, hid in Lesbia's eye. B. KEEN.

CLXVIII. THE SAME.

Now the white violet is in bloom ; in bloom too the
 narcissus ; and in bloom the lily that frequents the hills.
 And now Zenophila, loved by friends, amongst flowers
 a flower in its prime, is in bloom, the sweet rose of
 Persuasion. Ye meadows, why do ye joyous laugh for
 your herbage ? For the maiden is better than sweet-
 breathing garlands.

Now the white snowdrop decks the mead ;
 The dew-besprent narcissus blows ;
 And on the flowery mountain's head
 The wildly scatter'd lily grows.
 Each loveliest child of summer throws
 Its fragrance to the sunny hour ;
 But Lesbia's opening lips disclose
 Divine Persuasion's fairer flower.
 Meadows, why do ye smile in vain,
 In robe of green and garlands gay ?
 When Lesbia moves along the plain,
 She wears a sweeter charm than they. J. H. M.

See, the snow-flake blossoms gaily ;
 Blossoms too narcissus dank ;
 Blossom all the lilies daily,
 Straying over mountain-bank.

Nay, but now, the flower of flowers,
 Fair Zenophilé, is seen ;
 Sweetest rose-bud from the bowers
 Of the love-bewitching queen.
 Meadows, vain your sunny smiles
 On those tresses bright to wear ;
 For the maid hath mightier wiles
 Than the wreaths that scent the air.

G. F. D. T.

The snowdrop peeps from every glade ;
 The gay narcissus proudly glows ;
 The lily decks the mountain shade,
 Where blooms my fair—a blushing rose.
 Ye meads, why vainly thus display
 The buds that grace your vernal hour ?
 For see ye not my Zoé stray
 Amidst your sweets, a sweeter flower. SHEPHERD.

Now the white violets bloom, now bloom the flowers,
 The hyacinths that delight in dewy showers ;
 Now bloom hill-loving lilies, and the rose,
 Love's and Persuasion's flower, in blushing sweetness glows.
 Zenophilé, thou heart enslaver, say,
 Why laugh the meads in all that vain array
 Of beauty ? since my girl is lovelier far,
 Than sweetly-breathing garlands ever are. HAY.

CLXIX. THE SAME.

The goblet is pleasant and glad. It says it touches
 the sweetly-prattling mouth of Zenophila, dear to Love.
 Happy is it. I wish she would place her lips to my lips, and
 without drawing breath drink out the soul that is in me.

Blest is the goblet, oh ! how blest,
 Which Heliodora's lips have prest.
 Oh ! might thy lips but meet with mine,
 My soul should melt away in thine. J. H. M.

CLXX.

Let him be sold, even while slumbering on his mother's breast. Let him be sold. Why should I bring

up this bold thing? For he is naturally with a sly leer, and wings under him; and he scratches the surface (of the skin) with his nails, and in the midst of weeping frequently laughs; and still in addition he is not to be turned aside; ever prattling; keen-looking, wild, and not tamed even by his dear mother; (and) is in every respect a prodigy. He shall therefore be sold. If any trader, sailing away, wishes to buy the boy, let him come forward. And yet, see, he is supplicating, bathed in tears. I will not sell you. Be of good cheer. Remain here a fellow-boarder with Zenophila.

Sell him, whilst on his mother's breast
 He gently sinks in placid rest.
 Sell him. Why should I keep a child
 So bold, so graceless, and so wild?
 How broad his nose! how keen his eyes!
 And now he laughs, and now he cries;
 With fluttering wings and active nails
 He every mortal wight assails.
 The prattling rogue's so bent on riot,
 His mother cannot keep him quiet.
 Sell him. Who 'll buy the infant slave,
 And bear him cross the wintry wave?
 But, see, he prays with flowing tears.
 I will not sell thee. Calm thy fears.
 With me, dear boy, thou still shalt stay,
 And with thy lovely mistress play. SHEPHERD.

CLXXI. THE SAME.

Within my heart has Love himself moulded the
 sweetly-prattling Heliadora, a soul (within) a soul.

CLXXII. THE SAME. .

Pour into (the cup) and speak again and again of
 Heliadora; speak; mingle her sweet name with un-
 mixed (wine); and place around me, wetted with oint-
 ments, and being (a reveller) yesterday, a garland in
 remembrance of her. See, the rose, loved by lovers,

weeps, because it beholds her elsewhere and not in my bosom.

Fill high the goblet ; fill it up ;
 With Lesbia's name divine
 Thrice utter'd crown the sparkling cup,
 And sweeten all the wine.
 Tie round my brows the rosy wreath,
 Which yesterday we wove
 With flowers that yet of odours breathe,
 In memory of my love.
 See how yon rose in tears is drest,
 Her lovely form to see
 No longer folded on my breast,
 As it was wont to be.

J. H. M.

Fill—give the health—once more, once more—
 Mix Heliodora's name with wine ;
 The ruby juice untemper'd pour,
 And round my brow the garland twine ;
 Memorial of the gift it blooms
 With flowers that yesterday o'ertopp'd their stems ;
 But now, dipp'd moist in new perfumes,
 Shed odour drops from their anointed gems.
 Lo ! the rose weeps, the lover-loving flower,
 To see the nymph away, who shared my bower.

ELTON.

CLXXIII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 86 EP.

CLXXIV. MELEAGER.

I will twine the white violet ; I will twine the tender narcissus with myrtles ; I will twine also the laughing lilies. I will twine too the sweet crozus ; and I will twine, in addition, the purple hyacinth ; and I will twine the roses, loved by lovers ; in order that on the temples of Heliodora with perfumed locks a garland may throw flowers on her hair with beautiful ringlets.

I'll wreath the white violets ; with the myrtle shade
 Bind soft narcissus ; and amidst them braid
 The laughing lily ; with whose virgin hue
 Shall blend bright crocus, and the hyacinth blue.
 'There many a rose shall interwoven shed
 Its blushing grace on Heliodora's head,
 And add fresh fragrance, amorously entwining
 Her cluster'd locks, with spicy ointments shining. J. H. M.

I'll twine white violets, and the myrtle green ;
 Narcissus will I twine, and lilies sheen ;
 I'll twine sweet crocus, and the hyacinth blue ;
 And last I'll twine the rose, love's token true ;
 That all may form a wreath of beauty, meet
 To deck my Heliodora's tresses sweet. G. S.

CLXXV. THE SAME.

By Love, I would rather hear the voice of Heliodora
 close to my ears, than the harp of the son of Latona.

PARODIED BY H. W.

Dear Jenny Lind ! I'd rather hear you sing,
 Than Paganini fiddle "on one string."

CLXXVI. THE SAME.

I asserted once in stories,¹ that the sweet prattling He-
 liodora conquered the Graces themselves by her graces.
 The sweetly prattling Heliodore, 'tis true,
 Does e'en the Graces by her grace subdue. G. B.

CLXXVII. THE SAME.

O bee, living amongst flowers, why touch the skin of
 Heliodora, and leave the buds just expanded in the
 spring ? Surely you point out that it is both sweet, and
 possesses ever the bitter sting of love, to be with diffi-
 culty endured by the heart. Yes, I think, you have said
 so. Go then, loved by lovers, with your foot back
 again. We have known of old your tidings.

Wandering bee, who lov'st to dwell
 In the vernal rose-bud's cell,

¹ This seems scarcely intelligible. Hence for *ἐν μύθοις* perhaps the poet wrote *οὐ μεθύσας*—"not drunk ;" i. e. in sober earnest.

Wherefore leave thy place of rest,
 To light on Heliadora's breast ?
 Is it thus you mean to show,
 When flies the shaft from Cupid's bow,
 What a sweet and bitter smart
 It leaves within the wounded heart ?
 Yes, thou friend to lovers, yes,
 I thy meaning well can guess :
 'Tis a truth too soon we learn ;
 Go ; with thy lesson home return. J. H. M.

Little bee, on blossoms faring,
 Why neglect the spring to seek ?
 Why to settle art thou daring
 On my Heliadora's cheek ?
 Is it, thou art me assuring
 Love has something sweet to bring,
 But withal, past heart's enduring,
 Leaves a bitter in his sting.
 Yes, I ween, this was your presage ;
 Get thee hence, thou lover's friend ;
 Long ago I've known your message ;
 Hence begone, I cannot mend. G. F. D. T.

CLXXVIII. THE SAME.

Thou vocal Tettix, drunk with drops of dew, thou
 singest the Muse, that lives in the country, and prattles
 in the desert ; and sitting with thy serrated limbs on the
 tops of petals, thou givest out the melody of the lyre
 with thy dusky skin. Come then, friend, and speak
 some new playful thing to the Wood-Nymphs, and
 chirrup a strain responsive to Pan, in order that, after
 flying from Love, I may find mid-day slumber here,
 reclining under a shady plane-tree.

Oh ! shrill-voiced insect, that with dew-drops sweet
 Inebriate, dost in desert woodland sing,
 Perch'd on the spray-top with indented feet,
 Thy dusky body's echoings, harp-like, ring.
 Come, dear Cicada, chirp to all the grove,
 The Nymphs and Pan, a new responsive strain,

That I, in noon-day sleep, may steal from Love,
Reclined beneath the dark o'erspreading plane.

ELTON.

Tipsy with dew-drops, through the desert shrill,
Noisy Cicada, thou thy strain dost trill;
And from thy dusky sides with jagged feet,
Perch'd on an air-hung spray, draw'st music sweet.
With some new chirrup, friend, the Dryads cheer,
Rival to Pan's, some carol bid them hear;
That 'scaped from Love, secure at noon-tide laid,
I may woo slumber 'neath the plane-tree's shade.

FR. WRANGHAM.

Loud-sounding grasshopper, 'tis thine, with dew-drops drunk,
to fill

The speaking solitudes afar, with thy rural notes so shrill;
Thou sitt'st on high, and ne'er thy feet, broad, flat, and
saw-like, tire

In striking from thy dusky wings clear notes, as from a lyre;
Come then, some new and sportive song, to the Wood-
Nymphs now essay,

Thou loved one, while thy rival Pan gives back th' alternate
lay;

That Love may for a while forbear to pierce this heart of
mine,

While I, in quest of noon-tide sleep, in the plane-tree's shade
recline.

HAY.

Fill'd with the morning's roseate dew, thy song
I heard along the solitary hills
Resounding, and the lonely crags, far off
From haunts of men. For thou the leafy shade
Lovest, and woodland solitudes; there best
Thy lyre attuning, and with joyous feet
Striking thy wings sonorous. For my sake
Sing to the Nymphs, who haunt the forest glades;
Sweet insect-warbler, sing another song,
Pan's own pipe rivalling; and sing for me,
That, flying Love importunate, in peace
My noon-day slumbers I may take, stretch'd out

In some cool grot, or where the streamlet winds
Beneath yon Platane's broad incumbent shade.

JOHN MITFORD.

CLXXIX. THE SAME.

O thou cricket, that cheatest me of my regrets, the
soother of slumber! O thou cricket, that art the Muse
of the ploughed fields, and art with shrill wings the
self-formed imitation of the lyre, chirrup me something
pleasant, while beating your vocal wings with your
feet. How I wish you would, O cricket, release me
from the troubles of much sleepless care, weaving the
thread of a voice, that causes Love to wander away.
And I will give you for morning-gifts leek ever bloom-
ing, and drops of dew cut up for thy mouth.

Thou locust, soother of my love, whose music slumber
brings—

Thou locust, minstrel of the fields, endow'd with shrilly
wings—

Thou artless mimic of the lyre, some song of beauty sing,
By striking with thy pliant feet each music-speaking wing.
Thou locust, trill me from thy chords a love-releasing strain,
That thus thou may'st remove my care, my ever wakeful
pain;

And I'll the evergreens to thee as morning gifts assign,
And dew-drops split in parts to fit that little mouth of
thine.

HAY.

CLXXX. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 22 EP.

CLXXXI. MELEAGER.

The bull himself bellows as a suppliant at thy altar,
ethereal Jove, as if about to release¹ his soul from death.
Dismiss then, son of Saturn, the ploughing animal. For
thou wert thyself, O king, the sailing bull of Europa.

The suppliant-bull, to Jove's high altar led,

Bellows a prayer for his devoted head.

Spare him, Saturnius; this the form you wore,

When fair Europa through the waves you bore.

J. H. M.

¹ So the sense requires us to read, *ῥυσόμενος* for *ῥύόμενος*.

CLXXXII. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 2 EP.

CLXXXIII. POSEIDIPPUS.

Yes, yes, shoot at me, Loves. I lie one with many (others) a mark. Do not foolishly spare me. For if ye are victors over me, ye will be archers of renown amongst men, and lords of the mighty quiver.

CLXXXIV. THE SAME.

Being well armed,¹ I will fight even against thee, nor will I be faint-hearted, although a mortal. Do thou then, Love, approach me not. If thou layest hold of me, when drunk, take me away, thy captive. But as long as I am sober, I possess reason, arrayed against thee.

CLXXXV. THE SAME.

O Cecropian flagon, pour forth the dew-like vapour of Bacchus; pour forth; (and) let the drinking, paid for by joint-shares, become like dew. (But) let Zeno, the swan of wisdom, be silent, and the muse of Cleanthes. Love, sweet and sour, is a cure for us.

CLXXXVI. WESTMINSTER, 4 BOOK, 28 EP.

- A.* Whence did he come? and what the sculptor's name?
B. Lysippus; and from Sicyon he came.
A. Thy name? *B.* All-potent Opportunity.
A. On tiptoe why? *B.* I'm ready aye to flee.
A. But why that two-fold nature, winged feet?
B. Than heaven's own blasts my movements are more fleet.
A. The razor in thy right hand, tell me why?
B. Sharp is its edge; but sharper still am I.
A. Why hair on front? *B.* That he, who meets me, may hold fast, by Jove. *A.* Why bald behind? now say.
B. When once my winged feet have borne me past,
 Man tries in vain behind to hold me fast.
A. Sculptured on whose account? *B.* Thine, friend; and see,
 My site's the temple's porch, that all may learn of me.

HAT.

¹ Instead of *Εὖοπλον* Jacobs suggests *Εὖοπλῶ*—He should have read *Εὖοπλος ὤν*—

A. Who is the sculptor, say, and whence ?

B. From Sicyon. A. What is he,
By name ? B. Lysippus. A. Who art thou ?

B. I am Opportunity.

A. Why is a razor in thy hand ?

B. More keen my edge is set.

A. Why hast thou hair upon thy brow ?

B. To seize me by, when met.

A. Why is thy step so high and light ?

B. I am running all the day.

A. Why on each foot hast thou a wing ?

B. I fly with the winds away.

A. Why is thy head, then, bald behind ?

B. Because men wish in vain,
When I have run on winged feet,
To catch me e'er again.

A. Why did the artist form thee so ?

B. To place me in this hall,
That I a lesson thus might give
To thee, friend, and to all.

T. C.

CLXXXVII. ARCHELAUS ; OTHERS SAY, ASCLEPIADES.

Lysippus has moulded the daring and the whole form of Alexander. What meaning has this brass here ? He in brass is, while looking up to Jupiter, like to a person about to say—"I place the Earth under me ; do you, Jupiter, keep Olympus."

What power, Lysippus, hath thy bronze !

The conqueror's daring mien

And Alexander's glorious self

Embodied here is seen.

The living metal seems to say,

With eyes uplift to Jove—

Mine are the realms of earth below ;

Thine be the realms above.

G. S.

CLXXXVIII. DORIEUS.

Such was Milo, when he lifted up from the earth as a weight a four-year-old heifer, at a feast sacred to

Jove; and carried on his shoulders the monstrous animal, as if it were a young lamb, easily through the whole public meeting. This was a wonder. But he performed a still greater wonder than this, O stranger, when present at the sacrificial festival at Pisa. For the bull, with which, not as yet put under the yoke, he had made a procession, he cut up for its flesh, and ate all of it alone.

CLXXXIX. DIODORUS ZONAS.

Give me a cup, made of the clay, from which I came, and under which I shall lie when dead.

CXC. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 15 EP.

Spare the parent of acorns, good wood-cutter, spare ;

Let the time-honour'd Fir feel the weight of your stroke,

The many-stalk'd Thorn, or Acanthus, worn-bare,

Pine, Arbutus, Ilex—but touch not the Oak.

Far hence be your axe ; for our grandams have sung,

How the Oaks are the mothers, from whom we all sprung.

J. H. M.

CXCI. DIODORUS ZONAS.

Nymphs, daughters of Nereus, did ye on the bank see Daphnis, how he washed off the dirt that was on him, like down? when he leapt into your streams, burnt by the dog-star, slightly suffused with red as to the apple-like swelling of his cheeks. Tell me, was he not¹ beautiful? or have I (Pan)² become³ a goat, not only in my legs, but still more in my heart?

CXCII. PHILODEMUS.

I fell in love with Demo of a Paphian family. It is no great wonder. And secondly with Demo of Samos. This is no great thing. And thirdly, again, with Demo of Ionia. Are not all these playthings? And fourthly

¹ The Greek is Εἵπαρί μοι,—It was probably Εἵπαρί μ', οὐ—

² This is inserted to show who is the party speaking.

³ Schæfer has suggested ἐγεννάθην for ἐγυῖώθην—

with Demo of Argolis. Surely the Fates themselves have named me Philo-Demus (Demo-loving); since ever a warm desire for a Demo possesses me.

CXCIII. ETON EXTRACTS, EP. 178.

CXCIV. PHILODEMUS.

Not yet is thy summer naked of buds, nor has the grape, which first shows forth the beauties of a maiden, become dark; but already are young Loves sharpening their rapid arrows, Lysidicé, and a secret fire is smouldering.* Let us fly, who are ill in love, while the arrow is not yet on the string. I am the fore-teller of a great conflagration shortly.

Not yet the blossoms of the spring decay'd,
Nor full the swelling treasures of the vine;
But the young Loves prepare their darts, sweet maid,
And light their fires upon thy virgin shrine.
Oh! let us fly, while yet unstrung their bows,
And yet conceal'd the future splendour glows.

J. H. M.

CXCIV. THE SAME.

Artemidorus has given us cabbage, Aristarchus pickled fish, and Athenagoras little bulbous roots; Philodemus, a small heart;¹ Apollophanes, two minæ worth of pork; and there were still three from yesterday. Eggs, and garlands, and sandals,² and myrrh take from us, boy;³ I am willing to come at the tenth⁴ hour.

CXCVI. THE SAME.

O Melicerta, the daughter of Ino, and thou, Leucothoë with blue eyes, who rulest the main, a deity warding off evil, and ye choirs of Nereids, and ye waves,

¹ "Of a goose," says Jacobs.

² This is added, says Jacobs, because sandals were not worn at Rome, except at suppers and wine-parties.

³ So Meineke, by reading *wai* for *kai*—

⁴ i. e. in the evening.

and thou Neptune, and thou Thracian Zephyr, the mild-est of winds, propitiously carry me, while escaping over the wide wave, safe to the sweet land of the Peiræus.

CXC VII. THE SAME.

The stone contains three immortals. For the head marks correctly Pan, with goat's horns; the breast and belly, Hercules; Mercury, with winged feet, has obtained by lot what remains of the thighs and shins. Do not any longer, stranger, refuse to sacrifice. For of one sacrifice do we three gods partake.

CXC VIII. THE SAME.

There is already the rose, and the chick-pea in its prime, and the stalks of the first-cut cabbage, Sosylus; and ¹the shining mæne,¹ and the salt-cheese lately prest, and the delicate-grown² leaves of the crisp lettuce. But we do not go to the sea-shore;³ nor are we, Sosylus, as ever formerly, in a spot that has a look-out. And yet Antigènes and Bacchius were playing yesterday; but now we are carrying them out to bury to-day.

CXC IX. THE SAME.

To-morrow to a slender nest-like hut does a muse-loving friend draw thee, dearest Peison, at the ninth hour, when celebrating his twentieth birthday. But should you miss the teats (of a sow),⁴ and the quaffing of wine, produced at Chios, still will you see very true friends; still will you hear strains more mellifluous than those in the land of the Phæacians.⁵ But if you

¹—¹ The Greek is *μαῖνη ζαλαγεῦσα*: where Scaliger acutely suggested *σελαγεῦσα*: for he knew that most of the fish of the Mediterranean, when taken first out of the water, have a brilliant appearance. Jacobs would identify *μαῖνη* with *μαῖνις*, which was a small fish, perhaps not unlike the English white-bait.

² Instead of *ἀφροφύη*—for the lettuce could not be said to be sprung from "foam"—Meineke has suggested *ἀβροφύη*—

³ To dine on the sea-shore, Jacobs says, was an act of luxury. The object was, perhaps, to be able to cook the fish as soon as it was caught.

⁴ This, says Jacobs, was deemed a delicacy at Rome.

⁵ Here is an allusion to Homer, *Od.* *Θ.* 248.

will turn your eyes upon us, Peison, we will celebrate our twentieth (birthday) rather richly instead of frugally.

To-morrow, Piso, at the evening hour,
Thy friend will lead thee to his simple bower,
To keep with feast our annual twentieth night;
If there you miss the flask of Chian wine,
Yet hearty friends you'll meet, and while you dine,
Hear strains like those in which the gods delight;
And if you kindly look on us the while,
We'll reap a richer banquet from thy smile. J. H. M.

CC. ARCHIAS.

It is of brass; but see what boldness of a boar has the modeller produced, while giving a form to a breathing wild beast, that bristles with the hairs on its neck, gnashes with its sharpened tusk, sends from its eyes a terrible brilliancy, (and) has its lips moistened with foam. It is no wonder that it destroyed a select host of young men.¹

'Tis bronze; but mark with what fierce prowess fired,
By cunning hands, and with what life inspired.
Erect his bristles stand; his tusks for fight
He gnashes, and his eyes flash horrid light;
All bathed his lips in foam. Heroes, no more
We marvel, that ye fell by such a boar. G. S.

CCI. THE SAME.

From her nurse, the sea, Apelles saw Venus herself brought forth naked. And such he moulded her, squeezing her ringlets, still wet with the foam of the water, with her tender hands.

When from the sea, her nurse, appear'd in view
Venus, Apelles saw her naked charms;
And moulded her, still wet with Ocean's dew,
And her locks squeezing with her tender arms. G. B.

¹ This alludes to the body of young men, who went out to hunt the Calydonian boar. See Ovid *Metam.* viii. 271, and foll., whose description of the animal is taken from Hesiod's *Shield of Hercules*, v. 388—392.

CCII. ETON EXTRACTS, 163 EP.

Rock-loving Echo, antitype of sound,
 Pan's mistress, that gives back his jocund strain,
 The speaking image of all mouths around,
 The favourite play-thing of the happy swain,
 Lives there in stone. Speak, stranger, while you gaze;
 It too will speak; hark! now go your ways. HAY.

CCIII. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 12 EP.

Say not a word, when Echo you pass near,
 Who babbles, and is still. Whate'er I hear
 I answer. If from you there comes no sound,
 I'm silent. Where can tongue be juster found? G. B.

CCIV. ARCHIAS.

On this wave-beaten rock did sailors place me, Priapus, as the guardian of the Thracian Bosphorus; to whom, when calling upon me, I have frequently come as a quick helper, O stranger, bringing the pleasant Zephyr down on the stern. Wherefore, as is right, you shall behold my altar not without the steam of fat, nor wanting the garlands of the spring, but ever with frankincense and the fire of sacrifice. And yet not even an hecatomb so pleases¹ the deities, as does a slight honour.

CCV. THE SAME.

I, Priapus, little to look upon, am dwelling upon a spur of land on the sea-shore, with a life not the least hostile to sea-birds, with a pointed head, without feet, such as the sons of hard-labouring fishermen would have carved on desert strands. But if any person, fishing with a basket or a rod, shall call upon me to assist, I come quicker than the wind, and I behold what is running² under the water. Truly the deities have a character from their acts, not their form.

¹ In ἀνδάματα, which is not found elsewhere in the passive or middle voice, lies hid ἀνδάνε τι: and hence for τιμή the syntax requires τιμῆς—

² By τὰ θείοντα, Jacobs understands, "vessels running over the sea." He should have suggested γὰρ τὰ παθόντα in lieu of καὶ τὰ θείοντα—For it is not when vessels are running over the sea, but when they are suffering in it, that the aid of a deity is required.

CCVI. THE SAME.

The (horse called) Eagle,¹ who formerly shone (in glory) more than the steeds, whose feet are as fleet as hurricanes—who formerly concealed² his limbs under (costly) trappings³—whom the oracle-singing Pytho crowned as the prize of Phœbus, when it started, like a bird, swift on wing, and Nemea, the nurse of the grim lion,⁴ and Pisa, and the Isthmus, that has a doubled sea-shore,⁵ is now fettered in his neck by a clog, as if it were a rein, and grinds⁶ with a rugged stone the fruit of Ceres, enduring a fate equal to that of Hercules; for he, after having accomplished deeds so many, fitted himself to a slavish yoke.

CCVII. THE SAME.

I, O man,⁷ who carried away the crown at the Al-phéus⁸—I, who was formerly twice proclaimed (victor) at the water of Castalia—I, who was formerly bruited at Nemea—I, formerly the (race)-horse at the Isthmus—I, who formerly ran equal to the winged winds—am now, when become old, turning round, as you see the stone that runs in a circle, (and)⁹ am driven along, the insolence of crowns.⁹

¹ Amongst the ancients, as amongst the moderns, names were given to horses, indicative of some peculiar power they exhibited.

² In lieu of *καταψάμενος*, which is scarcely intelligible as regards the sense, and inadmissible on the ground of syntax, the author probably wrote *καλυψάμενος*—

³ The word *μίτρα* is elsewhere applied to a head-dress.

⁴ Compare in Horace, "Jubæ tellus—leonum Arida nutrix."

⁵ So Horace has "bimaris—Corinthi."

⁶ Instead of *ἐλά*, which Jacobs vainly defends, Pierson suggested *ἀλεί*—

⁷ The horse is addressing his master, a miller, as shown by *Æsop's* *Fab.* 193, ed. Coray. Jacobs objects to *ὦ νεπ*— but is unable to suggest any thing satisfactory.

⁸ The river *Alphéus* was near Pisa, where the Olympic games were celebrated, and the fountain *Castalia* near the spot where the Pythian took place.

⁹—⁹ Such is the literal version of the Greek *στεφάνων ὕβρις ἱλαυνόμενος*— But the poet probably wrote *στεφάνων θ' ὕβρις ἔλεν με γάνος*, i. e. "and insulting conduct has taken away from me the glory of crowns."

Beside Alphéus victor I was named,
 And by Castalia's waters twice proclaimed;
 Known to the Nemean and Isthmian course;
 Not the wing'd wind could match the favourite horse;
 Now, in my age, I turn this circling stone,
 And shame the glory of each youthful crown. G. S.

CCVIII. LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA.

Thou, O swallow, who hast flown through the whole
 of the earth and islands, art bringing up thy young in
 the picture-frame of a painted Medea; and dost thou
 expect that this Colchian will keep any faith with thy
 young ones, who did not spare even her own children?

Thou sielie fowle, what means this foolish paine,
 To flie to Colche to hatch thy chickins there?

A mother thou mayst hap returne again;

Medea will destroy thy broode, I feare.

For she, that spared not to spoil hir owne,

Will she stand friend to fowles, that are unknowne?

TUBERVILLE.

CCIX. POMPEIUS; SOME SAY, MARCUS THE YOUNGER.

Although I lie here, Mycéne, the dust of a desert,
 and although I am more obscure to the sight than every
 hillock, yet any one, who has looked upon the renowned
 city of Ilus, whose walls I have trodden down, and
 made empty every dwelling of Priam, will know from
 thence how strong I was formerly; and though old age
 has exposed me to insult, I am satisfied with Mæonides
 (Homer) as a witness (in my favour).

CCX. ETON EXTRACTS, 150 EP.

CCXI. ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA.

The diviners by stars say I shall breathe (live) for
 thrice ten and twice three (years). But for me even the
 third decad is sufficient. For this is the limit of the life
 of man. But the limits beyond this are for Nestor; and
 even Nestor arrived at Hades.

CCXII. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 94 EP.

CCXIII. ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA.

Antipater has given a little book, as a birthday present, to Peison, having laboured at it for one night. And may he receive it kindly, and praise the poet; since the great Jove is soothed by a little frankincense.

CCXIV. THE SAME.

These women, who spake like gods in their hymns, has Helicon brought up, and the Macedonian rock of Pieria, (namely,) Praxilla, Mæro, the mouth¹ of Anyté, the female Homer; Sappho, the ornament of the Lesbian damsels with their lovely locks; Erinna; the renowned Telesilla; and thee, Corinna, who sang the martial shield of Athéné; the sweet-tongued² Nossis; and Myrtis the sweet-sounding, all workers on the pages that flow (live) for ever. The great Heaven has produced nine Muses; and nine, too, the Earth, an unperishing source of delight to mortals.

The Heliconian springs and rocky steep
Of Macedonian Piërus have heard
The god-voiced strains of women, and with songs
Praxilla nurtured—Myro—Anyté,
The female Homer—thee of Lesbian dames
Famed for their flowing ringlets—Sappho first
In glory—and Erinna—Telesilla,
Great in thy growing fame—Corinna, thee—
Thee, the bright songstress of the warlike shield,
Athena's—Nessis mild and woman voiced—
And gentle Myrtis last—meet makers all
On the bright page of ever-living song.
Nine Muses mighty Uranus produced,
And nine the Earth—a deathless joy to man. HAY.

¹ Jacobs quotes appositely "os Pindari," from Velleius Paterc. i. 18.

² As every poetess might be called *θηλύγλωσσος*, it is strange that Jacobs did not suggest *θ' ἡδύγλωσσον*—from the usual confusion in A and Δ.

CCXV. THE SAME.

Praise the strong verse of the untiring Antimachus, worthy the (stern) eyebrow of ancient demigods,¹ worked on the anvil¹ of the Pierian (Muses), if thou hast obtained by lot an acute ear; if thou admirest a voice, in which there is no laughter;² if thou seekest a road untrodden and untravelled by others. And though Homer holds the sceptre of song, and Jove is superior to Neptune, yet Neptune, inferior to him, is the (next) highest of the immortals. And the inhabitant of Colophon is placed under Homer indeed; but he is the leader of the mass of other minstrels.

CCXVI. THE SAME.

O books of Aristophanes, the labour of a god, on which the ivy of Acharnæ has shed in abundance its green foliage. See how much of Bacchus does the page present; and how the tales, filled with austere Graces, send a sound. Oh thou the best in spirit, and a Comic writer equal to the habits of Greece! who hast both a hate of, and a laugh against, things worthy (of either).

The plays of Aristophanes! around that work divine,
Th' Acharnian ivy's clustering wreaths in verdant glory
twine.

What inspiration in the page! 'Tis Bacchus' self! What
sounds

Of graceful poesy, which yet with dreaded wit abounds.
Genius of Comedy! how just, how true to all that's Greek,
Whate'er in satire or in jest thy personages speak. H. W.

CCXVII. THE SAME.

Orpheus soothed wild beasts, but thou (sootheest) Orpheus (himself). Phœbus conquered the Phrygian,³ but he yields to thee, Glaphyrus,⁴ a name suited to thy art and

¹— Compare Horace's expression—"tornatos incudi reddere versus."

² Jacobs refers to Quintilian, x. 53, where Antimachus is similarly described.

³ Namely, Marsyas.

⁴ Jacobs refers to Juvenal, vi. 77.

body. Athéné would not have thrown away the pipe, had she played such notes as thou dost, giving a varied pleasure; and Sleep himself, on hearing thee, would slumber in the arms of Pasithee.

CCXVIII. ETON EXTRACTS, 13 EP.

CCXIX. ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA.

Juno once said, when cut up¹ by the beauty of Gany-mede, and having in her heart the soul-eating sting of jealousy, "Troy has produced a male flame for Jupiter; therefore will I send a flame against Troy, (namely,) Paris the bringer of calamity; and there shall come to the people of Ilium not an eagle,² but vultures, to a feast, when the Greeks shall take away the spoils of their labours."

CCXX. ALPHEUS.

I will snatch, Love, the burning torch from your hand, and I will rob you of the quiver that hangs about your shoulders, if you, the offspring of fire, are really asleep, and if we mortals have for a little time rest from your arrows. But even thus I fear you, the plotter of craft, lest you should conceal³ some things against me, and see even in sleep an unpleasant dream.

CCXXI. APOLLONIDES.

On this day cut off, Caius, the first pleasant harvest of your cheeks, and the youthful curls of your chin, and your father Lucius shall receive in his hand your prayed-for down, which has been growing for many a day;⁴ and persons will make you presents of gold, but I of joyous elegiac verses; for the Muse is not worse than Plutus.

¹ The word in Greek is *πριονίμα*, "sawn," for which the proper English here is "cut up—"

² This alludes to the eagle, which was sent by Jupiter to carry Gany-mede to heaven, as mentioned by Horace, *Od. iii. 2*.

³ The Greek is *μή τινα κεύθῃς*—where Jacobs says that *τινα* agrees with *δόλον*, to be got out of *δολόπλοκε*. But this is impossible. The author wrote, perhaps, *μή τιν' ἀχῇ θῆς*—"lest you bring some sorrows—"

⁴ Literally, "sun."

CCXXII. THE SAME.

I am the god of rustics; why do you make libations with cups of gold? Why pour out the wine of the Italian Bacchus? and tie to a rock the curved necks of bulls? Spare them. We are not delighted with these sacrifices. I am Pan, living near hills, formed of mere wood, feeding on lambs, and drinking new wine from an earthen pitcher.

CCXXIII. THE SAME.

I, "the pure"—for the Nymphs have given this name to me above all other rills—did, when a robber had murdered persons reclining near me, and washed in holy water his blood-stained hand, turn back that sweet stream; nor do I still bubble up for way-farers; for who would call me still "the pure"?

CCXXIV. CRINAGORAS.

The risings (east) and settings (west) are the measures of the world; and the deeds of Nero have gone through both boundaries. The rising sun has seen Armenia subdued by his hands, and the setting, Germany. Let the double strength of war be celebrated. The Araxes and Rhine know that they are drunk by nations in slavery.

CCXXV. THE SAME.

Not if the Ocean were to lift up its whole mass of water, nor if Germany were to drink up the whole Rhine, would they injure the power of Rome ever so little, as long as it remains confident that Cæsar will give¹ favourable omens. Thus even oaks, sacred to Jupiter, stand firmly at their roots, while the winds scatter the dry leaves.

CCXXVI. BIANOR.

Lo! the young cow causes to roll² in the soil the earth-

¹ The sense requires *σημαίνειν*, not *σημαίνειν*—

² Jacobs, who vainly endeavours to defend *ἐπίσσει*, should have suggested *ἐλίσσει*. The words are constantly interchanged, from the confusion in MSS. between *ρ* and *λ*. Hence, too, for *χίρσιν* we must read *χίρσιν*—

cutting instrument, and leads likewise the calf under its udder, while fearing the ruling herdsman, (and) waiting for the young thing, (and) sparing both cleverly. Stop, thou plougher of a doubled distance, thou turner-up of the soil; do not pursue¹ the animal doubly weighted with a double labour.

CCXXVII. BASSUS LOLLIVS.

The oaths of the Fates, that are not to be broken, sealed the last sacrifice of Priam at the Phrygian altar. But the sacred fleet has now for you; Æneas, an Italian port, the prelude² of a heavenly country. To a good purpose has the Trojan tower been destroyed. For a city, the queen of all the world, has been raised up in arms.

CCXXVIII. ETON EXTRACTS, 35 EP.

CCXXIX. ANTIPHILUS.

When the hand of Timomachus was painting the murderous Medea, drawn in opposite directions by jealousy and (love for) her children, it undertook an endless task, that it might trace a twofold conduct, one inclining to anger, the other to pity. But it fulfilled both. Look on the form. Amidst the threat there is a tear, and in the midst of pity passion holds a place. "The delay is sufficient," said a wise man. The blood of children was becoming to Medea, but not to the hand of Timomachus.

When bold Timomachus essay'd to trace
The soul's emotions in the varying face,
With patient thought and faithful hand he strove
To blend with jealous rage maternal love.

¹ Instead of διώξῃς, "pursue," one would have expected διώσῃς, "drive on—"

² Jacobs explains πάτρης προίμιον by "the beginning of the Roman empire." But this is scarcely admissible. Perhaps the poet wrote, Ὀρμον ἔχων πάτρης προύριον εὔρε νῆος—i. e. "having a port, has found the guard of a new country—" not Ὀρμον ἔχει πάτρης προίμιον οὐρανίης.

Behold Medea. Envy must confess,
 In both the passions, his complete success.
 Tears in each threat ; a threat in every tear ;
 The mind with pity warm, or chill with fear.
 " The dread suspense I praise," the critic cries ;
 Here all the judgment, all the pathos lies.
 To stain with filial blood the guilty scene,
 Had marr'd the artist, but became the queen.

J. H. M.

The fell Medea's soul to trace,
 Its conflict waging in her face ;
 To paint the wife's, the mother's mind,
 At once to hate and love inclined,
 Timomachus, might task thy skill ;
 Yet did thy hand its part fulfil.
 Pity and rage are mingling here ;
 The menace struggling with the tear.
 Painter, the murderous thought we see ;
 Enough. The deed beseems not thee. G. S.

CCXXX. THE SAME.

Thou winter-torrent, with a violent movement, why
 dost thou erect thy crest thus highly, closing up the
 foot-paths of way-farers ? Surely thou art drunk with
 showers, and dost not bring for the Nymphs a clear
 stream, but hast obtained a contribution from clouds dark
 as ink ; I shall behold thee dried up by the sun, that
 knows how to test the genuine and the not genuine water
 of rivers.

CCXXXI. POLEMO.

The agreeable panoply of the poor is this bread-dish,
 and garland of leaves wet with dew, and this sacred
 bone, the out-work of a dead skull, the uppermost guard
 of life. Drink, says the carving, and eat, and lie with
 flowers around you. Such do we become on a sudden.

CCXXXII. DIODORUS.

The colour and the charm of Zeuxis. But Satyreius,
 after painting me in a small piece of crystal, gave this

beautiful and clever production to Arsinoë; and I am the likeness of the queen; and I want not even a little of her greatness.

CCXXXIII. LEONIDAS.

ON VENUS ARMED.

For what purpose hast thou, Cytherea, put on these arms of Mars, and bearest this weight in vain? Although naked, thou didst disarm Mars. If, then, a god failed, in vain dost thou bring arms against men.

Fair queen of love, those arms you bear
The god of war is wont to wield.
Oh! shake not thou the sounding spear;
Oh! hold not thou the blazing shield.
Thy naked power taught Mars to yield;
The mighty Tamer bow'd before thee.
When gods before thy charms have kneel'd,
Must they be arm'd, e'er men adore thee?

J. H. M.

The arms of Mars why, Venus, wear?
Why such an useless burden bear?
Mars, though a god, thy naked charms
Spoil'd of his arms;
Then, against mortals, spear and shield,
Why dost thou wield? J. W. B.

CCXXXIV. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 88 EP.

CCXXXV. ANTIPHANES OF MACEDONIA.

To thee, Ino, did Venus herself, after loosening the cestus of desire from her bosom, give it to keep, in order that you might subdue men by philtres that soothe the mind; but thou hast used it against me alone.

The love-creating cestus from her breast
Venus untied, and, Ino, gave it thee,
That its allurements might create unrest
In every man, and more than all in me. HAY.

CCXXXVI. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 26 EP.

CCXXXVII. PHILIP.

More quickly shall heaven extinguish the stars, or the sun perchance make the look of the night brilliant (as day), and the sea have its water to be drawn up by man with a sweet flavour, and a dead man run back to the country of the living, than shall oblivion of the pages of the olden time seize hold of the widely renowned name of the Mæonian Homer.

Sooner shall heaven put out its starry light,
The sun, with noon-day splendour deck the night;
Sooner the salt-sea taste, like fountains, sweet,
Or to the living turn the dead their feet,
Than shall oblivion seize on Homer's name,
And of the page of old destroy the fame. G. B.

CCXXXVIII. THE SAME.

Oh! ivy, that after leading, as in a dance, thy foot, secretly, creepingly, and crookedly, dost strangle the bunch-producing beauty of Bacchus' (vine), thou dost not bind us, but destroyest thyself; for who would choose ivy for his temples, unless he had mixed (the wine of) Bacchus?

CCXXXIX. THE SAME.

Either a god came to earth from heaven, to show his likeness, Phidias, or thou didst go (up) to see the god.

Say, Phidias, did the god come down to thee?
Or didst thou mount to heaven his form to see? H. W.

CCXL. THE SAME.

In addition to all his labours, Juno wished this the last, namely, to see the daring Hercules deprived of arms. Where is the lion's cloak, and the arrow that rattled on his shoulders, and the branch of a tree with its heavy foot, that was the wild-beast destroyer? Of all has Love stript thee. And yet it is not strange, that, after making Jupiter a swan, he has despoiled Hercules of arms.

Each toil attempted, and each toil surpast,
 Juno reserved this labour for the last.
 Spoil'd of his arms she wish'd him ; and she view'd,
 And smiled to see, the son of Jove subdued.
 No more Alcides, formidably drest,
 Arms with the lion's skin his milder breast ;
 His winged quiver seems an useless freight ;
 Nor feels he of his club the force, but weight.
 Deposed by Love, apart each weapon lies.
 Nor wonder thou, dread empress of the skies ;
 If Jove was humbled to a swan by Love,
 Why may not Love disarm the son of Jove ? OGLE.

CCXLI. THE SAME.

O Venus, fond of smiles, (and) the attendant on the
 marriage-bed, who has decked thee, a honey-dropping
 deity, with the arms of war ? The pæan¹ is dear to thee,
 and Hymen with his golden locks, and the sweet-toned
 beauties of shrill flutes. Why, then, hast thou put on
 this man-destroying dress ? Surely after robbing the
 daring Mars, thou art not boasting of what Venus is able
 to do.

CCXLII. MÆCIUS.

Why so ill-tempered ? why these random tearings of
 the hair, Philænis, and suffusion of moisture in the eye ?
 Surely you have not seen your lover holding another
 woman to his bosom ! Tell me. We know a remedy
 for sorrow. You are in tears ; but you do not speak.
 In vain you take upon you to deny. Eyes are more
 trust-worthy than the tongue.

Why art thou sad ? Why thus disorder'd flow
 Those lovely tresses o'er thy breast of snow ?
 Why hangs the tear on Lesbia's clouded eye ?
 In stranger arms does faithless Cleon lie ?
 In me a sovereign remedy you'll find,
 A pleasing vengeance for the jealous mind.

¹ Jacobs, justly objecting to *παῖδν*, would read *παιδαῖς*, "the nuptial room—"

Silent you weep ; your secret is explain'd,
Your eyes speak volumes, though your tongue is chain'd.

F. H.

Why lowers my lovely Glycera ? And why
Those tresses torn and that dejected eye ?
I have a charm for bleeding hearts, that mourn
Love's fickle wanderings, cold neglect and scorn.
Oh ! vainly mute ; those speaking eyes reveal
The pang that gloomy silence would conceal. BL.

CCXLIII. ANTONIUS OF ARGOS.

I, who was formerly the acropolis¹ of Perseus, who went through the air²—I, who fed the star, baneful to the descendants of Ilus—am given up as a dwelling-place for goat-flocks of the desert, paying late a penalty to the gods of Priam.

CCXLIV. MUNDUS MUNATIUS.

I, who was of old a city with much gold—I, who received the family of the Atridæ, sprung from a heavenly race—I, who destroyed the god-built Troy—I, who was once the secure palace of the demigod Hellenes—lie here, Mycéné, a pasture-place for sheep and kine, preserving the name alone of my former³ great (deeds). Truly, Ilion, hast thou been a care to Nemesis, since thou hast been⁴ and art a city, while Mycéné is no longer seen.

CCXLV. ADDÆUS.

⁵Tryphon induced me, an Indian Beryll, to become

¹ Namely, Mycéné.

² Jacobs refers to Ovid Met. iv. 615, "Aera carpebat tenerum stridentibus alis."

³ The sense evidently requires τῶν πρὶν ἐμῶν μεγάλων—in lieu of τῶν ἐπ' ἐμοὶ μεγάλων—

⁴ Instead of ἴσσι καὶ ἴσσι, where the repeated present tense is unintelligible, the poet doubtless wrote ἥς σὺ καὶ ἴσσι—as translated.

⁵ Such is the literal translation of an Epigram, that Reiske, Bernard, and Pauw could not understand, and Brunck and Jacobs have failed to explain satisfactorily. For though the two last scholars saw that it was written on the sea-nymph Galéné, engraved on a beryll, they did not see the literal errors in it. Thus, for μαλακαῖς χερσὶν ἀνῆκε κόμαις, the poet probably wrote μαλακὰς χεῖρ συνένεικε κόμας—"the hand brought

Galéné, and with soft hands he sent up hairs; behold, both lips, sailing though the moist sea, and bosom with which I soothe the absence of wind. But should the envious stone give me a nod, as I am ready to start, you will know me quickly swimming.⁵

CCXLVI. HERMOCREON.

Sit under this shady plane-tree, stranger, as you pass by, whose leaves the Zephyr moves with its gentle breath; where Nicagoras has placed me, the renowned son of Maia, as the defender of his fruit-producing field and property.

CCXLVII. DEMOCRITUS.

When Venus came out naked from the azure wave, her hair dropping with the foam of the sea, thus did she lay hold with her hands of the ringlets hanging down her white cheeks, and squeeze out the salt-water of the Ægean, showing only her bosom—for such was lawful. ¹ But if she (were) such, let the mind of Mars be confused.¹

CCXLVIII. TULLIUS FLACCUS.

A. In silence draw. *B.* On what account? *A.* Do not draw any longer.² *B.* Why so? *A.* I have obtained

together (my) tender hair;" and instead of τοῖσιν θέλω ἀννεμῖν, where the sea-nymph is absurdly said to soothe a calm, common sense leads to τοῖς ἄλς θέλγεται ἐν μανίῃ—"with which the sea is soothed in its madness:" while in ἦν δέ μοι ἡ φθονερὴ νέεσθ' λίθος, which Jacobs explains by, "should the stone, which retains me enviously, assent;" there seems to lie hid, ἦν δέ με μὴ φθονερὴ κλείσθ' λίθος—"if the curious stone did not shut me in—" Lastly, in lieu of νοτερὴν πλείοντα θάλασσαν, where Jacobs would read λειοῦντα—perhaps the poet wrote νοτερῇ 'πιγελῶντα θαλάσση—"smiling upon the moist sea—"

¹—¹ In the Greek, thus literally translated, there are some errors, which no scholar has noticed as yet, much less corrected.

² Scaliger, dissatisfied, it would seem, with the sense and metre—for ἀρεσθαι has not elsewhere the second syllable long—suggested ἀρείου, or rather, as Jacobs conceives, ἐρείου. From which it is easy to arrive at μὴ μ' ἔτ' ἐροῦ τι—"do not ask me any thing further"—in lieu of μηκέτ' ἀρύου.

by lot the 'sweet¹ drink of Quietness. *B.* (Thou) the fountain (art) with harsh feelings. *A.* Taste, and you will say still more that I am with harsh feelings. *B.* Oh, the disagreeable water. *A.* Oh, the chattering.

CCXLIX. STATYLLIUS FLACCUS.

Thou, that bringest sleepless cares upon mortals, art sleeping, the child of the mischievous² foam-begotten (Venus); not lifting up the burning torch, nor twanging the arrow not-to-be-guarded-against, from the horn-tips, bent in opposite directions. Let others feel confident; but I fear, O thou proud in spirit, lest thou see, while sleeping, a dream bitter to myself.

Dost thou, that bid'st us mortals wake to weep,
Fell child of foam-born Venus, dost thou sleep?
No flaming torch thou hold'st up; on thy string
No fatal arrow now is quivering.
Others may courage take. Dread boy, 'gainst me,
E'en in thy sleep, some dream of woe thou 'lt see. G. S.

CCL. MARCUS ARGENTARIUS.

Why hast thou, bird, taken away my pleasant sleep?
The sweet vision of Pyrrha has gone away flying from my bed. Is this the payment thou givest for thy bringing up, since I placed thee, ill-fated one, to rule over the whole egg-getting flock in my dwelling. By the altar and sceptre of Sarapis, thou shalt no longer crow by night; thou shalt stain with blood the altar, by which I have sworn.

CCLI. THE SAME.

Whilst I was once turning over the book of Hesiod in my hands, I saw on a sudden Pyrrha coming to me. And throwing down the book on the ground with my

¹ As ἡδὺ here is at variance with the subsequent πικρὸν νάμαρος, the author probably wrote ῥῥῶδε, "here—"

² Instead of ἀρηρῆς, which is not a Greek word, the language requires ἀρηρῆς, as suggested by Meineke in Delect. Poetar. Anthol. p. 223.

hand, I bawled out these words—"Why art thou, old Hesiod, giving me trouble?"

Of late perusing Hesiod's "Works and Days,"
 Advancing, Pyrrha met my raptur'd gaze;
 I dropp'd the book, and cried for all to hear—
 "Hence with thy works o' days, when Pyrrha's near."
 J. W. B.

CCLII. THE SAME.

Thou flagon, my old partner at supper, the lover of the tapster's measures, thou pretty prattler, with a gentle smile and a long throat, thou sharer in the mysteries of my poverty at a small expense, thou hast come, however, after a long time to my hand. Would thou hadst been present, unmixed and unwatered,¹ as a maiden, who comes undefiled to her husband.

CCLIII. THE SAME.

Thou wilt lie, when dead, occupying five feet (of earth); nor shalt thou (enjoy) the pleasures of life, nor behold the light of the sun. So that take thou and drain with joy the cup of genuine Bacchus (wine), O Cincius, holding thy very beautiful wife in thy arms. But if thou hast any notion of immortal wisdom, know that Cleanthes and Zeno have gone to the depths of Hades.

CCLIV. THE SAME.

Loosen the long stern cables from the vessels in a safe port, and, after letting out the well-running sails, pass over the sea, O trader; for the storms have gone away, and mildly-smiling Zephyr is just now rendering gentle the blue wave. And now the offspring-loving swallow is building its marriage-dwelling of mud and dry thatch, while twittering with its lips; and flowers are springing

¹ There is a play in the word *ἀνύμφευτος*, which means "unmarried," and "unwatered;" for, as Jacobs remarks, the writer has put into the mouth of the friend of the flagon some words usually adopted by a lover to his mistress.

up on the land; wherefore do thou, obeying Priapus, lay hold of every kind of a sailing business.

CCLV. THE SAME.

I am revelling, while looking upon the golden dance of the stars in the west,¹ nor have I with my heel pressed heavily the dances of others;¹ and after crowning the hair of my head with flowers thrown upon it, I have put into movement the noisy tambourine with tuneful hands; and in doing so I pass a life, like that of the world; for the world itself is not without a lyre and a crown.²

CCLVI. THE SAME.

Thou wert, O pleasant flagon, broken near wine-drinkers, after having poured forth Bromius (wine) from the whole of thy belly; for a stone with a heavy crash came, like a thunderbolt, from a distance against thee, (sent) not from the hands of Jove, but of Dion. And there was a laugh against thee and frequent jokes on thy being broken, and a great uproar arose amongst friends. I do not lament for thee, O flagon, that hast produced Bacchus the reveller, since thou and Semelé have suffered equally.³

CCLVII. THE SAME.

No longer do thou, O blackbird, whistle in the oak; no longer utter thy notes reposing on the highest bough. This tree is thy enemy; but haste thither, where the vine springs up, shaded by its dark-green leaves. Upon

¹—¹ Although both Schæfer and Jacobs justly object to οὐδ' ἄλλων ἁδὲ ἱεράρνα χοροῦς, neither have been able to suggest a satisfactory emendation. Perhaps the author wrote οὐδ' αὐλῶν λήξει μέριμνα χοροῖς, "nor has a care for flutes ceased in dances."

² This will be understood by bearing in mind, as remarked by Jacobs, that the poet compares the rule of life with that of the celestial sphere, where, amongst the constellations that were supposed to join in a dance, were the Lyre and the Crown.

³ For Semelé, during her intimacy with Jove, was destroyed by a thunderbolt.

its branch fix thy foot; and about it sing, pouring forth shrill notes from thy mouth. For the oak produces the lime-substance, hostile to birds; but the vine the grape; and Bacchus loves the trillers of song.

CCLVIII. THE SAME.

Beautiful are the laurels; beautiful does the water bubble forth under the roots (of the trees), and the thick wood is shady far and wide, run down¹ by the Zephyrs. To way-farers there is a defence against thirst and toil, and the heat of the sun.

CCLIX. TULLIUS GEMINUS.

Me Love in return for love did Praxiteles give to Phryné, a god to a mortal, after discovering that even a god was a reward. Nor did she give a denial to the artist. For her mind felt a fear, lest the god ²should take up arrows, his allies, in the place of art;³ and she dreads no longer the child of Venus, but thine, Praxiteles, through knowing that art is its mother.

CCLX. THE SAME.

A. Where, Hercules, is thy great club-branch, and the Nemean cloak, and the quiver full of arrows? Where thy stern growl? Why has Lysippus moulded thee thus with humbled looks, and mingled (thy) grief with (his) bronze. Thou art in trouble at having been made naked of thy arms. Who has destroyed thee? B. It is Love, the winged, ³who is really singly³ a heavy labour.

¹ In lieu of *ἐπιδρομον*, which Jacobs vainly endeavours to explain, the poet evidently wrote *ὑπόδρομον*, "trembling under—"

²— This seems scarcely intelligible. Hence one would prefer *ὄντα τέχνη σύμμαχα, τόξα βάλλῃ*, i. e. "should hurl arrows, being the allies of art—" in lieu of *ἀντι τέχνης σύμμαχα τόξα λάβῃ*.

³— In lieu of *ὄντως εἰς βαρὺς*, one would prefer *ὦν παῖς, ὥς βαρὺς*, "although a child, how heavy—"

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A TRAVELLER AND HERCULES.

- Trav.* Where's now the club by great Alcides borne?
 The skin from the Nemean lion torn?
 Where the bent bow? The full-fraught quiver where?
 The walk majestic and disdainful air?
 Who dared the mighty Hercules debase
 With abject posture and dejected face?
- Herc.* In molten brass Lysippus made me bow,
 And cast this cloud of sorrow on my brow.
- Trav.* Spoil'd of your arms, you mourn'd the secret shame:
 But who the mighty son of Jove could tame?
- Herc.* Love of his arms the son of Jove despoils,
 The only heavy toil of all my toils. OGLE.

CCLXI. ERYCIUS.

A. Tell me, thou neatherd, by Pan, whose is that large statue made of beech, to whom you are making a libation of milk? *B.* It is of the Tirynthian hero, the lion-slayer. Do you not, stupid, see his bow and arrows, and club of wild olive? *A.* All hail, Alcides, the heifer-eater; and guard these stalls and make them with ten thousand kine (sprung) from a few.

CCLXII. THE SAME.

Strike, hunters, with good aim the wild beasts, ye, who have come to this look-out, (sacred to) Pan, who dwells on hills, whither ye go, trusting to nets or iron, or as liming (birds) with the stick placed secretly. And let any one of you call upon me. I know how to arrange the capture and javelin and nets and sticks.

CCLXIII. LUCIAN.

ON HIS OWN BOOKS.

I, Lucian, wrote these, acquainted with things old and foolish; for what are thought wise by mankind are foolish. There is no wit in man to judge between them. But what you wonder at, this is to others a subject of laughter.

CCLXIV. LUCILLIUS.

"Of Heliconian Muses let us begin to sing," did Hesiod, as the story goes, write, while tending sheep. "Goddess, the anger sing," and "Sing, Muse, the man," did Calliopé say with the mouth of Homer. And I too must write a prelude. But what shall I write, while beginning to put forth a second book? "Ye Muses of Olympus, the daughters of Jove, I should not have been saved, if Nero, a descendant of Cæsar, had not given me copper."

CCLXV. GLAUCUS.

Pan. State truly, Nymphs, to me inquiring, whether Daphnis passing by has rested here his white kids?
Nymphs. Yes, yes, Pan the pipe-player; and on that elm he has carved some writing on the bark, saying, "Pan, Pan, go to Malea,¹ by the hill Psophidion;² I shall come there." *Pan.* Fare ye well, Nymphs; I take my steps (thither).

Pan. Come tell me, Nymphs, and let the truth appear;
 Did Daphnis stop his goats, when pasturing here?

Nymphs. Yes, piper Pan; and on that poplar tree,
 You'll find some words he wrote, and meant for thee—

"To Malea and to Psophis, Pan, come on;
 I'll soon be there."

Pan. Thanks, Nymphs; adieu; I'm gone. HAY.

CCLXVI. STRATO.

Although you boast of your beauty, know that even the rose comes into flower; and yet, when faded, it is quickly thrown on the dung-heap. For the flower and beauty obtain by lot an equal time; and time, through envy, causes them to fade equally.

CCLXVII. RUFINUS.

Where is now Praxiteles? where are the hands of Polycleitus, that formerly gave breath to art itself? Who

^{1, 2} Malea was a town, and Psophidion a village near Psophis, all three in Arcadia.

shall model the sweet-scented ringlets of Melité, or her eyes of fire, and the brilliancy of her neck? Where are the moulders? where the stone-cutters? It were becoming for such a form to have a temple, like a statue of the blessed (gods).

CCLXVIII. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 45 EP.

I send to thee, my Rhodoclé, this wreath entwined with
flowers,
Which I with mine own hands have newly cull'd among
the bowers :
The lily and the rose, and that sweet bud that woos the
wind,
With the violet and dew-besprinkled daffodil combined.
When then the chaplet shades thy brow, cast haughty looks
away ;
For thy beauty, blooming like the flowers, will like the
flowers decay.

F. T. PRICE.

To thee this garland, Rosamond, I send,
Twined by my hand, where beauteous flow'rets blend ;
Lily and rose, anemoné the wet,
Narcissus lithe, and purple violet :
Then, as thou wear'st it, cease thy haughty tone ;
The wreath and thou both bloom, and both are gone.

FR. WRANGHAM.

This crown of fairest flowers, my Rhodoclé,
By mine own fingers wreath'd, I send to thee ;
The lily, and anemoné moist with dew,
The rose, narcissus, and the violet blue.
Then put it on, and, while it gems thy hair,
Be not vain-glorious over-much, my fair ;
Since, like thyself, the flowers that crown thy brow,
Bloom for awhile and die—the flowers and thou.

HAY.

My Rhodoclea! take this flowery band,
Which I have fashion'd with my proper hand,
Of lilies and of roses, fitly set
Amongst narcissi, and anemonés wet
With dews, and many a purple violet.

But, lady ! wreathe it humbly round thy brow ;
Thou know'st it soon will fade—and so must thou.

WILSON.

A wreath of flowers I send to thee,
Woven by myself, my Rhodoclé.

How bright the rose appears
Beside the lily ! anemoné set
Near the narcissus and blue violet,
All wet with dewy tears.

Thus, rich with many a living gem,
Place on thy head the diadem ;

Thyself a fairer flower
By far than all, that blended bloom.
But be not proud ; 'tis Beauty's doom
To wither in an hour.

WILSON.

CCLXIX. RUFINUS.

Let us, Prodicé, wash and deck ourselves with garlands, and quaff the wine unmixed, and take still larger glasses. Short is the life of those in joy ; then to what remains old age puts a stop, and lastly death.

Now as we rise from the reviving wave,
Braid we our locks, my Prodicé, with flowers ;
Drain we deep bowls of wine, and wisely save
From slow-paced Care Youth's transitory hours.
For withering Age upon our path attends ;
Joys drop by joys, and Death the picture ends. F. H.

CCLXX. THE SAME.

Thou hast of Venus the beauty, of Persuasion the mouth, the body and the early bloom of the vernal flowers, and the voice of Calliopé, the mind and the moderation of Themis, and the hands of Athéné ; and together with thee, Philé, there are four Graces.

Persuasion's lips, the bloom of beauty's Queen,
Calliopé's sweet voice, the Hours' gay mien,
Minerva's hands are yours, and Themis' mind,
And four the Graces in my Philé join'd. J. ADDISON.

CCLXXI. THE SAME.

Rhodopé exalts herself on her beauty, and should I say at any time "Hail," she greets me with disdainful eyebrows. Should I ever suspend garlands over her doors, she in a passion treads them down with her disdainful feet. O ye wrinkles, and unpitying old age, come quickly; hasten, and do you persuade Rhodopé.

Cold Rhodopé, of beauty vain, replies,
 Whene'er I greet her, with disdainful eyes.
 The wreaths I wove, and on her door-post bound,
 Scornful she tore and trampled on the ground.
 Remorseless age and wrinkles, to my aid
 Fly, swiftly fly, and Rhodopé persuade. BL.

CCLXXII. THE SAME.

I am armed against Love with reasons around my breast; nor shall he conquer while one is against one; and I a mortal will stand up with an immortal. But if he has Bacchus as an assistant, what can I do single-handed against two?

The dart of Cupid I deride,
 And dare him singly to the field:
 If Bacchus fight on Cupid's side,
 'Tis surely no disgrace to yield. BL.

With love I war, and reason is my shield,
 Nor ever, match'd thus equally, will yield:
 If Bacchus joins his aid, too great the odds;
 One mortal cannot combat two such gods. FAWKES.

CCLXXIII. THE SAME.

Thou hast the eyes, Melité, of Juno, the hands of Athéné, the breasts of the Paphian (Venus), the ancles of Thetis. Happy is he who sees thee; thrice happy who hears thee: he who loves thee is a demigod; an immortal he who embraces thee.

The Queen of heaven's bright eyes illumine thy face;
 Great Pallas lends thine arms her polish'd grace;

Thetis thine ancle's slender strength bestows,
 And Venus in thy swelling bosom glows.
 Happy the lover, of thy sight possess;
 Who listens to thy melting voice, thrice blest;
 Almost a god, whose love is met by thine;
 Who folds thee in his arms, indeed divine. J. H. M.

CCLXXIV. ETON EXTRACTS, 177 EP.

CCLXXV. RUFINUS.

Having seen opportunely Prodicé alone, I became a suppliant, and, touching her ambrosial knee, said, "Save a man lost all but a little, and give me the breath of life, which is escaping." And, on my saying so, she wept; but after wiping away the tear, she secretly with her delicate hands cast me out.

When blest I met my Prodicé alone,
 On the cold earth a timid suppliant thrown,
 I clasp'd her beauteous knees, and bade her save
 A wretch, at her disposal, from the grave.
 Listening she wept. But soon her tears were dried,
 And with soft hands she push'd me from her side.

F. H.

I Prodicé found once alone, and at leisure;
 When kneeling I touch'd her ambrosial knee;
 O pity, said I, a man dying, my treasure,
 And save him the breath of life, hastening to flee.
 Thus I spoke: and she wept. Soon the weeping was o'er;
 When she rose, and with lily hands show'd me the door.

G. C. S.

CCLXXVI. JULIAN THE EMPEROR.

Who, and from whence art thou, Dionysus? For, by the genuine Bacchus, ¹I know thee not at all.¹ The son of Jove I know alone. He smells of nectar, but thou of a goat. Surely Celts, in their poverty of grapes, have formed thee of grain. Hence it is meet to call thee

¹—¹ The Greek is at present Οὐδ' ἐπιγινώσκω. It was originally Οὐδ' εἰ γινώσκω.

¹Demetrius, not Dionysus; and Bromus, born of grain, not Bromius,¹ (of grapes).

CCLXXVII. WESTMINSTER, 4 BOOK, 2 EP.

CCLXXVIII. PALLADAS.

The women jeer at me as an old man, telling me to look at the remains of youth in a mirror. But, whether I carry white hairs or black, I care not, when coming towards the end of life; but I put a stop to annoying cares by sweet-scented myrrh, and garlands with beautiful leaves.

The laughing women call me old,
And bid me in the glass behold
The ruins of my former state;
But let the locks my temples bear
Be gray or black, I little care,
And leave it to the will of Fate.
Yet this I know; though Nature's call
Subjects me to the lot of all,
Still, as my ebbing days decline,
I'll make the most of my short hours,
Be bathed in odours, crown'd with flowers,
And drown old care in floods of wine. J. H. M.

CCLXXIX. ABLABIUS ILLUSTRIOUS.

ON A DISK OF ASCLEPIADES AT ROME.

Vulcan, having laboured for a time, finished me. But Venus secretly took it away from the bed-room of her husband, and gave it to Anchises, as the remembrance of a hidden courtship, and Asclepiades found me amongst the descendants of Æneas.

CCLXXX. CYRUS.

I wish my father had taught me to tend thick-woolled sheep, that I might, while sitting under an elm,

¹—¹ In *Δημήτριον*, *Διόνυσον*, and *Βρόμον* and *Βρόμιον*, there are plays on words, which cannot be preserved in English.

or under a rock, soothe my sorrows by playing upon reeds. Let us, Pieridés, fly the well-inhabited city ; let us seek another country. I proclaim to all that destructive drones have done a hurt to the bees.

Would that my sire had taught his son to keep,
 'Neath sheltering rocks or elms, the fleecy sheep ;
 To seek the solace of dull care and grief
 In the pipe's music, and there find relief.
 Ye Muses, come ; together let us flee
 The well-built city's splendid misery ;
 Seek we another home to sing at ease ;
 For here the wretched drones destroy the bees. HAY.

CCLXXXI. THE SAME.

Venus, having washed herself here together with the Graces and her son with the golden arrow, gave its loveliness as a reward.

CCLXXXII. WESTMINSTER, 4 BOOK, 21 EP.

CCLXXXIII. ETON EXTRACTS, 182 EP.

Once on a time while wreathing
 A garland for the hair,
 Cupid among the roses
 I found, and seized him there ;
 And by the wings I plunged him,
 And drank him in the wine ;
 And ever since he tickles
 With his wings this heart of mine. HAY.

CCLXXXIV. JULIAN OF EGYPT.

Maria, an object of desire, makes much of herself. But may you, venerable Justice, follow up her proud bearing ; not with death, O queen, but the reverse, may she arrive at the hairs of old age ; and may her countenance become hard with wrinkles. May gray locks pay for these tears. May beauty, the cause of sinning, pay for the sinning of the mind.

CCLXXXV. THE SAME.

You see the true form of the wretched Niobé, as if still lamenting the fate of her children. If (the statue) has not obtained a soul, lay not this blame to the art. It has represented the womanly feeling in stone.

CCLXXXVI. THE SAME.

When Timomachus painted Medea, he introduced into the likeness the twofold feelings of a form without life. For he combined the jealousy felt on account of a bed, and the love at the same time for her children, and showed by her looks that she was drawn in opposite directions.

CCLXXXVII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 10 EP.

CCLXXXVIII. MARIANUS SCHOLASTICUS.

Love once washed his Cyprian mother in this bath, after having himself secretly warmed the beautiful water with his torch. And when sweat had poured from her ambrosial skin, mixed with the clear water, ¹ how great a spring of breath did it light up.¹ From thence they ever ² boil up a rose-like vapour,² as if the golden Paphian (Venus) was still being washed.

As in this fount Love wash'd the Cyprian dame,
His torch the water tinged with subtle flame;
And, while his busy hands his mother lave,
Ambrosial dews enrich the silver wave,
And all the undulating bosom fill;
Such dews did her celestial limbs distil.
Hence how delicious float these tepid streams!
What rosy odours! what nectareous steams!

¹—¹ The Greek is *φῆν πνοιῆς ὅσον ἔλαμψεν ἕαρ*—where *πνοιῆς*—*ἕαρ*, says Jacobs, means “a sweet odour.” But that it could not do. Perhaps the poet wrote *θεοῦ πνοιᾶς ὡς Σύρ' ἀνήψῃ μύρα*—“it sent up the breath of the goddess, like Syrian myrrh:” where *θεοῦ* is a monosyllable.

²—² From the Greek words *ροδόεσσαν ἀναλείουσιν ἀνρμήν*, where there is nothing to govern *ἀναλείουσιν*, may be easily elicited *ρόδ' ἄησιν ἔνα λείουσιν ἀνρμήν*—“new roses breathe a bubbling vapour.”

So pure the water and so soft the air,
It seems as if the goddess still were there. OGLE.

CCLXXXIX. THE SAME.

Here, under the plane-trees, did Love, when tired,
sleep in a gentle slumber, after handing over his torch
to the Nymphs ; and the Nymphs said to one another—
Why do we hesitate ? ' Would we had extinguished to-
gether with him the fire of the heart of mortals—' But
when the torch had burnt even the water, the Nymphs,
presiding over Loves, poured from thence into a bath
warm water.

The little Love-god, lying once asleep,
Laid by his side his heart, in flaming brand,
Whilst many Nymphs, that vow'd chaste life to keep,
Came tripping by ; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire,
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd ;
And so the General of hot desire
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath, and healthful remedy
For men diseased. But I, my mistress' thrall,
Came there for cure ; and this by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water ; water cools not love.

SHAKSPEARE.

CCXC. JOANNES BARBUCALLUS.

ON THE IMAGE OF POLYMNIA.

This is the likeness of you, Polymnia, and you are
that of a Muse ; for there is one name to both, and one
shape.

CCXCI. THE SAME.

Here do I, a hapless city, that am no city, lie together
with the dead inhabitants, in a thoroughly wretched

¹—¹ As αἰθε could not be united to an aor. 1, ἀβίσσαμεν, with refer-
ence to a future act, there is probably an error, it would not be difficult
to correct, in the words αἰθε δὲ τοῦτω ἀβίσσαμεν, εἶπον, ὁμοῦ—

state. Vulcan has, after a beating down by Neptune, subdued me. Alas! from beauty so great I am become dust. But do ye, passers-by, grieve over my fate. Make a libation of tears for Berytus that has perished.

CCXCII. NILUS SCHOLASTICUS.

ON THE LIKENESS OF A SATYR IN MOSAIC AT ANTIOCH.

A. All satyrs are fond of saucy jokes. And do you say why, on looking at each person, you burst forth into this laugh? B. While possessing an object of wonder, I am laughing (at the thought) how, from stones brought together,¹ some from one place and others from another, I have become suddenly a satyr.

A. Satyrs deal in pert grimaces;
Saucy satyr, prithee say,
Why you look in all our faces,
Thus to laughter giving way?

B. When was such a laughing matter,
When was such a wonder known?
All at once I'm grown a satyr,
Out of these odd bits of stone.

H. W.

CCXCIII. COMETAS CHARTULARIUS.

¹Phyllis directed her eyes towards the sailing. The oath became a wanderer, and Demophoon was a faithless man.² But now, beloved one, I am the faithful Demophoon by the sea-shore; and how hast thou, Phyllis, become faithless?

CCXCIV. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 43 EP.

CCXCV. AGATHIAS.

ON ARIADNE THE HARP-PLAYER.

If ever the maiden had taken the quill in hand, and touched the harp, she would have played against the

¹ In lieu of *συμπερὸς* the sense requires *συμπερτῆς*.

² Jacobs quotes opportunely Ovid. Heroid. Epist. from Phyllis to Demophoon, "Demophoon, ventis et verba et vela dedisti; Vela queror reditu, verba carere fide."

strings of Terpsichoré. And if she had burst forth into voice with the loud tone of tragedy, she would have fashioned the swell of Melpomené. And if a trial of beauty had taken place, Venus herself would have been conquered rather (than her), even though Paris had been the judge. But let there be silence on our part, lest Bacchus should hear and feel a jealousy on account of the bed of Ariadné.

CCXCVI. THE SAME.

I am moaning through the whole night. But when the dawn of morning comes, gratifying me so that I can have a little respite, swallows twitter round, and throw me into tears, by driving off a sweet and heavy sleep; and my moistened eyes roll about;¹ and again the thought in my bosom turns upon Rhodanthé. Cease, ye envious chatterers; for I did not cut out the tongue of Philomela; and do ye lament Itylus on hills, and moan while sitting at the old dwelling of Epops, so that I may sleep a little; and perhaps a dream will come, that shall throw me into the arms of Rhodanthé.

All night I sigh with cares of love oppress;
But when the morn indulges balmy rest,
These twittering birds their noisy matins keep,
Recall my sorrows and prevent my sleep.
Cease, envious birds, your plaintive tales to tell,
I ravish'd not the tongue of Philomel.
In deserts wild, or on some mountain's brow,
Pay all the tributary grief you owe
To Itys in an elegy of woe.
Me leave to sleep; in visionary charms
Some dream may bring Rhodanthé to my arms.

FAWKES.

The live-long night I moan; but when the morn
Would visit with short sleep mine eyes forlorn,
The swallows twitter round, above, below;
And from my jaded lids the tear-drops flow,

¹ The Greek in Jacobs' text is *σταλάοντα φυλάσσειται*. But the author probably wrote *σταλάονθ' ειλίσσειται*.

And orbs wet-dropping keep the watch of woe.
 And then again before my heart is brought
 Rhodanthé's image in tumultuous thought.
 Ill-natured babblers, cease. Who ever said
 I tore the tongue from Philomela's head?
 Go to the hills, and Itylus bemoan,
 Or sitting on the Hoopoe's rugged throne,
 Speak out your sorrows, that of ease a gleam
 May on me fall; when, should there come a dream,
 I in Rhodanthé's arms enclasp'd may seem. G. C. S.

CCXCVII. THE SAME.

I am not fond of wine. But when thou wishest me to
 be drunk, do thou, first tasting (the cup), bring it to me,
 and I receive it. For if thou shalt touch it with thy
 lips, it is not easy to be sober, nor to escape from the
 sweet cup-bearer. For the cup conveys to me a kiss
 from thee, and it tells me the pleasure it has received.

Farewell to wine! or, if thou bid'st me sip,
 Present the cup, more honour'd, from thy lip.
 Pour'd by thy hand, to rosy draughts I fly,
 And cast away my dull sobriety.
 For, as I drink, soft raptures tell my soul,
 That lovely Glycera has kiss'd the bowl. BL.

I love not wine; but thou hast power
 To make me drunk at any hour.
 Touch first the cup with thine own lip,
 Then hand it round for mine to sip,
 And temperance at once gives way;
 My sweet cup-bearer wins the day.
 That cup's a boat which ferries over
 Thy kiss in safety to thy lover,
 And tells by its delicious flavour,
 How much it revels in thy favour. G. C. S.

CCXCVIII. THE SAME.

Never may you, the wick of a lamp, produce wick-
 fungi,¹ nor call up rain, lest you stop my bridegroom's

¹ There is no single word in English to express the Greek *μύκης*, as

coming. You are ever jealous of Venus; for when Hero united herself to Leander—the rest, O soul, omit—you were a partaker in the rites of Vulcan; and I believe it; since to annoy Venus, ¹you flatter the pain of the master.¹

CCXCIX. THE SAME.

A. Why dost thou sigh? *B.* I am in love. *A.* With whom? *B.* A maiden. *A.* Is she beautiful? *B.* She seemed beautiful to my eyes. *A.* Where did you become acquainted with her? *B.* I went to a supper, and I saw her there reclining on a couch common to both of us. *A.* Did you expect to gain her? *B.* Yes, yes, friend. But I am seeking a friendship not open, but concealed. *A.* You are avoiding rather a lawful marriage. ²I know full well that of possessions the portion that is left is much.² *B.* You know it? *A.* You are not in love; you have told a falsehood. For how is the soul able to be mad with love, that reasons correctly?

CCC. THE SAME.

Do you too, Philinna, suffer from desire? Are you too ill, wasted away with eyes dried up? Or do you enjoy slumber most sweet, while of my cares no account or number is taken? Perhaps you will find an equal fate; and I shall behold the cheek of you unenvied, moistened with many tears. For Venus is in other respects of an ill-temper; but she has obtained by lot one good thing, to hate women who give themselves airs.

CCCI. THE SAME.

Hastening to know whether Ereutho with beautiful eyes loved me, I tried her heart with a fiction of a

applied to the excrescence in the wick of a candle or lamp; which was anciently considered a sign of coming rain, as shown by Aristoph. *Σφήκ.* vs. 262, and Virgil *G. i.* 390, quoted by Jacobs.

¹—¹ How the lamp could do so, it is not easy to understand, much less explain.

²—² Even Jacobs has failed to unfold the meaning of the words between the numerals.

profitable kind. I shall go,¹ (said I,) to a foreign land ; but do you remain a steady girl, and preserve the remembrance of my love. When she grieved greatly and was excited, and struck² her own face, and tore the grape-like (knot) of her well-plaited hair, and begged me to stay. And I, as a person slow of persuasion, expressed by a nod, with a face full of airs, that I would stay.³ (And) happy am I in my love. For that which I was eager to accomplish by all means,⁴ I conceded as⁵ a great favour.

In wayward mood by artifice I strove
To try the fervour of my Helen's love :
And, " Oh farewell, my dearest girl," I cried,
" Forget me not, when seas and lands divide."
Pale at the news, she wept, and in despair
Her forehead struck, and tore her silken hair ;
And sigh'd, " Forsake me not." By sorrow prest
I nod compliance with her fond request ;
I yield by generous selfishness inspired,
And hardly grant her what I most desired. BL.

I long'd to try Ereutho's heart,
If me alone she loved,
And by a sleight of crafty art
My doubts I thus removed.
" I go to foreign lands," I said,
" Be constant aye to me ;
And ne'er forget, my lovely maid,
The love I bear to thee."
She started, shriek'd, her forehead smote,
And her locks of clustering hair
She scatter'd, and—" Oh ! leave me not,"
She cried with frantic air.

¹ Jacobs refers opportunely to Terence, Eunuch. II. i. 107, " Rus ibo— Noctes diesque ames me ; me desideres."

² One would expect here *ῥήξε*, " was wet," instead of *πλήξε*—

³ In lieu of *μόνον*, the sense evidently requires *μενείν*. Compare Eurip. Iph. T. 1298, *ἐξίνευσ' ἀποστήναι* : and Aristoph. Babylon. Fr. *ἐκνεύει με φεύγειν*. Homer Il. i. 616, *νεύσει—στορίσαι—λίχος*. Suid. in *Προσανατιθείς*—*Ὁ δὲ—κατένευσε ποιήσιν*.

^{4, 5} Here both the sense and syntax require *πάντως, ὡς*—not *πάντων, εἰς*.

Then I, like one full loth to brook
 Entreaty, answer'd—"Nay;"
 But yet my faltering, down-cast look
 Declared that I would stay.
 How happy is my love! since she
 Should thankfully receive,
 What was to happy, happy me,
 The greatest bliss to give. HAY.

CCCII. THE SAME.¹

"Nothing too much"—a wise man said; but I, being an object of love, and beautiful, was lifted up by my high thoughts, and I fancied that in my hands lay the whole life of the maiden, who was perchance gainful.² But she was lifted up still more, and held up her haughty eye-brow, as if finding fault with her former conduct. And now I, who was the stern-looking, the iron-(hearted), the slowly-persuaded, the former flyer in the air, fell on a sudden, and all things have become changed; and falling at the knees of the maiden, I cried out—"Be kind-hearted; it was my youth that erred."

CCCIII. THE SAME.

There is not so great a labour to young men, as there comes upon us females with a tender soul. For to them there are equals in age, to whom they tell the anguish of cares with the language of confidence, and they attend to pastimes that soothe them, and they wander in the streets, lounging amongst coloured pictures. But for us it is not lawful to look even upon the light of day; and we are hidden in the house, wasted away with dark thoughts.

Go, idle, amorous boys;
 What are your cares and joys,
 To love that swells the longing virgin's breast?

¹ Jacobs considers this Epigram as a continuation of the preceding.

² In lieu of the unintelligible *τῆς χάρα κερδαλέης*, one would prefer *ταῖς τεχνοκερδαλαῖς*, i. e. *χίρσι*, in allusion to *πλάσματι κερδαλίῳ* in the preceding Epigram.

A flame half-hid in doubt,
 Soon kindled, soon burnt out,
 A blaze of momentary heat at best.
 Haply you well may find,
 Proud privilege of your kind,
 Some friend to share the secret of your heart ;
 Or, if your inbred grief
 Admit of much relief,
 The dance, the chase, the play assuage your smart.
 Whilst we poor hapless maids,
 Condemn'd to pine in shades,
 And to our dearest friends our thoughts deny,
 Can only sit and weep,
 While all around us sleep,
 Unpitied languish, and unheeded die.

J. H. M.

Ah ! youths never know the weight of care
 That delicate-spirited women must bear.
 For comrades of cheery speech have they,
 To blandish the woes of thought away ;
 With games they can cheat the hours at home ;
 And whenever abroad in the streets they roam,
 With the colours of painting they glad themselves.
 But as for us poor prisoned elves,
 We are shut out from sunlight, buried in rooms,
 And fretted away by our fancy's glooms. G. C. S.

CCCIV. THE SAME.

A Bacchante, not skilled in shaking the cymbals with
 her hand, has a stone-cutter placed in a modest state.
 For thus she hangs forward, and is like to a female call-
 ing out this—"Go away ; and I will sound when no
 one is standing by."

CCCV. THE SAME.

ON HIPPOLYTUS CONVERSING WITH THE NURSE OF PHÆDRA.

Hippolytus is addressing harsh language in the ear
 of an old woman ; but we are unable to hear it. But

as far as one may understand from the eye of a person enraged, he is giving this¹ order—"Say² no more what is not right."

CCCVI. THE SAME.

ON THE REPRESENTATION OF A SATYR WHO IS APPLYING A PIPE TO HIS EAR, AND, AS IT WERE, LISTENING TO IT.

Is your reed, O little satyr, sending forth a sound of its own accord? Or why have you thus inclined your ear to the reed? But he smiles and is silent. Perhaps he would have spoken a word; but through his delight he is kept in a state of forgetfulness. For it is not the wax (of the picture) that prevents him. But he willingly loves silence, while delighting³ his whole soul by being engaged on the instrument.

CCCVII. THE SAME.

Yield to me,⁴ thou holy hill-top of Daphné, that liest away from the sea, the beauty of a desert spot where rustics dwell. For here are Nymphs, that preside over trees, and the Nereids have made their common place of meeting near the sea. For they have contended about me. And (Neptune) the god with azure hair has acted as judge, and placed me as a boundary between both.

CCCVIII. THE SAME.

O city, where are thy famous⁵ walls? Where the temples of much wealth? Where the heads of the slaughtered oxen? Where the myrrh-boxes of the Paphian (Venus)? and her upper garment all gold? and

¹ The Greek is *ἔρρι*, vainly defended by Dorville on Chariton, p. 587. The poet wrote *ροῦρο*—

² Although *λέγειν* might perhaps stand—for the infinitive is sometimes put for the imperative—yet one would prefer—*λέγε*.

³ Heyne properly proposed *τίρψας* for *τρίψας*, vainly defended by Jacobs.

⁴ This is supposed by Jacobs to be spoken by the personified garden of Justinian, near the temple of Juno.

⁵ The sense evidently requires *κλεινὰ* in lieu of *κεῖνα*—On *κλεινός* applied to cities, see Valckenaer on Phœn. 1746.

where the image of the indigenous¹ Triton-born (Pallas)? All hath the bustle (of War), and the flow of Time, and powerful Fate seized upon, throwing round thee a strange kind of misfortune. And so much has grievous Envy subdued thee; but thy name alone² and glory it is not able to hide.

O city, where are those walls of thine,
And thy temples rich with slaughter'd kine?
And where are the perfumes, the vest of gold,
That the Paphian queen adorn?
And where the image, thou hadst of old,
Of thy native Triton-born?
The toils of War, and the ruins of Time, and the might of
Destiny,
Have seiz'd on all, and brought in their stead far different
hap to thee.
Thus far bitter Envy hath conquer'd thee.
But alone survives thy name;
And Envy itself shall conquer'd be;
For it cannot hide thy fame. E. S.

Where, hapless city, are thy walls renown'd?
Where in rich temples heads of victim'd kine?
Where the rose ointments for thy Venus found?
And where her vest, that once all gold did shine?
And where the likeness of the Triton-born
In tapestry woven? All hath War and Strife,
And flow of Time, and strong Fate from thee torn,
And round thee thrown a stranger's lot and life.
Thee hostile Envy has o'ercome. Thy name
And glory it can't hide, that still remain. G. B.

CCCIX. THE SAME.

If thou art descended from Sparta, stranger, do not laugh: for not upon me alone has Misfortune brought

¹ Although *ἐνδαπίος* is found in the other writers of this age, yet the deity, who was born near the stream of the river Triton, as we learn from Æschylus, in *Eum.* 291, could not be a native of Corinth. Hence there is no doubt an error in *ἐνδαπίης*, which it is easy to correct by reading *ἐν δαρίων*—

² Jacobs vainly endeavours to defend *ἄρα μούνον* by passages not in point. He should have suggested—*ἄρ', ἃ μείνεν*—

this to pass. But if from Asia, do not weep : for all the city of the sons of Æneas has nodded¹ by Dardan sceptres. But though the envious war of hostile (bands) has made empty the holy groves of the gods, and my walls, and the dwellers therein, I am again a queen ; and do you, O fearless Rome, my child, place upon the Greeks the yoke-harness of thy justice.

CCCX. ETON EXTRACTS, 70 EP.

CCCXI. WESTMINSTER, 4 BOOK, 18 EP.

CCCXII. DEMOCHARIS.

Nature, herself the modeller, has given to you, O painter, the power to represent the Pierian (Muse) of Mitylené. The transparency of her eyes is like that of a fountain, and this clearly marks a fancy full of a successful aiming ; and the flesh, which is naturally smooth and not laboriously luxuriant,² has the ease (of style) portrayed by it ; and from her countenance, mixed up with what is joyous and intellectual, she proclaims a Muse united to Venus.

Nature herself this magic portrait drew,
And, painter, gave thy Lesbian Muse to view.
Light sparkles in her eyes ; and Fancy seems
The radiant fountain of those living beams ;
Through the smooth fulness of the unclouded skin,
Looks out the clear ingenuous soul within.
Joy melts to fondness in her glistening face,
And Love and Music breathe a mingled grace.

F. H.

CCCXIII. PAUL THE SILENTIARY.

Neither is the rose in need of a garland, nor art thou, adorable maiden, of an outer garment, nor a head-dress

¹ How Troy could be said to have nodded to its fall by the Dardan sceptres of the sons of Æneas, it is difficult to understand. Hence it is evident the poet wrote *πᾶσ' ἀνένικε*, "has entirely recovered—" not *πᾶσα νένευκε*—

² In lieu of *κολῶσα*, which Brunck would correct into *λιπῶσα*, and Jacobs into *χαλῶσα*, the sense seems to require *κομῶσα*—

set with precious stones. Gems fade before thy colour ; nor does gold impart splendour, when thy hair is not to be combed.¹ The Indian hyacinth possesses the beauty of a dark splendour, but far inferior to thine eyes ; and thy dewy lips, and the honey-mingled harmony of manners is the cestus of the Paphian (Venus). By all these I am subdued ; by the eyes alone am I soothed, in which there dwells honey-dropping hope.

We ask no flowers to crown the blushing rose,
Nor glittering gems thy beauteous form to deck.
The pearl, in Persia's precious gulf that glows,
Yields to the dazzling whiteness of thy neck.
Gold adds not to the lustre of thy hair,
But, vanquish'd, sheds a fainter radiance there.
The Indian hyacinth's celestial hue
Shrinks from the bright effulgence of thine eye,
The Paphian cestus bathed thy lips in dew,
And gave thy form ambrosial harmony.
My soul would perish in the melting gaze,
But for thine eyes, where hope for ever plays. BL.

No garland needs the rose ; nor thou, my fair,
That gem-bespangled net-work for thy hair.
On thee that robe is but an useless cost,
Who art, "when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most."
Thy skin bedims the pearl ; and dim the glare
Of gold beside thy wild luxuriant hair.
The Indian gem its flaming grace may prize,
But pale its lustre when before thine eyes.
Thy dewy lips, harmonious form and soul,
Honey'd as Venus' zone, thy perfect whole,
O'erwhelm me all ; thine eyes alone, my fair,
In their soft language bid me not despair. HAY.

No wreath the rose doth need to grace her brow ;
No broider'd robe nor jewell'd head-dress thou.
Not whitest pearl can with thy skin compare,
Nor gold so bright as thy loose flowing hair.

¹ Such is the meaning assigned to ἀπενήγρον, from which it is easy to elicit ἀπ' ἐννήγρον, "well-plaited—"

The loveliest hyacinth of Indian fields
 To thy full-beaming pupil's lustre yields.
 That dewy lip, that form of melting mould,
 Thy magic girdle, Venus, here behold.
 All these undo me ; only in thine eyes
 Comfort I find ; there sweet hope ever lies. G. S.

CCCXIV. THE SAME.

From the time when Chariclo, while laughing and talking to me, as I was drinking, put round me her own garland secretly, a destructive fire has been devouring me ; for the garland had, as I fancy, something which burnt up likewise Glaucé, the daughter of Creon.¹

CCCXV. THE SAME.

Alas ! alas ! Envy wards off the honey-sweet talk, and the look of the eyes, which speak in secret.² And standing near, we are astonished at the look of the old woman, like the many-eyed herdsman (Argos) of (Io), the daughter of Inachus. Stand thou and keep a look-out ; but in vain vex thy heart. For thou canst not extend thine eye to the soul.

CCCXVI. THE SAME.

Chrysis, after plucking a single hair of her golden locks, bound my hands, like those of a war-captive. And I at first laughed, thinking to shake off easily the chains of my adored Doris. But when I was unable to burst through them, I gave a groan, as if riveted to a fetter of brass not to be loosened. And now, thrice-wretched, I am hung by a hair,³ and frequently dragged, wherever my mistress pulls me.

In wanton sport, my Doris from her fair
 And glossy tresses tore a straggling hair ;

¹ The poet alludes to Eurip. Med. 1183.

² Jacobs aptly refers to Ovid's expression, "*Verba superciliis sine voce loquentia dicam.*"

³ Compare Pope's "But beauty draws us by a single hair."

And bound my hands, as if of conquest vain,
 And I some royal captive in her chain.
 At first I laugh'd—"This fetter, lovely maid,
 Is lightly worn, and soon dissolved," I said.
 I said: but ah! I had not learn'd to prove
 How strong the fetters that are forged by love.
 That little thread of gold, I strove to sever,
 Was bound, like steel, about my heart for ever;
 And from that luckless hour, my tyrant fair
 Has led and turn'd me by a single hair. J. H. M.

CCCXVII. THE SAME.

I swore I would remain far away from thee, O damsel
 fair, to the twelfth morning, ye gods. But I, wretched,
 could not endure it; for the morrow seemed to me, I
 swear by thyself, more distant than the twelfth moon.
 But beg, my dear, of the gods not to engrave these oaths
 on the back of the page¹ of the Furies; and do thou
 soothe my mind by thy favours, lest the whip² of the
 blessed (gods) cause a wheal upon thee, O adored one.

When I left thee, love, I swore
 Not to see that face again
 For a fortnight's space or more;
 But the cruel oath was vain;
 Since the next day I spent from thee,
 Was a long year of misery.
 Oh, then, for thy lover pray
 Every gentler deity,
 Not in too nice scales to weigh
 His constrained perjury.
 Thou, too, oh pity his despair;
 Heaven's rage and thine he cannot bear. J. H. M.

CCCXVIII. THE SAME.

They say that a man, who has been bitten by the
 maddening poison of a dog, sees the image of a wild
 beast in water. And perhaps maddening Love has fixed

¹ Jacobs refers to Valckenaer on Herodot. v. 58.

² On the whip of the deities, compare Prom. 703, *Μάστιγι θεῶν*.

his sharp fang in me, and by madness despoiled me of my mind. For thy loved image does the sea present to me, and the eddies of rivers, and the cup of the wine-bearer.

They say that one, who hath chanced to suffer
 The venomous bite of a rabid hound,
 Will see a creature of horrible feature
 Imaged on all the waters round.
 So me hath rabid Cupid bitten,
 And smitten my soul with his raging bane ;
 And an image I trace on the river's face,
 In the glistening wine, on the level main.
 But the image which wakens my soul's distress,
 Is an image of exquisite loveliness. G. C. S.

CCCXIX. THE SAME.

Cleophrantis is delaying long, and the third wick is beginning already to sink down, wasted away slowly. Would that the lamp of my heart were extinguished with the wick, and that it had not been burning me a long time by sleepless desires. How often has Hesperus sworn that Venus would come !¹ But she has no regard for men or gods.

CCCXX. THE SAME.

I, who formerly, with a mind not to be softened, did in my youth disavow the pleasant laws of the madness-producing Paphian (deity)—I, who was formerly not to be approached by the limb-devouring darts of Love, do now bend in middle age my neck to thee, O Venus. Receive me with a smile ; because thou art now a victor over Pallas, more than thou wast formerly for the apple of the Hesperides.

The youth, who, with unmitigated mind,
 Inciting Paphia's gentle sway declined,

¹ This is scarcely intelligible. Opportunely then does one MS. offer *ἔλθειν* : where lies hid *ἔλξειν*—and hence one would prefer *ἀ πόσ' ἐμήν Κυθέρειαν*—to *ἀ πόσα τήν Κυθέρειαν*—for thus Diophantes would be called Venus.

Who proved so unassailable when blooming,
 And set at nought Love's arrows, limb-consuming,
 Now, Cypris, with his wise head frosted over,
 Bends low to thee his neck, and turns a lover.
 Take me and laugh. Thou thwartest Pallas wise,
 E'en more than when she lost the Hesperid golden prize.

G. C. S.

I, who with heart unsoften'd in my prime,
 Of Venus, bringing madness, spurn'd the power—
 I, whom no dart could reach in former time
 Of Love, the heart-consuming—in the hour
 Of middle age, to thee my neck I bow,
 O Cyprian queen! Laugh, and receive thy slave;
 More is thy triumph seen o'er Pallas now,
 Then when the Hesperian apple glory gave.

G. B.

CCCXXI. THE SAME.

Does thine hair a head-dress bind? With a violent
 feeling I am wasted away, on beholding the likeness of
 the tower-bearing Rhea. Is thy head without a cover-
 ing? By the auburn colour of thy tresses, I drive from
 my breast my mind, that has melted away. Dost thou
 conceal thy pendent locks with a white veil? A fire not
 less intense lays hold of my heart. A triad of Graces
 attend upon thy triple state; and every state sends forth
 its own fire.

CCCXXII. THE SAME.

Being about to say to thee—"Fare thee well"—I
 pull back again the voice, so as to return; and again I
 remain near thee. For I shudder at the terrible dis-
 tance from thee, as at the bitter night of Acheron. For
 thy light is like the day; but a portion of it is voiceless;
 do thou, then, bring the prattling, which is sweeter than
 the Sirens, and on which all the hopes of my very soul
 hang.

When I meant, lovely Ida, to bid thee farewell,
 My faltering voice the sad office denied;

From my lips broken accents of tenderness fell,
 And I remain'd motionless close by thy side.
 Nor wonder, sweet girl, at the baffled endeavour ;
 The pang of the moment, that tears me away,
 Can only be equall'd by that, which for ever
 Shuts out from my soul the blest prospect of day.
 Oh ! Ida, 'tis thou art my day. 'Tis to thee
 I look for the light, that should make me rejoice ;
 Thy presence the day-spring of pleasure's to me ;
 But raptures of paradise dwell in thy voice.
 Thy voice—oh ! how sweeter than aught that is feign'd
 Of Sirens or Mermaids, that float on the wave ;
 It holds all my joys, all my passions enchain'd,
 And is able alike to destroy me or save. J. H. M.

CCCXXIII. THE SAME.

ON A GARDEN NEAR THE SEA-SIDE.¹

The sea washes the seats on the land ; and the back
 of the land, although sailed over, blooms with groves in
 the midst of the sea. How clever was he, who mingled
 the sea-deeps with the land, and sea-weeds with garden-
 plants, and the streams of the Nereids with the rills of
 the Naiads.

This lovely spot old Ocean laves,
 And woody coverts fringe the waves.
 Happy the art, that could dispose
 Whate'er in sea or garden grows,
 And summon'd to the enchanted land
 The Naiads' and the Nereids' band. BL.

CCCXXIV. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 72 EP.

Here strive for empire o'er the happy scene
 The Nymphs of fountain, sea, and woodland green.
 The power of grace and beauty holds the prize,
 Suspended even to her votaries,
 And finds amazed, where'er she casts her eye,
 Their contest forms the matchless harmony. BL.

¹ This too, like Ep. 307, says Jacobs, was written on the gardens of the palace of Justinian.

Between the Naiad, Nereid, Dryad throngs
 A strife is waged to which the spot belongs ;
 Grace umpire sits, the question to decide ;
 But its mix'd charms her wavering choice divide.

FR. WRANGHAM.

CCCXXV. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 69 EP.

CCCXXVI. LEONTIUS.

Touch, O cup, the mouth dropping with honey ; you
 have found it ; draw it, like milk ; I do not begrudge
 you ; but I wish I had your lucky fate.

CCCXXVII. THE SAME.

ON THE STATUE OF A LIBANIAN DANCER.

You have the name of Libanus, the form of the
 Graces, the manners of Persuasion, O damsel, and the
 cestus of Venus under your loins ; and in dances you
 frolic, like a light Cupid, drawing to you all (men) by
 your beauty and art.

CCCXXVIII. THE SAME.

The Cytherean (Venus) loved Anchises and the Moon
 Endymion : such do the people of the past tell in tales.
 But now some new tale will be sung,¹ how that Victory
 has fallen in love with the looks and the chariot of
 Porphyrius.

CCCXXIX. THE SAME.

Dionysus, on seeing a satyr, having so great² a pain,
 and pitying him, turned him into stone. But even
 thus he did not cease from pains hard to be borne. For
 still does he suffer, the hapless one, although he is a
 stone.

¹ As *ἀείσεται* is not elsewhere found in a passive sense, the poet probably wrote *νέον τις μῦθον*, not *νέος τις μῦθος*—

² The pain, says Heyne, was probably from a thorn that had stuck in the foot. How strange he should not have proposed *ποσσὶν* for *ρόσσον*—

CCCXXX. ARABIUS SCHOLASTICUS.

UPON ATALANTA AND HIPPOMENES.

Did you, Hippomenes, throw this golden prize to the damsel, as a marriage-gift, or to delay her speed? The apple has accomplished both purposes; since it withdrew the maiden from her rapid movement, and was the symbol of the yoke of Venus.

CCCXXXI. THE SAME.

ON A STATUE OF PAN.

It was possible to hear clearly Pan playing on the pipe; for the moulder had mixed up breath with the form. But (Pan), on seeing Echo flying away, stands¹ not knowing what to do, (and) he has refused (to give) the useless voice of the pipe.

CCCXXXII. MACEDONIUS, THE CONSUL.

A. To-morrow I will see thee. *B.* That (morrow) is never mine, while your habit of putting off is ever increasing. In this way alone do you gratify my longing; but to others you grant other favours, disowning my confidence in you. *A.* At evening I will see thee. *B.* What is a woman's evening? It is old age filled with wrinkles without measure.

CCCXXXIII. THE SAME.

A. Why is thy sword drawn from the sheath? *B.* (I swear) by thyself, maiden, it is that I may not do any act foreign to Venus, but that I may show how Mars, although hot with rage, is obedient to gentle Venus. This is, while I am in love, my fellow-traveller; nor do I want a mirror; ²but in it I see myself, how beautiful

¹ Since *ἀσφαρον* is plainly superfluous after *φεύγουσαν*, it is probable that the poet wrote *ἴσφαται*.

²⁻³ Such is the literal translation of the Greek, *καὶ καλὸς ὥς ἐν ἔρωτι*. But the youth would scarcely thus bepraise himself. The poet would rather have put the compliment into the mouth of the damsel, by writing —*καί, καλὸς ἴσον ἔρωτι*—

(I am) in love;² yet should you release yourself from me,¹ the sword will sink into my side.

- A. Why from its sheath is drawn thy sword? B. I swear,
By thee, to do no wrong to Love, my fair.
'Tis but to show how Mars, with fury wild,
By gentle Venus soften'd, is a child.
While in Love's paths I tread, it sticks to me.
I want no mirror. Here myself I see.
A. Handsome, as Love, boy, turn from me aside
The sword. B. Then in my breast itself shall hide.

G. B.

CCXXXIV. THE SAME.

Thou art, Parmenis, (constant) not in deed. On hearing thy name I thought it beautiful; but thou art more bitter than death; and thou flyest from one, who loves, and pursuest another, who does not love, until thou flyest again from him, even when he is in love. ² Yet is thy mouth naturally a hook, full of points; and as soon as I bite, it holds me fast, hanging from thy rosy lip.²

Ruthless to me as death, in sound how fair,
Inconstant Constance, is the name you bear!
Beloved, you fly; not courted, you pursue,
That you may fly again, when loved anew. H. W.

CCXXXV. THE SAME.

I have not wished for gold and ten thousand cities of the earth, nor what Homer³ says that Thebes possessed; but that the round cup might bubble with Lyæus (wine), while its lip is washed with an ever-flowing

¹ The Vat. MS. has σὺ δ' ἦν ἀπ' ἐμῆς λυθῆναι, which, as being without sense or syntax, Planudes altered into—λυθείης, not knowing that ἦν—λυθείης is a barbarism, vainly defended by Schæfer in Meletem. Crit. p. 87. Perhaps the poet wrote, σὺ καὶν' ἀπ' ἐμοῦ πάλι τείνον Τὸ ξίφος. B. ἡμετέρην—Meineke, preserving, in other respects, the common readings, would merely change λυθείης into λιασθῆς, referring to Buttman's Lexilog. p. 72.

²⁻² This distich Jacobs justly considers to be quite irrelevant.

³ In *Il.* I. 381.

stream, of¹ which (cup) the talkative choir of old men have drunk together; ²but the clever men labour, as workers at vines.² (May) this loved happiness ever (be) to me in great quantity; and I care not for the golden Consuls, while I hold fast the flask.

I ask not gold; I ask not power;
 I never pray'd great Jove to shower
 On me the wealth that Homer sings,
 The grandeur of the Theban kings.
 I shall be well contented, so
 My cup with ceaseless bumpers flow,
 And my moist lips for ever shine
 In honour of the god of wine,
 And friends, who share my inmost soul,
 Share likewise in the fragrant bowl.
 But let the grave and dull possess
 Their toil-won wealth, short happiness.
 These are my riches; these I'll love,
 As long as I'm allowed by Jove.
 For while the sparkling bowl I drain,
 The boasts of pride and pomp are vain. J. H. M.

CCCXXXVI. THE SAME.

We, who drink without drawing breath, the combatants belonging to king Iacchus, will arrange the acts of the carousal, where cups form the fight, and make big libations from the unsparing gifts of the Icarian Lyæus (Bacchus). To others let the glories of Triptolemus be a care; where are oxen, and ploughs, and the pole between the oxen, and the handle (of the plough-share), and the corn-field, and the foot-prints of the snatched away Proserpine. But if there is ever a necessity to put any food into the mouth, the dried raisin of Bromius (the vine) is sufficient for wine-drinkers.

¹ In lieu of *καί*, which couples nothing, the sense and syntax require *ἤν*.

²—² Such is the literal version of the Greek text; where however there is scarcely a word, as written by the author.

CCCXXXVII. THE SAME.

By me, who was ill yesterday, there stood a physician, no friendly person, who forbade the nectar of cups; and told me, the vain fellow, to drink water; nor had he learnt that Homer says¹ that wine is the strength of man.

CCCXXXVIII. THE SAME.

Ye men, to whom the orgies of Bacchus, who is without pain, are a care, through the hopes which the vine produces,² throw away poverty. To me let the cup be a crater; and near me a wine-press, not a keg, the dwelling of smooth-faced joyousness; and straightway, after drinking a large goblet of our Lyæus (wine) I will fight, if you wish it, with the Canastræan³ youths. I fear not the sea that is not to be soothed, nor the thunderbolts, while possessing the confident boldness of fearless Bromius.

CCCXXXIX. THE SAME.

If hopes, the friends of misfortune, play with the life of mortals, by gratifying the whole of it in a delaying manner, I, since I am a mortal, am played upon, and well do I, a man, know I am mortal. But being played upon by protracted hopes, I am pleased with myself willingly, although wandering; nor may I become, as regards my judgment, a severe Aristotle. For I preserve in my mind the exhortation of Anacreon—"It is not meet to keep hold of care."

CCCXL. UNCERTAIN.

Why, Venus, hast thou driven three arrows against a single target? and (why) are these arrows fixed in one soul? With one I am burnt; with another I am drawn along; and by another I am in doubt to what point

¹ In *IA. Z.* 261.

² So Horace says of wine that "*spes jubet esse ratas*," quoted by Jacobs.

³ The Giants, so called from Canastra, a town of Macedonia, where, says the Scholiast on Lycophron, v. 526, the Giants dwelt.

I shall incline ; but by a violent flame I am wholly scorched.

CCCXLI. UNCERTAIN.

After placing me in a strange port¹ of desires how great, thou dost not, Venus, pity me, although thou hast an experience thyself of troubles. Dost thou wish me to suffer things not to be borne, and to say this word?—"Venus alone has wounded the man made wise through the Muses."

CCCXLII. UNCERTAIN.

With fire and snow, and, if thou wilt, with lightning strike (me), and drag me to precipices and to seas ; for him, who has become faint-hearted by troubles, and is subdued by Love, not even the fire of Jove, when hurled against him, can wear down.

CCCXLIII. UNCERTAIN.

Poverty and Love are my two ills. The one I can bear easily ; but the fire of Venus I cannot support.

Two evils, Want and Love, my spirits tame :
The hunger I can bear, but not the flame. H. W.

CCCXLIV. UNCERTAIN.

There are three Graces ; but thou hast been born one more to those three, in order that the Graces might have a grace.

Three are the Graces. Thou wert born to be
The Grace, that serves to grace the other three.

H. W.

CCCXLV. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 83 EP.

Cyprus must now two Venuses adore ;
Ten are the Muses ; and the Graces four.
So charming Flavia's wit, so sweet her face,
She's a new Muse, a Venus, and a Grace.

ANONYMOUS.

¹ Instead of λιμένα ξένον, Jacobs would read λιμέν' ἄξενον—i. e. "an inhospitable port."

CCCXLVI. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 2 EP.

CCCXLVII. MARCUS ARGENTARIUS.

Just now, O dearest lamp, thou hast sneezed¹ thrice.
Surely thou foretellest that my detectable Antigone will
perhaps come to a marriage bed. Should this turn out
true, thou too wilt be, like king Apollo, a prophet on a
tripod to mortals.

CCCXLVIII. UNCERTAIN.

Whether I behold thee shining with thy dark locks,
or on the other hand, (my) queen with auburn ringlets,
beauty shines equally from both. Surely in such tresses,
even when gray, Love will dwell.

Whether thy locks in jetty radiance play,
Or golden ringlets o'er thy shoulder stray,
There Beauty shines, sweet maid ; and should they bear
The snows of age, still Love would linger there.

J. H. M.

CCCXLIX. UNCERTAIN.

If, Venus, thou savest those at sea, save thou me too, a
friend, shipwrecked on land (and) lost.

Venus, who sav'st at sea, O lend a hand,
Dear goddess ; for I'm shipwreck'd on dry land.

H. W.

CCCL. UNCERTAIN.

Sweet myrrh to thee I send ; to myrrh a favour grant-
ing, not to thee ; for thou art able to impart to myrrh
the flavour of myrrh.

CCCLI. UNCERTAIN.

I send to thee sweet myrrh, administering myrrh to
myrrh, like a person making a libation of the stream of
Bacchus to Bacchus.

¹ On the act of sneezing, applied to a lamp, Jacobs refers appositely to Ovid. Heroid. Epist. xix. "Sternuit et lumen, posito nam scribimus illo, sternuit, et nobis prospera signa dedit."

CCCLII. UNCERTAIN.

O thou round, well-turned, one-eared, long-necked,¹ guggling with a narrow mouth, the joyous servant of Bacchus and the Muses and Venus, sweetly-smiling, the delightful dispenser at jointly-paid (revels), why, when I am sober, art thou drunk? but, when I am drunk, art thou sober? Thou doest a wrong to fellow-drinking friendship.

CCCLIII. UNCERTAIN.

Do not grant to stone pillars (over the grave), as a favour, myrrh and garlands; nor light up the fire.² The expense is in vain. Grant me the favour, while living; but by intoxicating the ashes, you will make a puddle; the dead will not have a drop.

Seek not to glad these senseless stones
 With fragrant ointments, rosy wreaths;
 No warmth can reach our mouldering bones,
 From lustral fire, that vainly breathes.
 Now let me revel, whilst I may;
 The wine, that o'er my grave is shed,
 Mixes with earth and turns to clay;
 No honours can delight the dead. J. H. M.

CCCLIV. UNCERTAIN.

How was I born? Whence am I? For what have I come? To go away again. How can I learn any thing, knowing nothing? Being nothing, I was born. I shall be again, as I was before. The race of voice-dividing (men) is nothing and nothing.³ But come, prepare me

¹ To avoid the tautology in *ὑψαύχην*, thus following *μακροτράχηλε*, we may read *ὦ ψυκτῆρ*—and thus recover the noun, wanting at present for all the adjectives.

² In lieu of *τὸ πῦρ*, where the article has no meaning, one would prefer *πυρὰν*—

³ In *οὐδὲν καὶ μηδὲν* there is an error it would, perhaps, be not difficult to correct.

the pleasure-loving stream of Bacchus ; for this medicine is the antidote of ills.

Whence was I born, and how ?

How was I born, and why ?

Alas ! I nothing know,

But, born, that I must die.

From nothing I was born ;

To nothing must return.

The end and the beginning

Of life is nothingness—

Of losing, or of winning,

Of pleasure, or distress.

Then give me wine at least ;

There 's nought left but to feast. J. H. M.

How born, and where, and why ? To go I came ;

And knowing nothing, nothing learn I can.

Nothing I was when born ; and still the same

Nothing shall be. Such is the race of man.

The pleasure-loving cup of Bacchus fill ;

'Tis the sole antidote for every ill. G. B.

CCCLV. UNCERTAIN.

Having erred in nothing, I was begotten by my parents ; and after being born, I unhappy go to Hades. Oh, death-producing intercourse of parents ! woe's me on account of the Necessity, that will cause me to come near to hateful death. ¹[Being nothing, I was born ; I shall be again as I was before. The race of voice-dividing (men) is nothing and nothing.] ¹ Hand me, friend, what remains of the sparkling cup, ² and the wine, that is the oblivion of sorrows.

CCCLVI. UNCERTAIN.

Drink and be merry. What to-morrow or the future (will be), no one knows. Do not run (away) ; nor be

¹— The words between the brackets Jacobs says have been introduced from the preceding Epigram.

² The Greek is at present ἀποστιβωσον : which is unintelligible. It was originally ἀποστιβωσαν—

faint-hearted. As you can, ¹ gratify yourself; share (with others); eat; consider things as mortal; ¹ to live differs not at all from not to live. The whole of life is of this kind; it is only the turn of a scale. If you anticipate it, it is yours; if you die, every thing is another's, and you have nothing.

Drink and rejoice; who knows, to-morrow,
Whether 't will bring us joy or sorrow?
Now, while you may, life's blessing share,
With the jovial and the fair.
Shortly may thy flickering breath
Be tainted by the blast of death.
Such is life; a moment's space;
And it leaves an empty place.
Seize it, ere the silent tomb,
Engulfing thee, gives others room. BL.

Drink and be merry. What the morrow brings,
No mortal knoweth. Wherefore toil or run?
Spend, while thou may'st; eat; fix on present things
Thy hopes and wishes; life and death are one.
One moment, grasp life's goods; to thee they fall.
Dead, thou hast nothing; and another all. G. S.

CCCLVII. UNCERTAIN.

She, who formerly boasted of her very rich lovers—she, who never worshipped the terrible goddess, Nemesis, now beats for wages the threads with a poor weaver's beam; and Athéné² has, though late, made a spoil of Venus.

CCCLVIII. SATYRUS.

Whether, after scattering the limy substance over the reed, visited by birds, you tread the hills or kill hares, call upon Pan. Pan shows to the dog the print-marks of

¹— Such is the literal version of the Greek *χαρίσαι, μεράδος, φάγε, θνητά λογιζου*—where, since *μεράδος* is strangely put before *φάγε*, one would prefer *χάριν ἡμῶν δός φάγε, θνητά λογιζου*—i. e. "give pleasure to the day; eat, O mortal; consider—" Compare Horace's "Præsens carpe diem—"

² Athéné was the goddess who presided over weaving.

the shaggy foot ;¹ Pan keeps erect the putting together of the not inclining reeds.²

CCCLIX. UNCERTAIN.

If as a manly person you have come, stranger, draw from this fountain.³ But if you are naturally effeminate, do not drink by way of excuse. I am manly, and I please only men. But to those naturally effeminate their nature⁴ is water.

CCCLX. UNCERTAIN.

If thirst in mid-day oppresses thee, O rustic, together with thy flocks, when thou hast come to the stream of Cleitoris in a retired spot, draw some drink from the fountain, and place all thy flock of goats near the Nymphs of the water. But do not throw on thy skin water to wash it ; lest the vapour of the pleasant inebriety hurt thee, when in the water : but fly from my fountain, that hates the vine ; where Melampus,⁵ after freeing the daughters of Prætus perfectly from madness, immersed them in a thorough and secret cleansing, when he came from Argos to the mountains of rugged Arcadia.

Shepherd, if thirst oppress thee, while thy flock
Thou lead'st at noon by this Arcadian spring,
Here freely drink thy fill, and freely bring
Around my Naiads all thy fleecy stock.

¹ This was peculiarly said of a hare, called *λασιόπους*.

² Jacobs aptly refers to Martial xiv. 218, "Non tantum calamis, sed cantu fallitur ales ; Pallida dum tacita crescit arundo manu."

³ Jacobs conceives that the fountain alluded to was that of Salmacis in Caria, which, says Strabo, was in bad repute for rendering effeminate those who drank of it.

⁴ By *ἡ φύσις* Jacobs understands the nature of those who drink, not that of the fountain. But even thus it is difficult to perceive the pith of the whole Epigram.

⁵ The story, to which the writer alludes, is told by Ovid, in *Metam.* xv. 322, "Clitorio quicunque sitim de fonte levarit, Vina fugit, gaudetque meris abstemius undis—Amythaone natus Prætidæ attonitas postquam per carmen et herbas Eripuit furiis, purgamina mentis in illas Misit aquas odiumque meri permansit in undis."

But in the water wash not ; lest thou feel
 Loathing and strange antipathy to wine ;
 Such power it hath to make thee hate the vine,
 E'er since my fount did Prætus' daughters heal.

For here Melampus bathed them ; here he cast
 A spell to purge their madness off, and hold
 The secret taint, what time from Argos old
 To rough Arcadia's mountain-heights he past. CROWE.

CCCLXI. UNCERTAIN.

O Pan, speak out a sacred saying¹ to the flocks as they
 are feeding, by placing thy bent lip over the golden
 reeds, in order that the ewes may frequently bring to
 the dwelling of Clymenus their presents of white milk,
 heavy in their udders ; and that the husband of the ewes,
 standing by your altar, may duly throw up red blood
 from his shaggy breast.

CCCLXII. UNCERTAIN.

I possess, way-farer, this rocky and desert spot ; and
 yet, not I, but Archelochus, who placed me here, is the
 cause. For I, Hermes, do not delight in mountains nor
 the crests of hills, but am pleased rather with by-paths.
 But Archelochus, as being himself a lover of desert
 places, and unneighbourly, has caused me too, passer-by,
 to dwell in such a manner.

CCCLXIII. UNCERTAIN.

Paris has seen me naked, and Anchises, and Adonis.
 These three only do I know of. But whence did Prax-
 iteles ?

CCCLXIV. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 82 EP.

CCCLXV. ——— 4 — 25 —

¹ By *ἱερὸν φάρμακον* is meant "a charm," or "incantation."

CCCLXVI. UNCERTAIN.

Here, throwing yourself, way-farer, along the green meadow, rest your limbs rendered soft by laborious suffering; where the pine-tree agitated by the breath of the zephyr shall soothe you, while listening to the music of the tettix; and the shepherd on the mountain is playing on the pipe his mid-day tune near a fountain, and in a thicket under a shaggy plane-tree is avoiding the heat of the autumnal dog-star; and to-morrow you shall pass the grove. To Pan, who says this to you, be duly obedient.

CCCLXVII. UNCERTAIN.

Here, under the juniper, come, way-farers, and rest your limbs awhile near Hermes, the guardian of the road. Not all confusedly; but as many as are tired as to their knees by a heavy toil and thirst, after accomplishing a long journey. For there is a breeze, and shady seat; and a rill under a rock shall put to sleep the weariness of heavy limbs. And after escaping the breath under the open sky of the autumnal dog-star, honour, as is just, Hermes, who presides over the road.

CCCLXVIII. UNCERTAIN.

Nemesis has moulded (one) winged Love as the antagonist to (another) winged Love, in order that he might suffer what he had done. But the one who was formerly bold and fearless, sheds tears on having a taste of bitter arrows; and thrice he spat on his deep bosom.¹ Surely it is very wonderful. Some one will burn fire by fire. Love has touched Love.

CCCLXIX. UNCERTAIN.

²I, too, am of the blood of Venus; and my mother endured that I should possess arrows and wings opposed to my brother.

¹ On this custom Jacobs refers to Theocrit. Id. xx. 11. It was used to deprecate the effects of an ill omen.

² Jacobs considers this as a continuation of the preceding Epigram.

CCCLXX. UNCERTAIN.

ON THE STATUE OF ECHO.

I am an Arcadian goddess, and I dwell near the doorway of Lyæus,¹ giving in return a speech that has been spoken. For no longer, dear Bacchus, do I hate one, who belongs to thy revels. Come then, Pan; and let us speak words in common.

CCCLXXI. WESTMINSTER, 8 BOOK, 65 EP.

CCCLXXII. UNCERTAIN.

ON A STATUE OF MEDEA AT ROME.

Here behold a likeness of the Colchian, the murderess of her children; here behold her statue, modelled by the hand of Timomachus. There is a sword in her hand; passion vehement; a wild look; a tear coming down over her children to be pitied. All he has combined together, collecting into one things not to be mingled, but sparing to colour her hand with blood.

CCCLXXIII. UNCERTAIN.

ON A STATUE OF ARIADNE.

The sculptor was no mortal; but Bacchus, thy lover, chiselled thee such as he saw thee reclining over a rock.

No mortal artist chisell'd thee:

Bacchus, the enamour'd deity,

Such as he view'd thee laid upon the rock,

Sculptured thy living form upon this block. H. W.

CCCLXXIV. ETON EXTRACTS, 172 EP.

CCCLXXV. UNCERTAIN.

You are, O painter's brush, envious, and grudgest those who are looking on, by your having concealed the golden ringlets under a head-dress. But if you hide in

¹ Jacobs infers from these words, that the statue of Echo was placed near a temple of Bacchus.

the likeness the chief elegance of the chiefest head, you do not furnish a belief in the rest of the beauty. Every painter's brush favours the form. But you alone have stealthily taken away the splendour of Theodorias.

CCCLXXVI. ETON EXTRACTS, 3 EP.

CCCLXXVII. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 11 EP.

A reed I am ; I cannot bear
Grape, or apple, fig, or pear,
For gastronomic uses ;
But mine is a divine estate,
When man doth me initiate
A priest of all the Muses.

My point he pares, and splits, and nips,
And frames a throat and narrow lips,
And fills with sable wine ;
Then, though my mouth is ever dumb,
Like one inspired I straight become ;
A world of words is mine. G. C. S.

CCCLXXVIII. UNCERTAIN.

Hunting is a practice for war ;¹ and hunting teaches (one) to catch a thing concealed ; to wait for those coming on ; to pursue the flying.

CCCLXXIX. UNCERTAIN.

The diviners of the sky laid down three decads of years, (and) two triads, as the measure of my life. I am satisfied with these. For the period of early age is the brightest flower. Even the thrice old Pylian (Nestor) died.

CCCLXXX. WESTMINSTER, 4 BOOK, 3 EP.

Why thus, ye shepherds, shamelessly pursue,
And drag me from the branches moist with dew,
The grasshopper—the friend of solitudes—
Shrill-singing to the hills and shady woods,

¹ A similar idea in Xenophon Cyrop. i. 2, 10, as remarked by Jacobs.

Me, the Nymphs' songster—me, who chirp my lays,
 And cheer them through the heats of summer days?
 The merle and thrush—those robbers—see, 'tis they,
 And such, that bear the rough earth's fruit away.
 'Tis just to catch those spoilers; kill the thieves;
 Why grudge the grasshopper fresh dew and leaves? HAY.

CCCLXXXI. UNCERTAIN.

A spider having woven its thin 'web with its slim
 feet¹ caught a tettix, hampered in the intricate net. I
 did not however, on seeing the young thing that loves
 music, run by it, while making a lament in the thin fet-
 ters; but freeing it from the net I relieved it, and spoke
 thus—"Be saved, thou, who singest with a musical
 noise."

Her web with subtle feet a spider wrought
 And in its toils a poor cicada caught.
 Hearing it lowly wail its flimsy chain,
 I left not the young songster to complain,
 But burst its bonds, and let it loose, and said—
 "For thy sweet music, freedom be thy need."

F. WRANGHAM.

While with lithe feet her task the spider plied,
 Within her snares a grasshopper she drew;
 Under the tiny chains the captive sigh'd,
 And to release the child of song I flew.
 "Save thee," I cried; "thy chains are off; be free;
 And now indulge thy sweetest minstrelsy." HAY.

CCCLXXXII. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 11 EP.

CCCLXXXIII. ——— 2 — 9 —

CCCLXXXIV. JULIANUS SCHOLASTICUS.

²Hesperius has overcome me and at the same time an

¹—¹ Jacobs has happily elicited *ποσὶν ἰστέον* from *ὑπὸ ποσσίν*, to which he was led by the version of Grotius, "tenuem telam."

²—² This Epigram, says Jacobs, was written by the author on his slave, Hesperius, neglecting to call him, when sleeping heavily in the

early-morning slumber; the latter, by falling heavily upon me; the former, by not calling me. Of which two let the former perish; but may the other be propitious, that appeared, knowing the measure of hours.²

CCCLXXXV. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 9 EP.

CCCLXXXVI. ETON EXTRACTS, 1 —

CCCLXXXVII. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 67 —

When now the Cynic in dark Pluto's reign

His earthly task of snarling wisdom closed,

Laughing he heard the Lydian king complain,

And spread his cloak, and near the prince reposed.

"Drainer," he cried, "of streams that flow'd with gold,

My higher dignity in hell behold;

For all I had on earth, this nether sphere

Receives with me; but thou hast nothing here." F. H.

CCCLXXXVIII. UNCERTAIN.

Three damsels once played with each other, by drawing lots, which should first go to Hades. And thrice they threw from their hands the die; and the die of all came to one party; and she laughed at the lot, that was destined for her. But she, ill-fated, slipped by an unexpected fall from the roof, and went to Hades, as she had obtained by lot. Without falsehood is the lot, in which evil (is); but for what is better, neither prayers are successful in their aim to mortals, nor are hands.

Three damsels once essay'd, in mirthful vein,

Who first should visit Pluto's gloomy reign;

And thrice with anxious hearts they threw the die

That should decide their future destiny.

The lot on one was cast; but no alarm

Excited; she but mock'd the idle charm.

Yet unawares her destiny fulfill'd,

Slipp'd from the roof and by the fall was kill'd.

True are the Fates, when hovering evils brood;

Forbear to trust them, when they promise good. BL.

morning, and thus preventing him from attending a lecture he was glad to miss.

CCCLXXXIX. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 73 EP.

CCCXC. UNCERTAIN.

Not the plain of Smyrna produced the divine Homer, nor Colophon, the bright star of the luxurious Ionia; nor Chios, nor fruitful Egypt; not holy Cyprus, nor the old¹ island, the country of Laertiades; not Argos (the land) of Danaus and the Cyclopean Mycené, nor the city of the Cecropians descended from old; for he was naturally not a work of the earth; but the Muses sent him from the sky, that he might bring gifts desired by beings of a day.

CCCXCI. UNCERTAIN.

Pindar of Thebes twanged (his lyre) with a loud sound; the Muse of Simonides, with voice, like honey, sweet, breathed delight; Stesichorus and Ibycus were brilliant; Alcman was sweet; Bacchylides spoke from his mouth in liquid notes. Persuasion followed Anacreon. The Lesbian Alcæus spoke in varied measures with his Æolian harp. And Sappho is enrolled the ninth not amongst men, but the tenth Muse amongst the lovely² Muses.

O sacred voice of the Pierian choir,
 Immortal Pindar! Oh, enchanting air,
 Of sweet Bacchylides! Oh, rapturous lyre,
 Majestic graces of the Lesbian fair!
 Muse of Anacreon, the gay, the young!
 Stesichorus, thy full Homeric stream!
 Soft elegies by Cæa's poet sung!
 Persuasive Ibycus, thy glowing theme!
 Sword of Alcæus, that with tyrant's gore
 Gloriously painted, lift'st thy point so high!
 Ye tuneful nightingales, that still deplore
 Your Alcman, prince of amorous poesy—

¹ This epithet is from Homer *Il.* *Γ.* 201, 'ἰθάκης κραναῆς.

² In *ἱεραιναίς* probably lies hid 'Ἐρατοῦς παῖς. For Sappho would be fairly called "the child of Erato," as Orpheus was of Calliopé.

Oh yet impart some breath of heavenly fire
To him, who venerates the Grecian lyre. J. H. M.

CCCXCII. UNCERTAIN.

Come to the splendid grove of the blue-eyed Juno, ye
Lesbian damsels, twirling the delicate steppings of your
feet; there establish a beautiful dance for the goddess;
and you shall Sappho lead, holding a golden lyre in her
hands, oh ye happy in the much-joyous dance. Surely
you will think you are hearing the pleasant strain of
Calliopé herself.

Come, Lesbian maids, to Juno's royal dome,
With steps that hardly press the pavement, come;
Let your own Sappho lead the lovely choir,
And to the altar bear her golden lyre.
There first, in graceful order slow advance;
Then weave light mazes in the joyous dance;
Herself the while her heaven-taught strains shall pour,
Such strains as sang Calliopé of yore. J. H. M.

CCCXCIII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 95 EP.

CCCXCIV. ETON EXTRACTS, 53 —

CCCXCV. UNCERTAIN.

No language greater than thine, O pre-eminent mouth
of the well-tongued Attica, has every page of the Pan-
Hellenes concealed. For thou didst first, O divine
Plato, stretch thine eye to god and heaven, and survey
mortals and life, and didst with the Socratic sneer mix
up the Samian mind, a union¹ most beautiful in a
venerable difference of sentiment.

CCCXCVI. UNCERTAIN.

It was meet to place thee, Menander, in union with
thy beloved Cupid, living with whom you were initiated
in the delightful mysteries of the god. And thou art
plainly carrying about every where the god; since even
now all, who look on thy form, are in love with thee.

¹ In lieu of the unintelligible *σῆμα*, Scaliger suggested *ἄμμα*.

Menander, sweet Thalia's pride,
 Well art thou placed by Cupid's side.
 Priest to the god of soft delights,
 Thou spread'st on earth his joyous rites.
 And sure the boy himself we see
 To smile, and please, and breathe in thee :
 For musing o'er yon imaged stone,
 To see thee, and to love, are one. BL.

CCCXC VII. UNCERTAIN.

You see here, Menander, the joyous friend of Love,
 the Siren of the stage, with his head ever garlanded,
 because he taught mankind a joyous life, sweetening the
 scene with dramas all of marriage.

Behold Menander, Siren of the stage,
 Who charm'd, with love allied, a happier age.
 Light wanton wreaths, that never shall be dead,
 Are curl'd luxuriant round the poet's head ;
 Who dress'd the scene in colours bright and gay
 And breathed enchantment o'er the living lay. BL.

CCCXC VIII. ETON EXTRACTS, 128 EP.

CCCXC IX. ERINNA OF MITYLENÉ.

Ye pillars and my Sirens, and sorrowing urn, that
 holdest for Hades my small ashes, bid those all hail,
 who come near my tomb, whether they are citizens or
 from another city; and say that the tomb holds me a
 virgin, and this too, that my father called me Baucis,
 and that I was of a Tenian family, and that they may
 know,¹ that my companion, Erinna, engraved this writing
 on my tomb.

Say, ye cold pillars, and thou wasting urn,
 And sculptured Sirens, that appear to mourn,

¹ In the words *ὥς δ' εἰδῶν τι*, which Jacobs vainly attempts to explain, lies hid a corruption not easy to correct, unless by reading *ὥς δ', ἐν' ἄδοι τὰ νεκρ' ὁστί' ἐμ'*, "and that, in order that my dead bones might be pleased;" in lieu of *ὥς δ' εἰδῶν τι καὶ ὁστί μοι*.

And guard within my poor and senseless dust,
 Consign'd by fondest memory to your trust,
 Say to the stranger, as he muses nigh,
 That Ida's ashes here lamented lie,
 Of noble lineage; that Erinna's love
 Thus mourns the partner of her joys above. BL.

Pillars of death, carved Sirens, tearful urns,
 In whose sad keeping my poor dust is laid,
 To him, who near my tomb his footsteps turns,
 Stranger or Greek, bid hail; and say a maid
 Rests in her bloom below; her sire the name
 Of Baucis gave; her birth and lineage high;
 And say her bosom friend Erinna came
 And on this tomb engraved her elegy. ELTON.

CCCC. THE SAME.

I am (the tomb) of the maiden Baucis; and do thou,
 who passest slowly by this much-wept-for pillar, say to
 Hades below the earth thus—"Thou art envious,¹
 Hades." To him, who is looking on these pretty²
 symbols, tell the cruel fate of Baucis, how³ the funeral
 fire burnt the damsel with the very torches at her death,³
 with which the beautiful Hymen had been delighted.
 And thou, O Hymen, didst suit, by a change in the strain,
 that song of marriage to the language of a mournful
 dirge.

I am the tomb of Ida, hapless bride!
 Unto this pillar, traveller, turn aside;
 Turn to this tear-worn monument and say—
 "Oh! envious Death, to snatch this life away."
 These mystic symbols all too plainly show
 The bitter fate of her, who sleeps below.

¹ On the envy of happy mortals felt by the deities, Jacobs refers to Herodot. vii. 46.

² In lieu of *τοὶ καλὰ*, where *καλὰ* seems rather strange, one would prefer *ποικίλα*, "various—"

³⁻³ The Greek is at present *ταῖσδ' ἐπὶ καθεντὰς ἐφλεγε πυρκαϊᾶς*. But from words without syntax it is impossible to elicit sense. The author probably wrote, what is here translated, *ταῖσδ' ἐπικηδείαις ἐφλεγε πυρκαϊδ.*

The very torch that laughing Hymen bore
 To light the virgin to the bridegroom's door,
 With that same torch the bridegroom lights the fire,
 That dimly glimmers on her funeral pyre.
 Thou, too, O Hymen, bidst the nuptial lay
 In elegiac moanings die away.

J. H. M.

The virgin Myrtis' sepulchre am I;
 Creep softly to the pillar'd mount of woe,
 And whisper to the grave, in earth below—
 "Grave, thou art envious, in thy cruelty."
 To thee, now gazing here, her barbarous fate
 These bride's adornments tell, that with the fire
 Of Hymen's torch, which led her to the gate,
 The husband burnt the maid upon her pyre.
 Yes, Hymen, thou didst change the marriage song
 To the shrill wailing of the mourner's song.

ELTON.

CCCCI. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 62 EP.

Sparta, our country, we thy thirty sons
 At Thyrea fought with thirty valiant ones—
 Argives—nor did we turn our backs, but where
 We first had stood, our lives we yielded there.
 Stain'd with thy blood, Othryades, this shield
 Proclaims—"Here Argives did to Spartans yield"—
 If Argive fled, Adrastus' blood owns he;
 Death is not death to Spartans, but to flee.

HAY.

CCCCII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 54 EP.

CCCCIII. ——— 2 — 37 —

CCCCIV. ——— — — 38 —

CCCCV. SIMONIDES.

These have around their beloved country placed un-
 extinguished renown, and thrown around themselves
 the livid cloud of death; nor though dead are they dead;
 since Valour that is celebrated above brings them from
 the house Hades.

These won for Sparta fame through endless days,
 When death's dark cloud upon themselves they drew ;
 But dying died not ; for their Valour's praise
 From Hades' dwelling leads them up anew.

STERLING.

These for their native land through death's dark shade
 Who freely pass'd, now deathless glory wear ;
 They die not ; but by Valour's sovereign aid
 Are borne from Hades to the upper air. J. H. M.

These to their land fame unextinguish'd gave,
 Though death's dark cloud encompass'd them around ;
 Dying they died not ; Valour from the grave
 Leads them on high, with glory's garland crown'd.
 M. A. S.

CCCCVI. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 64 EP.

CCCCVII. ETON EXTRACTS, 119 EP.

CCCCVIII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 98 EP.

CCCCIX. SIMONIDES.¹

Timarchus, while his father was holding his arms
 around him, as he was expiring in the desirable period

¹ This Epitaph Franck on Callinus would unite with another of Simonides—

Αἰ αἰ, νόυσε βαρεῖα, τί δὴ ψυχᾷσι μεγάραις
 Ἀνθρώπων ἱρατὰ παρ νεότητι μίνειν ;
 Ἥ καὶ Τίμαρχον γλυκερῆς αἰῶνος ἀμίρσας
 ἦϊθ' εὖ, πρὶν ἰδεῖν κουριδίην ἄλοχον—

Which is literally—"Alas! alas! thou grievous disease, why dost thou begrudge the life of man to remain with delightful youth? who hast deprived the youthful Timarchus of his pleasant existence before he beheld a young wife—" and both are thus translated by a writer in the Quarterly Review, No. xciv. p. 97.

Grievous disease, why enviest thou to man
 In lovely youth to stay,
 Amercing young Timarchus of his life
 Before his nuptial day?
 He, in his father's arms embraced,
 Thus gasp'd with failing breath—
 "O Timenorides, forget me not,
 Thy virtuous child, in death."

of youth, said—"O Timenorides, you will never forget your dear boy, through regretting his virtue and temperance."

Timarchus, circled in his son's embrace,

Exclaim'd, while breathing out his latest breath,—

"Timenor's son, henceforth in thoughts retrace

The strength and calm of soul I keep in death."

STERLING.

CCCCX. SIMMIAS OF THEBES.

Thee, Sophocles, the son of Sophillus, who didst play in Choirs,¹ the Cecropian star of the tragic Muse, (and) whose head often has the ivy of Acharnæ, that blooms with twisted branches, covered on the thymelê² and in the scene, does the tomb hold, and a little portion of earth. ³But abundant Time sees (thee) in immortal pages.³

CCCCXL. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 70 EP.

CCCCXL. — — — 54 —

CCCCXIII. PLATO.

We, who left the heavy-booming wave of the Ægean sea, lie in the midst of the plain of Ecbatana. Farewell, renowned country of Eretria; farewell, Athens, neighbour of Eubœa; (and) farewell, thou beloved sea.

CCCCXIV. THE SAME.

We are of the race of Eretria in Eubœa; but we are lying near Susa. Alas! how distant from our native land!

¹ This alludes to the fact of Sophocles having played and danced in some of his earliest pieces.

² This was the technical name for that part of the stage, where the altar of Bacchus was placed.

³⁻³ The Greek is ἀλλ' ὁ περισσὸς Αἰὼν ἀθανάτοις— But *περισσὸς* is strangely used for *πολὺς*— Perhaps the poet wrote ἀλλὰ γεραστοῖς Αἰὼν σ' ἀθάνατον—where *γεραστοῖς* would allude to the honours paid to Sophocles when victorious at the dramatic contests.

Eretrians of Eubœa, we are laid in Susa's earth;
 Alas! at what a distance from the land that gave us
 birth!
 H. W.

CCCCXV. ETON EXTRACTS, 136 EP.

CCCCXVI. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 55 EP.

CCCCXVII. ÆSCHRION OF SAMOS.

I, Philænis, who was in bad repute amongst men, lie here in a great old age. Do not thou, O foolish sailor, while doubling the head-land, make light of me and the butt of laughter and ribaldry. For by Jove and 'the youths below,'¹ I was not of a lascivious behaviour amongst men, nor a common woman. But Polycrates, an Athenian by birth, a clever concocter of stories, and with a wicked tongue, has written what he has written.² Such matters³ I know not.

CCCCXVIII. PHILETAS OF SAMOS.

The pillar, with heavy feelings, says this—"Hades has snatched away Theodoté, young in years and small in size." And the little one says to her father this in return—"Restrain thy sorrow, Theodotus; mortals are frequently unfortunate."

CCCCXIX. MNASALCAS.

No more with wings shrill-sounding shalt thou sing, O locust, along the fertile furrows settling; nor me reclining under the shady foliage shalt thou delight, striking, with dusky wings, a pleasant melody.

Oh! never more, thou locust, shalt thou, with shrilly wing, Along the fertile furrows sit, and thy gladsome carols sing:

¹—¹ What Æschrion meant by τοὺς κάτω κόμπους Jacobs has not even attempted to explain; for he probably suspected some corruption here, which it would not be difficult to correct.

² On the formula ἔγραψεν οἱ ἔγραψεν, see Blomf. Ag. 66.

³ In lieu of ἔγραψεν ἐγὼ δ'—Planudes has ἔγραψεν αὐτῇ δ'—which plainly leads to ἔγραψε τοιάδ'—

Oh! never more thy nimble wings shall cheer this heart of mine

With sweetest melody, while I beneath the trees recline.

HAY.

CCCCXX. THE SAME.

Even here shall a sacred bird¹ stop its swift wing, and settle above this pleasant plane-tree. For Pœmander the Malian is dead; nor will he come any more, pouring the bird-lime upon the prey-catching reeds.

Here stay, thou sacred bird, thy rapid wing,
And safe enjoy the plane-tree's pleasant shade;
Pœmander's dead; no more his snares he'll bring,
Of rustic reeds and fatal bird-lime made.

M. A. S.

CCCCXXI. THE SAME.

Alas! Aristocratia, thou to the deep Acheron art gone stretched (on thy bed) before marriage in the prime of life; while tears are left to thy mother, who frequently stretched on thy tomb laments thee from her head.²

Ah, thou art gone, Aristocratia, gone,
To deep, deep Acheron!
Thou should'st have been a blooming bride, but thou
Art lying low:
Trickles adown thy mother's cheek the tear,
O daughter dear;
As oft, with drooping head, she mourns thy doom
Stretch'd on thy tomb.

J. W. B.

CCCCXXII. NOSSIS.

If, stranger, you are sailing to Mityléné with its lovely choirs, to behold Sappho, the flower of the Graces, say,

¹ As it is difficult to say why a bird should be called *ἱερός*, it is probable that the poet wrote, not *καὶ-ἱερός*, but *παῖς-αἰθρός*—similar to *οἰωνοῖσιν, αἰθίρος τέκνοις* in Eurip. El. 896. On the confusion of *παῖ* and *καί* see Porson Orest. 614.

² Meineke, dissatisfied with Jacobs' attempt to explain *ἐκ κεφαλᾶς*, suggests *ἐκζαφελῶς*. The translator J. W. B. seems to have read *κεκλιμένας κόκκυιν, αἱ κεφαλᾶς*—

that ¹I was beloved by the Muses, and that the land of Locris produced me, and to equals,¹ that my name is Nossis. Depart.

CCCCXXIII. THE SAME.

With a hearty laugh pass by me and say over me a kind word. I am Rhinthon of Syracuse, a little nightingale of the Muses; but by Tragi-comedy I plucked an ivy-(crown) peculiar to myself.

With hearty laughter pass this column by,
Just meed of praise to him, who slumbers nigh.
Rhinthon my name; my home was Syracuse;
And though no tuneful darling of the Muse,
I first made Tragedy divert the town;
And wove—nay, doubt not—my own ivy-crown.

J. H. M.

CCCCXXIV. ANYTE; SOME SAY, LEONIDAS.

For a locust, the nightingale amongst ploughed fields, and for the tettix, whose bed is in the oak, did Myro make a common tomb, after the damsel had dropt a maiden tear; for Hades, hard to be persuaded, had gone away, taking with him her two playthings.

The oak-frequenting grasshopper, and the wood-land nightingale,

The locust, have this common tomb; and loud is Myro's wail.

And virgin tears the maiden drops for these, her sportive twain,

Which ruthless Pluto took, and which she ne'er shall see again.

HAY.

CCCCXXV. ANYTE.

Instead of a bridal chamber with a fruitful bed, and solemn nuptial rites, thy mother placed in this marble

¹ Edwards has adopted the emendation proposed by Porson, as recorded by Gaisford on Hephæstion, p. 10. Meineke has edited φίλα τ' ἦν, ἃ τε Λοκρίς γὰρ τίκτε μ', ἴσαίς δ'—not aware that Reisig had suggested the same emendation in Comment. Crit. in Œdip. Col. p. 304. But as ἴσαίς is still quite unintelligible, the true reading remains to be discovered.

tomb thee, Thersis, a virgin¹ having both thy stature and beauty; but though dead thou art still spoken to.

CCCCXXVI. THE SAME.

Throwing her arms around her dear father, these last words did Erato say, while bedewed with tears and pale —“ I am, O father, no more; and livid death darkens the eyes of me, who am already dying.”

Poor Erato, when the cold hand of death
Choked the faint struggles of her labouring breath,
And parting life scarce glimmer'd in her face,
Strain'd her fond parent in a last embrace.
“ Oh! father, I'm no more; dark clouds arise,
The mists of death hang heavy on my eyes.”

J. H. M.

CCCCXXVII. THE SAME.

Often at this monument does Cleino, the mother of a maiden whose death was rapid, call with lamentations on her loved child, invoking the soul of Philænis, who before marriage went over the green water of the river Acheron.

In this sad tomb, where Clino sleeps, sweet maid,
Her mother oft invokes the gentle shade,
And calls in hopeless grief on her, who died
In the full bloom of youth and beauty's pride;
Who left, a virgin, the bright realms of day,
On gloomy Acheron's pale coasts to stray. J. H. M.

Clino at this sad spot, where sleeps a maid,
Too quickly snatch'd, calls, mother-like, the shade
Of her Philænis often; who unwed
O'er the green wave of Acheron has fled. G. B.

CCCCXXVIII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 38 EP.

CCCCXXIX. ——— 2 — 52 —

CCCCXXX. ASCLEPIADES.

For the length of eight cubits keep yourself off, rough

¹ It would seem that by *παρθενικὴν* is meant a “ virgin-like statue.”

sea, and rise into waves and roar out, how great is your power ; but if you take away the tomb of Eumarés, you will find nothing else of value, but merely bones and ashes.

Keep off, rude sea, if but eight cubits' length ;
 And roar and rage and swell with all thy strength.
 The grave of Eumarés should'st thou take, thy gains
 Are but the bones and ashes it contains. H. W.

CCCCXXXI. LEONIDAS.

Thou pain-giving minister of Hades, who sailest over the water of Acheron in thy dark-blue punt, receive me—even if thy frost-cold ¹ boat be greatly burthened—Diogenes, the dog, who am dead : my cargo is a pitcher, and a wallet, and an old garment, and a farthing, that pays the ferry for the dead ; all that amongst the living I possessed, I am come bringing to Hades ; and I have left nothing under the sun.

Sad minister of Hades, who alone
 With thy black boat canst pass o'er Acheron,
 What though that fearful boat nigh sunken be
 With its full freight of souls, yet take in me,
 The dog Diogenes ; 'tis all I ask,
 Besides my comrade scrip and leathern flask,
 This tatter'd cloak, and mite to pay the ferry.
 All I possess'd on earth to make me merry ;
 And all I wish in Hell again to find.
 I have left nothing in the world behind. J. H. M.

Nether Pluto's most troublesome slave,
 That puntest 'cross Acheron's wave
 In that ferry boat dismal and dread ;
 Though with shuddering ghosts of the dead
 Supercargoed, receive on your log
 Diogenes, surnamed the dog.
 For my old coat and satchel and flask
 To take with me is all I shall ask,

¹ In lieu of *δρυσέσσα*, Meineke has correctly adopted *ἀ κρυέσσα*, furnished by Suidas.

With a penny to pay for the shippage.
 Here I am with all my equipage ;
 And as rich now, as when with mankind ;
 I am sure I leave nothing behind. G. F. D. T.

CCCCXXXII. THE SAME.

I am here a stone over Crethon, showing forth his name, but Crethon is amongst those under the earth merely ashes ; he, who formerly equalled Gyges in wealth ; he, who formerly was rich in kine ; he, who formerly was rich in flocks of goats ; he, who formerly—but why do I mention more ?—he, who was deemed happy¹ by all, alas ! how little a portion does he possess of lands so large !

I am the tomb of Crethon ; here you read
 His name ; himself is number'd with the dead ;
 Who once had wealth not less than Gyges' gold ;
 Who once was rich in stable, stall, and fold ;
 Who once was blest above all living men—
 With lands, how narrow now, how ample then !

J. H. M.

The name of Crethon and his state to show,
 This stone is placed ; he lies in dust below ;
 Who erst like Gyges did in wealth abound ;
 Who erst beheld his herds and flocks around ;
 Who erst—why longer idly talk ? this man,
 Envied by all, now holds of earth a span. M. A. S.

CCCCXXXIII. THE SAME.

Quietly pass by the tomb, lest you wake up the sharp-(stinged) wasp, who is taking his rest in sleep. For just now the passion of Hipponax, who barked against his parents, just now² is put to sleep in quietness. But have a care, for his words, full of fire, have even in Hades the power to inflict pain.

¹ In lieu of *μακαρὸς*, which is scarcely a Greek word, one would have expected *μεγαρὸς*—

² To avoid the unmeaning repetition of *ἀπρι*, one would prefer *κάπρι*, “very much,” united to *καταβαύξας*.

Pass gently by this tomb, lest, while he dozes,
 Ye wake the hornet, that beneath reposes ;—
 Whose sting, that would not his own parents spare,
 Who will, may risk ; and touch it those, who dare.
 Take heed then ; for his words, like fiery darts,
 Have e'en in Hell the power to pierce our hearts.

J. H. M.

CCCCXXXIV. THE SAME.

A. Who, and whose daughter, art thou, O woman,
 who liest under a Parian pillar ? *B.* I am Prexo, the
 daughter of Calliteles. *A.* And of what country ? *B.*
 Of Samos. *A.* And who buried you ? *B.* Theocritus,
 to whom my parents gave me in marriage. *A.* Of what
 did you die ? *B.* Of child-birth. *A.* Being how many
 years old ? *B.* Twenty-two. *A.* Were you childless ?
B. No, I left Calliteles three years old. *A.* May he
 live, and come to a prolonged old age. *B.* And to you,
 stranger, may Fortune give all good things.

A. Who, and whose child, art thou, that sleep'st beneath this
 Parian pile ?

B. Prexo ; my sire Calliteles. *A.* From whence ? *B.*
 From Samos' isle.

A. By whom interr'd ? *B.* Theocritus, the spouse my
 parents chose.

A. What brought thee to the grave ? *B.* Alas ! I died in
 child-bed throes.

A. Of years how many ? *B.* Twenty-two. *A.* And child-
 less all bereft ?

B. Ah ! no ; one child, Calliteles, of three years old, I left.

A. Long may he live, poor boy, and to an honour'd age
 attain.

B. And, stranger kind, may Fate for thee whate'er is good
 ordain.

J. H. M.

A. Who, and what art thou, lady, sleeping here,
 Beneath the Parian column's silent shade ?

B. Prexo, Calliteles' own daughter dear.

A. Where born ? *B.* At Samos. *A.* Who death's rites
 has paid ?

- B.* Theocritus, to whom my parents gave
My hand. *A.* Thy death? *B.* 'Twas child-birth's
pains. *A.* Thy years?
B. Were two and twenty. *A.* Childless to the grave
Didst thou descend? *B.* To dry a father's tears
Calliteles lives, just three years old. *A.* May he
Old age attain. *B.* Stranger, good be to thee.

M. A. S.

CCCCXXXV. THE SAME.

On thee, stranger, Orthon, a man of Syracuse, enjoins this: "Do not go out at all, when drunk, on a wintry night; for I suffered a fate of this kind; and instead of an extensive¹ country, I lie invested in a foreign one."

Stranger, the Syracusan Orthon prays
You walk not forth drunk in the night; but says,
That he by such misfortune was undone,
And sleeps in death, beneath a foreign stone. C. M.

CCCCXXXVI. THE SAME; OTHERS SAY, MELEAGER.

The virgin Erinna, the young songstress amongst minstrels, that, like the bee, fed upon the flowers, belonging to the Muses, has Hades carried off to his own bridal rites. Surely the clever girl said truly this—"Envious thou art, O Hades."

CCCCXXXVII. THE SAME.

What shall we conjecture, on seeing the die, called Chian, engraved and lying upon thy tomb, Peisistratus? Is it that you were a Chian? It is likely. Or that you were a gamester, but not, my good man, the very best thrower?² Or is neither of these near the mark? but were you extinguished in (a cask of) Chian wine

¹ Instead of *ἀντὶ δὲ πολλῆς*, which Jacobs once endeavoured to explain, Auratus wished to read *ἀντὶ παλαιᾶς*—but Heinsius, *ἀντὶ δὲ βώλου*, adopted by Meineke. Jacobs subsequently suggested *πύρνης*. But the corruption lies somewhat deeper, as it would not be difficult to show.

² As the die called Chian meant one, and as the lowest number was considered the least fortunate, it is evident the poet wrote *λεπτοβόλος*, with a play on *ὦ ἀγαθὲ*, not *πλειστοβόλος*.

unmixed? Yes, I think so. In this we have come near (the truth).

CCCCXXXVIII. THE SAME.

Maronis, fond of wine, the ashes of kegs,¹ lies here in years, over whose tomb is placed the Attic goblet, a thing known to all; and below the earth she grieves not for children, nor husband, whom she left, wanting the means of life, but for one thing above all—that the goblet is empty.

CCCCXXXIX. THE SAME.

A gale from the East, rough and calamity-bringing,² and night, and ³the waves, during the dark all-setting of Orion,³ have done me a hurt; and I, Callæschrus, have slipt out of life, while running through the midst of the Libyan sea; and tost about in the ocean, a prize for fish, am gone dead; but the stone is here telling a falsehood.

The rough and blustering East-wind's sudden sway,
As set in storm and rack Orion's ray,
And pitchy night fell on the Libyan wave,
Hurl'd down Callæschrus to a watery grave.
The billows bear my corpse, to fish a prize;
And this my tomb its title but belies. G. S.

CCCCXL. THE SAME.

Ah! hapless Anticles! and hapless I, too, who have placed on the funeral pyre thee, my only son, in the bloom of youth! thou whou hast perished a boy of eighteen years old; while I weep and mourn my widowed old age. Would that I might go to the shadowy house of Hades. For neither the morn, nor the ray of the

¹ As the body of Maronis, by her constant drinking, became a cask, her ashes would be properly called those of a cask, not of a body.

² In *αἰπήεσσα*, vainly explained by Jacobs, evidently lies hid *ἀτην* *θεῖσα*—

³—³ From the unintelligible *καὶ δνοφερῆς κύματα πανδυσίης*—it is easy to elicit *κάν δνοφεραῖς κύμα τριπλοῦν δύσειν*—where *κύμα τριπλοῦν* answers to the well-known *τρικυμία*, on which see Blomfield Prom. 1051.

rapid sun,¹ is pleasant to me. Ah! hapless Anticles, snatched by death, mayest thou be a healer of my grief by taking me to thyself from life.

Unhappy child! unhappy I, who shed
A mother's sorrows o'er thy funeral bed!
Thou'rt gone in youth, Amyntas; I in age
Must wander through a lonely pilgrimage,
And sigh for regions of unchanging night,
And sicken at the day's repeated light.
Oh! guide me hence, sweet spirit, to that bourn,
Where in thy presence I shall cease to mourn. BL.

Oh! wretched Anticles! oh! wretched me!
A son in youth and beauty dead to see.
Scarce eighteen years were thine, and now I mourn
My old age widow'd, hapless, and forlorn.
Oh! might I go to Hades' shadowy tomb;
For here nor morn nor evening cheers the gloom.
Though dead, be thou the healer of my pain,
And from life take me to thyself again. G. B.

CCCCXLI. LEONIDAS.

Far from the land of Italy and my native Tarentum
am I lying; and this to me is more bitter than death.
Such is of wanderers the life that is no life. Yet have
the Muses loved me, and instead of things sad, I have
what flows with honey; nor has the name of Leonidas
been obliterated; but the very gifts of the Muses herald
me to all times.

Far from Tarentum's native soil I lie,
Far from the land beloved of infancy.
'Tis dreadful to resign this mortal breath;
But in a stranger-clime 'tis worse than death.
It is not life to pass our fever'd age
In ceaseless wanderings o'er the world's wide stage;
But me the Muse has ever loved, and given
Sweet joys to counterpoise the curse of heaven;

¹ By this is meant the evening, when the sun seems to move more rapidly than at any other time.

Nor lets my memory decay, but long
To distant times preserves my deathless song. J. H. M.

A long way from the soil of Italy,
And bitterer to me than death, I lie,
Not in Tarentum fatherland. So fares

The needy wanderer. But the tuneful Nine
Gave me their love and sweets in lieu of cares.
And no oblivion now can sink my name ;
For to all time the Muses' gifts proclaim

Leonidas, where'er the orb of day doth shine. H. W.

My tomb is rear'd far from Italia's land,
And, what is worse than death, Tarentum's strand.
Such is the wanderer's life. The Muses' smile
Cheer'd my lone hours, and could my woes beguile.
The Muses' gifts perpetuate my name,
And to all times Leonidas proclaim. M. A. S.

CCCCXLII. NICIAS.

Sit here under the black poplars, traveller, since you
are tired, and drink, going near to our rill ; but remem-
ber the fountain, even when you are far away, which
Simus built up near his deceased child Gillus.

Stay, weary traveller, stay !

Beneath these boughs repose ;

A step out of the way

My little fountain flows.

And never quite forget

The monumental urn,

Which Simus here hath set,

His buried child to mourn. C. M.

Beneath these poplars rest thee, passer-by,

And cool thy parch'd lips in my gushing wave ;

Nor let this fountain fade from Memory's eye,

Which Simus built to mark his Gillus' grave.

J. W. B.

CCCCXLIII. DIOTIMUS.

Not even a lion in the mountains is as terrible as was
Crinagoras, the son of Micon, amidst the clatter of shields.
But if the covering (of the ground) be small, do not find

fault. The place is little ; but it knows how to produce men enduring in battle.

Fiercer than lion on the mountain's height
Was Micon's son amidst the clash of shields.
Scorn not his little tomb ; his country's site
Is small ; but war-enduring men she yields.

M. A. S.

CCCCXLIV. DIOTIMUS ; SOME SAY, LEONIDAS.

The cows came wretched of their own accord to their shed from a mountain, covered with much snow. Alas ! alas ! Therimachus was sleeping his long sleep near an oak, for he had been put to rest by a fire from heaven.

Cover'd with snow, the herd, with none to guide,
Came to the stall adown the mountain's side.
For, ah ! Therimachus beneath an oak
Slept the long sleep, from which he ne'er awoke ;
Sent to his slumber by the lightning's stroke.

J. W. B.

CCCCXLV. DIOTIMUS.

What avails it to suffer the pains of child-birth ? what to have brought forth children ? Let her not be a mother, who is about to see the death of her child. For over the young Bianor his mother heaped up¹ a monument. This it was fitting for the mother to have obtained from her boy.

Why travail we in childbirth ? Far better not give breath
By useless pangs to babes fore-doom'd, and see their early death.

This tomb, to young Bianor raised, a mother's care bestows,
When 'tis, alas ! the tribute, which a son the mother owes.

H. W.

CCCCXLVI. HEGESIPPUS.

²On every side around the tomb are thorns and stakes.
You will hurt your feet if you approach.² I, Timon

¹ Here χεύατο seems to have the sense of ἔχωσε.

²—³ The distich between the numerals is omitted in Eton Extr. Ep. 122.

the man-hater, dwell within. But pass by. After bidding you to have many a groan, (I say) only pass by.

Sharp thorns and stakes beset this tomb all round ;
Stranger, approach it not, your feet you'll wound.
Timon the misanthrope dwells here. Pass on,
And vent your curses as you pass. Begone. H. W.

CCCCXLVII. THEOCRITUS.

Here lies Hipponax the verse-maker. If you are a knave, come not near the tomb ; but if you are a good man and (come) from honest (parents), sit down with confidence ; and if you like it, take a nap.

Hipponax the verse-satirist lies here.
If thou'rt a worthless wretch, approach not near ;
But if well-bred, and from all evil pure,
Sit here with confidence, and sleep secure. FAWKES.

Here lies Hipponax, to the Muses dear.
Traveller, if conscience stings, approach not near ;
But if sincere of heart, and free from guile,
Here boldly sit, and even sleep awhile. J. H. M.

CCCCXLVIII. CALLIMACHUS.

A Nymph carried off Astacides, who was a Cretan, and a goat-herd, from a mountain ; and now Astacides lives as a holy person under the Dictæan oaks. No longer shall we shepherds sing of Daphnis, but Astacides.

CCCCXLIX. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 55 EP.

I wept, my Heracleitus, when they told
That thou wert dead ; I thought of days of old,
How oft in talk we sent the sun to rest.
Long since hast thou, my Halicarnassus' guest,
Been dust ; yet live thy nightingales ; on these
The all-plund'ring hand of Death shall never seize.

HAY.

CCCL. ETON EXTRACTS, 138 EP.

Lycus the Naxian perish'd not on shore ;
Both bark and life he lost amid the roar

Of the rough billows, from Ægina sailing.
His corpse floats there; and I, his unavailing,
Tenantless tomb, proclaim—"O never be,
What time the Kids are setting, far at sea." J. W. B.

Not upon land did Naxian Lycus die,
Himself and ship beneath the deep waves lie.
While from Ægina trafficking he went,
The sea engulfed him; I'm his monument;
From whom this truthful warning, sailor, gain—
When the Kids set, tempt not the dangerous main.

M. A. S.

CCCCLL. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 57 EP.

CCCCLIH. ETON EXTRACTS, 105 —

CCCCLIH. ——— 120 —

CCCCCLIV. CALLIMACHUS.

Timonie, who art thou? By the gods, I should not
have known thee, had not the name of thy father Timo-
theus been on the pillar, and of Methymna, thy (native)
city. Well do I assert that thy husband Euthymenes is
greatly pained as a widower.

CCCCCLV. WESTMINSTER, 11 BOOK, 49 EP.

CCCCCLVI. ——— — — 51 —

CCCCCLVII. ——— — — 63 —

CCCCCLVIII. ALCÆUS.

In a shady grove of Locris did the Nymphs wash
from their fountains the corpse of Hesiod, and raised up
a tomb; and shepherds wetted it with the milk of goats
after mixing it with yellow honey. For such (a honied)
voice did the old man breathe out, after he had tasted the
pure rills of the Muses.

Deep in a shady Locrian glade
The Wood-Nymphs Hesiod's funeral made.
They wash'd his corpse, they raised a mound,
While shepherds on that hallow'd ground
The stream of milk and honey pour'd
To him whom all their hearts adored.

For why? Because the Muses nine
Once fed him from their font divine;
And from that hour the poet's song
Like milk and honey flow'd along.

J. W. B.

On Hesiod's corpse, in Locris' shady dell,
By hands of Nymphs the stream from fountains fell.
A tomb they rear'd. The swains libations brought
Of milk of goats with yellow honey fraught.
For, having tasted of the Muses' rill,
Strains, mix'd like milk and honey, did he trill. M. A. S.

CCCCCLIX. THE SAME.

For thee, Pylades, who art gone, the whole of Hellas
laments, after cutting to the skin its dishevelled hair.
And Phœbus himself has laid down the laurel from his
uncut locks, while honouring, as is just, his own minstrel.
The Muses too have shed tears; and Asopus stayed his
stream, on hearing the sound from mournful mouths;
and dwellings ceased from the Dionysian dance, since
thou art gone the road to Hades, strong as steel.

CCCCCLX. THE SAME.

Unwept and unburied, O traveller, we lie here, on
this tomb¹ of Thessaly, thrice ten thousand men, a great
calamity to Æmathia. But that bold breath of Philip
has departed, more lightly-bounding than fleet stags.

Unmourn'd, unburied, traveller, we lie,
Three myriad sons of fruitful Thessaly,
In this wide field of monumental clay.
Ætolian Mars had mark'd us for his prey;
Or he, who, bursting from th' Ausonian fold
In Titus'² form, the waves of battle roll'd,

¹ The Greek is *τύμβω*. But how persons, who are described as unburied, could be said to lie *ἐπὶ τύμβω*, it is difficult to understand. From the expression *τῷ δ' ἐπὶ νότῳ*, in the parody by Philip in the next Epigram, it is pretty evident that Alcæus wrote *νότῳ*.

² By "Titus," Merrivale says, is meant Titus Flaminius; for the Epigram was written by Alcæus of Messéné against Philip, a king of Macedon, whom Titus Flaminius defeated at Cynoscephalæ, as we learn from Livy and Plutarch, quoted by Jacobs.

And taught Æmathia's boastful lord to run
So swift, that swiftest stags were by his speed undone.

J. H. M.

Unwept, unhonour'd with a grave,
Full thrice ten-thousand warriors brave,
Sons of Thessalia, here lie sleeping,
Well worthy they Thessalia's weeping.
Yet Philip too, though proud and bold,
Full soon his fleeting days were told,
Gone, swift as stags that scour along the wold.

T. F. R.

CCCCLXI. PHILIP, KING OF THE MACEDONS.

Unbarked and leafless, traveller, is this cross fixed
up to the skies on the back of (the earth) for Alcæus.

Unbark'd and leafless, passenger, you see
Fix'd in this mound Alcæus' gallows-tree.

J. H. M.

CCCCLXII. DIOSCORIDES.

This is the monument of the Samian Philænis; but do you, man, bear with me in addressing you, and come near the pillar. I am not she, who described the acts occurring¹ amongst women, and who thought nothing of the goddess of Shame. I (was) a friend to Modesty. If, however, some one has concocted a scandalous story to disgrace me, may time disclose his name; and may my bones be delighted at my repelling the harsh report.

CCCCLXIII. THE SAME.

By the oath held in honour amongst the dead, we, the daughters of Lycambes, who have obtained a hateful reputation, did not disgrace our virginity, nor our parents, nor Paros, the most exalted of holy islands. But against our family has Archilochus blurted out a freezing reproach and a hateful report. By the gods and demons, we never knew Archilochus, either in the street, nor at the great shrine of Juno. If we had been

¹ This is perhaps the best rendering of *προσάντη*.

lascivious and full of frowardness, he never would have been willing to have lawful children by us.

CCCLXIV. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 2 EP.

To Pitana they Thrasybulus bore

A corse upon his shield. From Argive swords
Seven wounds his sire observed all—wounds before,

And at the blazing pyre pronounced these words—
“Tears are for cowards. None, my son, for thee,
So worthy thou of Sparta and of me.” HAY.

Lifeless to Pitana from Argive field

Was Thrasybulus carried on his shield.

Seven wounds he show'd in front. His aged sire

Placed his dead son upon the funeral pyre,

And said—“Be cowards wept for. With no tear

My own and Sparta's son I'll bury here.” M. A. S.

CCCLXV. THE SAME.

Against the columns of the enemy Demæneta sent her eight sons, and buried them all under one pillar. Nor did she burst into tears for sorrows; but this only did she say—“These children, Sparta, did I bear for thee.”

Demæneta had sent against the foe

Eight sons, whose common sepulchre you see:

No tear was shed, and heard no voice of woe,

But only—“Sparta, these I bore for thee.” HAY.

Eight sons Demæneta at Sparta's call

Sent forth to fight; one tomb received them all.

No tear she shed, but shouted—“Victory!

Sparta, I bore them but to die for thee.” G. S.

Eight sons Demæneta to battle sent,

And buried all beneath one monument;

No tears she shed for sorrow, but thus spake—

“Sparta, I bore these children for thy sake.” M. A. S.

CCCLXVI. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 43 EP.

CCCLXVII. DIOSCORIDES.

Do not, Philonymus, burn Euphrates, nor pollute the fire through me. I am a Persian descendant, a genuine

Persian, ay, O master; and to pollute fire is to us a thing more bitter than death. But do you wrap me round and consign me to earth. Nor sprinkle ablutions on my corpse. I reverence, master, the rivers likewise.

Oh! master! shroud my body, when I die,
In decent cerements, from the vulgar eye.
But burn me not upon your funeral pyre,
Nor dare the gods, nor desecrate their fire.
I am a Persian; 'twere a Persian's shame
To dip his body in the sacred flame.
Nor o'er my worthless limbs your waters pour;
For streams and fountains Persia's sons adore.
But give me to the clods which gave us birth;
For dust to dust should go, and man to earth. C. M.

Master, burn not Euphrates. Persia's race
I am, and genuine too. Pollute not fire
Through me. The act would bring with it disgrace
Greater than death, and e'en of gods the ire.
Give me to earth, shroud-wrapt; nor water shed
Upon my corpse. The water-god I dread. G. B.
Burn not Euphrates' corpse, a Persian born;
My last request, O master, do not scorn;
With us to give our bodies to the fire
Is worse than e'en in torments to expire.
Swathed, but unwash'd, my corpse to earth consign;
I honour rivers too with rites divine. M. A. S.

CCCCLXVIII. TYMNES.

A Lacedæmonian mother killed Demetrius a Lacedæmonian, who had transgressed the laws. For placing a sharpened sword in advance of her, and gnashing, although a woman, her sharp teeth, like a she-wolf¹ she said—"Perish, thou cowardly whelp; thou evil portion;²

¹ As a Laconian woman would scarcely gnash her teeth more violently than any other person, the poet probably wrote *Λύκαινα*, as shown by the subsequent *σκυλάκιον*, not *Λάκαινα*, which is found in Antipater's Ep. 509, where there is no allusion to a whelp.

² Instead of *κακῇ μισίς*, which is scarcely intelligible, one would have preferred *κακῆς γέρας*, "the glory of a cowardly woman"—on the principle of "Nascuntur simili prole puerperæ"—similar to the English—"like father, like son."

go to Hades ; go. Him, who is not worthy of Sparta, I did not bear."

Demetrius, when he basely fled the field,
A Spartan born, his Spartan mother kill'd.
Then stretching forth the bloody sword, she cried,
Her teeth fierce gnashing with disdainful pride—
"Fly, cursed offspring to the shades below,
Since proud Eurotas shall no longer flow
For timid hinds, like thee. Fly, trembling slave,
Abandon'd wretch, to Pluto's darkest cave.
This womb so vile a monster never bore ;
Disown'd by Sparta, thou 'rt my son no more."

J. H. M.

A Spartan mother slew her Spartan child
Demetrius—since valour's laws he broke.
The keen-edged sword she brandish'd, and she smiled
With gnashing teeth, a Spartan smile, and spoke—
"Go, blasted plant ; in darkness veil thy head,
Eurotas' waters blush for hinds, like thee ;
Base whelp, I bore thee not ; go to the dead,
Unworthy thou of Sparta and of me."

HAY.

Her Spartan son a Spartan mother slew,
Demetrius, to his country's laws untrue.
Laconian-like, she thrust the sharpen'd sword,
And spoke with gnashing teeth the bitter word—
"Go, coward whelp, vile wretch, to Hades flee,
Unworthy both of Sparta and of me."

M. A. S.

CCCCLXIX. THE SAME.

Let not this, Philænis, be too much at your heart,¹ if
you have not met with the fated earth by the Nile.
But this tomb of Eleutherné² holds thee ; for the road
to those going to Hades is equal on all sides.

¹ Jacobs has happily conjectured *ἐπικάρδιον* for *ἐπικαίριον*—

² Instead of *Ἐλευθέρις*, vainly defended by Jacobs, Meineke has adopted, what Reiske suggested, *Ἐλευθέρις*, which was the name of a town in Crete.

Grieved not, Philænis, though condemn'd to die
 Far from thy parent soil and native sky;
 Though strangers' hands must raise thy funeral pile,
 And lay thy ashes in a foreign isle:
 To all on death's last dreary journey bound
 The road is equal, and alike the ground. J. H. M.

CCCCLXX. NICANDER OF COLOPHON.

O father Jove, hast thou ever seen any other man
 superior to Othryades, who alone was unwilling to re-
 turn from Thyrea to his native Sparta, and drove a
 sword through his side, ¹ after writing these conspicuous
 words—"Behold the spoil (taken) from the descendants
 of Inachus."¹

CCCCLXXI. PERSES.

Thou didst, Philænon, perish before marriage; nor
 did thy mother Pythias lead thee to the seasonable nup-
 tial chamber of a husband, but after disfiguring pite-
 ously her cheeks she hid thee, fourteen years old, in
 this tomb.

CCCCLXXII. ANTIPATER.

Why, woman, dost thou lift up thy shameless hand
 towards heaven, and after letting down thy maddened
 locks from thy godless head, surveyest the great anger
 of Latona? Oh thou with many children, lament now
 for the contest, bitter and founded on bad advice. For
 of your girls, one is panting near; another is on the
 ground with her breath leaving her; and over another
 heavy fate is hanging. Nor is this the end of your
 troubles; for a swarm of male children dead is strewed
 around. Oh, heavily lamenting their birthday, thou
 wilt, Niobé, become thyself a stone, worn down by
 sorrow.

¹—The Greek is at present Δούλα καταγράφας σκύλα κατ' Ἰναχιδᾶν: where, although κατ' Ἰναχιδᾶν is confirmed by Λακιδαιμόνιοι κατ' Ἀργείων, found in a fragment of Theseus, in Stobæus, T. i. p. 216, Gaissf., where the same story is alluded to, yet, as it is not told what Othryades wrote, one would have expected to find here, Δῆλα τὰδ' ἐγγράφας—“Σκύλ' ἰδ' ἀπ' Ἰναχιδᾶν”—For such was the constant formula, as shown by Valckenaer on Phœn. 585.

CCCCLXXIII. WESTMINSTER, 4 BOOK, 13 EP.

Few subjects briefly treated form the lays,
 For which Erinna wears the Muse's bays ;
 Thus fame is hers ; nor o'er what she hath sung
 Hath sable night its shadowy pinions flung.
 But o'er our works is dark oblivion spread ;
 Though numberless, what are we but the dead ?
 Yes, better the brief notes which swans' may sing,
 Than the daw's croakings in the clouds of spring.

HAY.

CCCCLXXIV. ETON EXTRACTS, 143 EP.

Orpheus, 'tis thine no more the charmed wood,
 Or rocks, or herds of wild beasts unsubdued,
 To lead with minstrelsy ;
 No more to lay to sleep the pelting hail,
 Or howling winds, or snows that sweep the vale,
 Or lull the roaring sea.
 For thou art gone ; and o'er thee tears were shed :
 For Memory's daughters wept the minstrel dead ;
 Wept most Calliopé,
 Thy mother. Why then mourn our sons that die,
 When not the children e'en of gods can fly
 From Pluto's destiny.

T. P. R.

CCCCLXXV. ANTIPATER OF SIDON.

Thou hidest, Æolian land, Sappho, who was sung of
 as a mortal Muse together with the immortal ; whom
 Venus and Love unitedly brought up ; with whom Per-
 suasion wove the ever-living garland of the Pierian (god-
 desses), a delight to Greece, and to thyself a glory. Ye
 Fates, who turn the thrice-twisted thread down the
 distaff, why did ye not weave a life imperishable for the
 minstrel, who had planned the imperishable gifts of the
 Heliconian (Muses) ?

¹ This allusion to swans is peculiarly appropriate in the case of Erinna ; for that bird was supposed to sing, just previous to its death, as we learn from Ovid especially—" Sic ubi fata vocant udis abjectus in herbis Ad vada Mœandri concinit albus olor."

Does Sappho then beneath thy bosom rest,
 Æolian earth? that mortal Muse, confest
 Inferior only to the choir above,
 That foster-child of Venus and of Love;
 Warm from whose lips divine Persuasion came,
 Greece to delight, and raise the Lesbian name.
 O ye, who ever twine the three-fold thread,
 Ye Fates, why number with the silent dead
 That mighty songstress, whose unrivall'd powers
 Weave for the Muse a crown of deathless flowers?

F. H.

CCCCCLXXVI. ETON EXTRACTS, 147 EP.

This tomb be thine, Anacreon; all around
 Let ivy wreath, let flowerets deck the ground,
 And from its earth, enrich'd with such a prize,
 Let wells of milk and streams of wine arise.
 So will thine ashes yet a pleasure know;
 If any pleasure reach the shades below.

ANON. SPECTATOR.

May clustering ivy and the purple bloom
 Of meadows ever flourish round thy tomb,
 Anacreon. May gushing fountains flow
 Of milk, and earth-sprung wine in fragrance glow;
 To give thy bones and ashes a delight,
 If joy may reach the realms of death and night;
 O bard beloved, who loved of lyre the sound,
 Cheer'd life with love, with wine its troubles drown'd.

WILSON.

Anacreon, around thine honour'd tomb
 May clust'ring ivy-berries ever bloom;
 Soft meadow-flowers put on their purple glow,
 And snow-white milk from welling fountains flow;
 And may the earth for thee in streams profuse
 Pour forth the vine's most fragrant luscious juice;
 That, if a joy can reach the shades below,
 Thy bones and ashes still may pleasure know.
 Loved friend of the loved lyre; the bard who steer'd
 His course through life, by love and music cheer'd.

HAY.

May clust'ring ivy twine around thy tomb,
 And purple meadows shed their richest bloom;
 May gushing streams of foaming milk arise,
 And wine sweet-scented, where Anacreon lies.
 So may his dust—if in the dust remain
 Of feeling aught—be steep'd in bliss again.
 Dear bard, to whom the lyre was ever dear,
 Well skill'd through life with love and song to cheer.

F. G.

CCCCCLXXVII. THE SAME.

Oh! stranger, while passing by the slight tomb of
 Anacreon—if any benefit has come to thee from my
 books—pour on my ashes, pour liquor, in order that my
 bones may rejoice, bedewed with wine: so that I, to
 whom there was a care for the wine-revelries of Dio-
 nysus—I, who was brought up in the harmony that
 loves unmixed wine, may even, when dead, endure, with-
 out Bacchus, this place, due as a debt to the race of voice-
 dividing beings.

Pass not, my friend, Anacreon's simple grave—
 If e'er my verses aught of pleasure gave—
 Pour wine libations, that the joyous rite
 My very bones may moisten with delight.
 The mystic revelries of Bacchus taught
 The bard, whose notes with powerful wine were fraught;
 In this last home of man I cannot dwell
 Without the jolly god I loved so well.

HAY.

O stranger, passing by this simple stone—
 If sweet the singing of Anacreon
 Was ever to thine ear—these bones of mine
 Delight by bathing them in joy and wine.
 Well I the mysteries of Bacchus knew,
 And how to steep my harmonies in hue,
 Like the strong grape's; and now I loathe th' abode
 Destined for all, without mine own dear god.

WILSON.

Stranger, who passest by this simple grave,
 Where lies Anacreon—if my works e'er gave

Delight or profit—pour upon these stones
 Of grapes the liquor, that a joy my bones
 May moisten'd feel ; and I, whose every thought
 Was given to Bacchus' revels—I, who sought
 The harmony that wine unmix'd bestows,
 Shall 'neath the earth, where juice of grape ne'er flows,
 Endure without a pang this horrid place,
 Where Death exacts his due from all the human race.

G. B.

CCCCCLXXVIII. WESTMINSTER, 4 BOOK, 19 EP.

CCCCCLXXIX. ANTIPATER OF SIDON.

This is the Zeno, dear to Citium, who ran to heaven,
 not by placing Pelion upon Ossa, nor did he go through
 the labours of Hercules ; but he found the road to the
 stars by temperance alone.

Here lies the Citian Zeno. Heaven he won,
 But not by Ossa piled on Pelion,
 Nor as the meed of feats Herculean ; nay—
 He mounted to the stars by Virtue's way.

G. S.

CCCCCLXXX. ANTIPATER.

Not by disease do I, Rhodopé, and my mother, Boisca
 lie here, nor through the spear of foes ; but we our-
 selves did, when savage-looking war set fire to the city
 of our native Corinth, choose a spirited death. For my
 mother killed me with an iron weapon, that cut right
 through me ; nor did she unhappy spare her own life ;
 for she tied her neck to a cord placed around her throat ;
 since a death with freedom was to us better than slavery.

Here sleeps a daughter by her mother's side ;
 Nor slow disease nor war our fates allied.
 When hostile banners over Corinth waved,
 Preferring death, we left a land enslaved.
 Pierced by a mother's steel in youth I bled ;
 She nobly join'd me in my gory bed.
 In vain ye forge your fetters for the brave,
 Who fly for sacred freedom to the grave.

BL.

CCCLXXXI. ANTIPATER OF SIDON.

A. Tell, woman, your family, name, country. *B.* He who begat me, was Calliteles; my name, Prexo; my country, Samos. *A.* Who heaped up this tomb? *B.* Theocritus, who loosened the girdle of my virginity, previously untouched. *A.* How did you die? *B.* In the pains of child-birth. *A.* Say to what age did you arrive? *B.* I was twice eleven years old. *A.* Were you childless. *B.* No, stranger; for I left Calliteles in youth, a son still an infant of three years old. *A.* May he reach the happiest (and) holy¹ hair. *B.* And your life, way-farer, may Fortune direct in every thing prosperously.

CCCLXXXII. THE SAME.

This is the monument of the hoary-headed Maronis, upon whose tomb you can see yourself a cup, sculptured out of stone. But she, fond of unmixed (wine), and an everlasting talker, does not mourn for her children, nor for the father of her children, without property; but even under the grave she laments this one thing, that the chattel, fit for Bacchus, is on her tomb not full.

This tomb Maronis holds, o'er which doth stand
A bowl, carved out of flint by Mentor's hand.
The tippling crone, while living, death of friends
Ne'er touch'd, nor husband's, nor dear children's ends.
This only troubles her, now dead, to think
The monumental bowl should have no drink.

SIR ED. SHERBURNE.

This rudely sculptured porter-pot
Denotes where sleeps a female sot;
Who pass'd her life, good easy soul,
In sweetly chirping o'er her bowl.
Not for her friends or children dear
She mourns, but only for her beer.
E'en in the very grave, they say,
She thirsts for drink to wet her clay;

¹ Why the hair of old age should be holy, it is difficult to understand. Hence in lieu of *ιερόν* one would have preferred *γεραιόν*, "honoured—"

And, faith, she thinks it very wrong
This jug should stand unfill'd so long. BL.

CCCCLXXXIII. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 6 EP.

CCCCLXXXIV. ANTIPATER OF SIDON.

The little Cleodemus, still living on (mother's) milk, while planting his foot over the side of a vessel, did Bo-reas, truly Thracian,¹ cast into the swell of the sea, and a wave put out the life of the infant. Thou wast, Ino, an unpitying goddess, who didst not ward off bitter death from the equal in age to Melicerto.

CCCCLXXXV. ANTIPATER.

Surely, when thou, Aretemias, hadst placed, from out the infernal boat, thy foot on the shore of Cocytus, carrying in thy young arms a deceased infant, the young Dorian damsels, in Hades,² pitied thee, on hearing of thy death; whilst thou, carding³ thy cheeks with tears, didst tell them this doleful story. "I was, friends, in the pains of labour with twins; but one child I left behind for my husband, Euphron; the other I have brought to the dead."

CCCCLXXXVI. THE SAME.

This lament has thy mother, Artemidorus, uttered at thy tomb, while mourning the loss of thee, twelve years old. "The whole trouble of my labour-pains 'is lost to

¹ For the Thracians were said to be very cruel.

² Jacobs quotes very appositely Statius Silv. i. 253, where, on the arrival of Priscilla in Hades, the poet feigns "Egressas sacris veteres Heroidas antris, Lumine purpureo tristes laxare tenebras, Sertaque et Elysios animæ præsternere flores."

³ In lieu of *ζαίνουσα* Wakefield would read *ραίνουσα*—But Jacobs compares *Δακρύοις καταξανθείσα* in Eurip. Tro. 509, where however the learned are equally dissatisfied with the common reading.

⁴—The Greek is at present *Ὀλετ' ἡμᾶς ὠδίνος ὁ πᾶς πόνος ἐς πόνον, ἐς πῦρ, Ὀλεθ' ὁ παμμέλειος γειναμένου κάματος*: where Jacobs, justly offended with *ἐς πόνον*, prefers *ἐς σποδόν*, suggested by Scaliger. But the poet probably wrote *Ὀλετ'—, ἐς στόνον ἐς πῦρ Ὀλεθ' ὁ πᾶς μελίτης γειναμένου κάματος*—where *μελίτης* alludes to the instructions given by the father.

labour; to fire is lost the trouble all luckless of (thy) parent; ⁴ lost is the desired delight in thee. Thou hast gone to the place from which there is no bending back, and no return; nor hadst thou reached the period of youth, my child; but instead of thee, there is left for us a pillar and a voiceless dust."

O'er thine untimely tomb, Artemidore,
Thy mother this lament was heard to pour—
" My throes sharp birth has pass'd, of fire the prey,
And with thee pass'd thy father's toil away;
Pass'd my fond joy in thee—no tongue could tell—
Who to the bourne hast gone, impassable
To turning feet, ere yet within thy veins
Danced youth's brisk current. What to us remains,
Thy sad survivors, now, when thou art gone,
But ashes, and dumb dust, and pillar'd stone."

FR. WRANGHAM.

Artemidorus scarce twelve years had known,
When o'er him thus his mother made her moan—
" For funeral flames my son beloved I bare;
Vain were my pangs; and vain thy father's care.
Our joy in thee is lost; since to that bourne
Thou 'rt gone, whence never traveller may return,
Ere youth was reach'd: of thee we are bereft;
A stone and silent dust for us are left." M. A. S.

CCCLXXXVII. WESTMINSTER, 4 BOOK, 22 EP.

Tears o'er my Heliodora's grave I shed,
Affection's fondest tribute to the dead.
Oh! flow my bitter sorrows o'er her shrine,
Pledge of the love that bound her soul to mine.
Break, break, my heart, o'ercharged with bursting woe,
An empty offering to the shades below.
Ah! plant regretted; Death's remorseless power
With dust ungrateful choked thy full-blown flower.
Take, Earth, the gentle inmate to thy breast,
And, soft-entomb'd, bid Heliodora rest. BL.

Tears, Heliodora, on thy tomb I shed,
Love's last libation to the shades below;

Tears, bitter tears, by fond remembrance fed,
 And all that Fate now leaves me to bestow.
 Vain sorrows ! vain regrets ! yet, loveliest, thee,
 Thee still they follow in the silent urn,
 Retracing hours of social converse free,
 And soft endearments, never to return.
 How thou art torn, sweet flower, that smiled so fair ;
 Torn, and thy honour'd bloom with dust defiled ;
 Yet, holy Earth, accept my suppliant prayer,
 And in a mother's arms enfold my child. J. H. M.

Oh ! Heliodora, for thy loss I shed
 These tears, my last sad offering to the dead ;
 Tears on thy tomb, which, sadly falling, prove
 The vain memorials of my hopes and love.
 In vain I mourn thee, dearest ; and in vain
 To the dread powers of Acheron complain.
 Where is my much-loved flower ? The ruthless hand
 Of Death has pluck'd, and mix'd it with the sand.
 Earth, nurse of all, I pray thee, on thy breast,
 Bid, mother, softly bid this form lamented rest.

ANONYMOUS.

Tears on thee, Heliodora, I bestow,
 Last pledge of love in Pluto's realms below ;
 Tears, bitter tears, unto thy memory dear
 Libation fond, they flood the sepulchre.
 Sad, sad, with vain affection o'er the dead,
 I, Meleager, weep thy spirit fled.
 Ah ! where's my tender flower ? Grim Dis has spoil'd,
 Spoil'd it, and dust the blooming flower has soil'd.
 But thee, I pray, kind mother Earth, afford
 Within thy arms repose to the deplored.

FR. WRANGHAM.

CCCCLXXXVIII. UNOWNED ; SOME SAY, MELEAGER.

By the right hand of the god Hades, and the dark
 bed of the unspeakable Proserpine, we swear, that we are
 truly virgins even under the earth. But many disgraceful
 things has the bitter Archilochus blurted out against

our virginity, and 'putting into verse bad language, applied to not good acts, he has turned woman and man to war.¹ Why have ye, Pierian (virgins), turned yourselves to Iambic² verses, insulting to virgins, by your gratifying a not holy man?

By Pluto's hand we swear—an awful sign—
And the dark bed of gloomy Proserpine,
Pure went we to our graves, whate'er of shame
And vile reproach against our virgin fame
That bitter bard pour'd forth, in strains refined
Cloaking the foulness of his slanderous mind.
Muses, in our despite, why favour thus
The false Iambics of Archilochus? J. H. M.

By his right hand, who rules the dead, we swear,
By Proserpine's dread name and darksome lair,
True maids are we; though on our maidenhood
Archilochus pour'd forth his venom's flood.
Each nobler theme, that fills the poet's page,
He basely left, on women war to wage.
Shame on ye, Muses, that, poor maids to harm,
Could thus with ribald verse the miscreant arm. G. S.

CCCCXXXIX. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 37 EP.

CCCCXC. MELEAGER.

Thee, O Charixenus, a most sad gift for Hades, did

¹—¹ The Greek is 'Αρχιλοχος' ἐπέων δὲ καλὴν φάτιν οὐκ ἐπὶ καλὰ Ἔργα, γυναικίον δ' ἔτραπεν ἐς πόλεμον: where, to avoid the defect in the metre, Graefe suggested 'Αρχιλοχος' καλὴν δ' ἐπέων— But though καλὸς may have its first syllable long, as frequently in Homer, that word would scarcely do here; for the daughters of Lycambes would hardly praise the poetry of Archilochus; and hence we find κακὴν in Planudes. Moreover, although Jacobs says that γυναικίος means here "a war against women," not, as elsewhere, "a war by women," yet he has failed to support so novel a meaning. The author probably wrote, as translated, ποιῶν δὲ κακὴν φάτιν οὐκ ἐπὶ καλὰ Ἔργα, γυναῖκά τε κἀνδρ' ἔτραπεν ἐς πόλεμον—

² As the Iambic verse was the favourite measure of comedy, and as the early comedy was chiefly satirical, it is here used in the same sense. Jacobs quotes opportunely from Ovid, "Iambus Tincta Lycambeo sanguine tela dabit."

thy mother deck, ¹when eighteen years old, with the (youth's military) dress.¹ Surely even the stones made a moan, when thy equals in age with lamentations bore thy corpse from home; and thy parents howled out the sound of sorrow, not of the marriage song. Alas! alas! for the falsified pleasures of the mother's breast, and her vain pains of childbirth. O Fate, a virgin harsh (and) barren, thou hast cast to the winds the affection of parentage. It is for former associates to regret, but for parents to sorrow, and for those, who knew him not, on hearing (of his death) to pity.

Thee, poor Charixenus, in youth's first bloom,
 Thy mother's hands—an offering for the tomb—
 Deck'd with the martial stole. The very stone
 Made to thy moaning friends responsive moan,
 As thy sad corpse from home they bore, and sent
 No hymeneal strain, but sad lament.
 Alas! of mother's breast the bounteous store
 How ill repaid! how vain the pangs she bore!
 Unfruitful Fate! thou, maid of ruthless mind,
 Hast given a mother's yearnings to the wind.
 Here friends can only wish, and parents weep,
 While they, who knew him not, feel pity for death's sleep.

J. H. M.

CCCCXCI. THE SAME.

Not Hymen,² but Hades, did Clearista receive as a young husband, having been loosened as to the band of virginity. For just now, at evening, were the lutes sounding at the portals of the bride, and the doors of the bridal chamber were making a din. But in the morning they resounded with the howl of sorrow; and Hymen, after becoming silent, fitted himself by a change to the voice of lamentation; and the very pitch-pines, that had yielded a torch-light near the nuptial chamber, pointed out the road below to her who had died.

¹ On the military dress worn by youths of eighteen at Athens, and probably elsewhere, see at Plato's *Menexenus*, § 21.

² To preserve the personification, *γάμος*, literally "marriage," has been rendered "Hymen."

The Morn, which saw me made a bride,
 That evening witness that I dyed.
 Those holy lights, wherewith they guide
 Unto the bed the bashful bride,
 Served but as tapers for to burne,
 And light my reliques to their urne.
 The Epitaph, which here you see,
 Supplied the Epithalamie. HERRICK.

Cleurista, when she loosed her virgin zone,
 Found in the nuptial bed an early grave;
 Death claim'd the bridegroom's right; to death alone
 The treasure, guarded for her spouse, she gave.
 To sweetest sounds the happy evening fled,
 The flute's soft strain and hymeneal choir;
 At morn sad howlings echo round the bed,
 And the glad hymns on quivering lips expire.
 The very torches that, at fall of night,
 Shed their bright radiance o'er the bridal room,
 Those very torches, with the morning's light,
 Conduct the victim to the silent tomb. J. H. M.

Her virgin zone unloosed, Cleurista's charms
 Death clasps, stern bridegroom, in his iron arms.
 Hymns at the bridal doors last night were sung,
 Last night the bridal roof with revels rung.
 This morn the wail was raised; and hush'd and low,
 The strains of joy were changed to notes of woe;
 And the bright torch, to Hymen's hall that led,
 With mournful glare now lighted to the dead.
 FR. WRANGHAM.

Not Hymen, it was Hades' self alone,
 Who loosen'd Clearista's virgin zone.
 And now the evening flutes are breathing round
 Her gate; the closing nuptial doors resound.
 The morning spousal song was raised; but, oh!
 At once 'twas silenced into sighs of woe;
 And the same torches, that the bridal bed
 Had lit, now show'd the pathway to the dead. HAY.

The cruel Fates to Clearista gave,
 Alas! no husband, but a wedded grave.

Erewhile, at eve there reign'd the bridal hour,
 And lute and jocund din assail'd her bower.
 The dawn brings shrieks ; the hymeneal song
 Is hush'd ; sad strains the dirge of woe prolong.
 The self-same torch that lit the nuptial dome,
 Shows the drear passage to her last long home. G. Bo.

CCCCXCII. THE SAME.

Fearless, O stranger, walk ; for, near to the pious, does an old man, put to rest, sleep the sleep, paid as a debt, namely, Meleager, the son of Eucrates ; he, who dressed the sweetly-crying¹ Love and the joyous Muses² in the mantles of Graces ; he, whom Tyre, god-descended, and the holy land of Gadara, brought up in manhood, and Cos, beloved by the Meropes, nourished in old age. If thou art a Syrian, say " Salam ;" but if a Phœnician, " Audonis ;"³ but if a Greek, " Chære ;"⁴ the words mean the same thing.

CCCCXCIII. THE SAME.

The island of Tyre was my nurse ; the country of Athis, inhabited by the Assyrian Gadari, was my mother ; and I, Meleager, the son of Eucrates, grew up in the society of the Muses,⁵ after having run and gained the first prize with the graces of Menippus.⁶ But if I am a Syrian, what is the wonder ? We inhabit, stranger, the world, one country (to all) ; (and) one Chaos has

¹ Although Love is frequently represented as crying, yet he is not elsewhere described as *γλυκύδακρυς*. The perpetual epithet is *γλυκύπικρον*—which should be written here.

² As the Graces were rather elegant than joyous, one would prefer, as translated, *Μούσας ἱλαράς*—*Χάρισιν* to *Μούσας ἱλαραῖς*—*Χάρισιν*.

³ In lieu of *Ναυδῖος* Scaliger suggested *Αὐδονίς*, remembering the passage in Plautus *Pœnul.* v. 2, 41, where a Carthaginian, whose language was similar to that of Phœnicia, is represented as making a salutation by the word " Haudonis."

⁴ The Greek word *χαῖρε*, in Latin " chære," has been of necessity preserved here.

⁵—⁶ So Jacobs translates *Πρῶτα Μενιππείας συντροχάσας Χάρισιν* : and he refers to *Epigr. Inc.* 572, *Μοῦσαι Μετῆαγρον—Μενιππείας Χάρισι*, as emended by Holstein and Martin.

produced all mortals. On the tablets placed in front of my tomb have I, a man of many years, engraved these words; for old age is a near neighbour to death; but mayest thou, bidding a talkative old man farewell, arrive thyself at a talkative old age.

Tyre was my island-nurse—an Attic race
 I boast, though Gadara my native place—
 Herself an Athens. Eucrates I claim
 For sire, and Meleager is my name.
 From childhood in the Muse was all my pride;
 I sang, and, with Menippus side by side,
 Urged my poetic chariot to the goal.
 And why not Syrian? To the free-born soul
 Our country is the world, and all on earth
 One universal Chaos brought to birth.
 Now old, and heedful of approaching doom,
 These lines, in memory of my parted bloom,
 I on my picture trace, as on my tomb. J. H. M.

CCCCXCIV. DAMAGETAS.

A tomb near the tops of the Thracian Olympus holds Orpheus, the son of the Muse Calliopé; whom oaks did not disobey; whom the lifeless stone followed, and the herd of wood-ranging wild beasts; who formerly invented the mystic rites of Bacchus, and formed the verse joined together by the heroic¹ foot: who² with his lyre soothed the heavy thoughts of Clymenus, not to be softened, and his feelings not to be assuaged.²

CCCCXCV. THE SAME.

Here, after raising his shield as an aider in behalf of Ambracia, did Aristagoras, the son of Theopompus,

¹ So called from its being applied to sing the deeds of heroes. Its technical name is Hexameter.

^{2—2} To avoid the insufferable tautology in the words ἀμειλικτοιο βαρὺ Κλυμένοιο νόημα Καὶ τὸν ἀκήλητον θυμὸν ἐθελεῖ λύρα— one would have preferred ἀμειλικτοιο Κόρης Κλυμένου τε νόημα Καὶ Κόνα κηληθοῖς ὤμῳ ἐθελεῖ λύρα— For thus Κόρης would mean Proserpine, Κλυμένου, Pluto, and Κόνα, Cerberus.

choose to die rather than to fly. Feel no surprise. A Dorian man thinks on his country destroyed, not on his own youth.

CCCCXCVI. DIODORUS.

By Jupiter, who presides over hospitality, we beg of thee, man, on our knees, to go to the Æolian Thebes, and tell our father Charinus that Menis and Polynicus are dead; and may you say this—that we do not lament for our death by treachery, although we perished by the hands of Thracians, but for his old age, lying under a sad bereavement.

CCCCXCVII. THE SAME.

O Phocæa, thou city of renown, this last word did Theano pronounce, when descending to cheerless¹ night—"Woe's me, the unhappy! What sea art thou, Apellichus, my husband, passing over in thy own vessel, while death is standing near me? Oh! how I wish to have died, laying hold of your dear hand with my hand."²

These the last words Theano, swift descending
To the deep shades of night, was heard to say—
"Alas! and is it thus my life is ending,

And thou, my husband, far o'er seas away?
Ah! could I but that dear hand press in mine
Once—once again—all else I would resign." J. H. M.

Her absent spouse Theano thus address'd,
When at Phocæa death upon her press'd—
"Ah me! Apellichus, why far remain,
And with thy fragile bark still plough the main?
Death hovers o'er me! Would that I could lie
With thy dear hand in mine, and calmly die." M. A. S.

To cheerless night as she descended fast,
These words Theano spoke—they were her last—

¹ As ἀρπύγερος means literally where there is "no grape-gathering," the season of festivity, it may be fairly translated cheerless.

² Jacobs aptly compares "Te teneam moriens deficiente manu."

"Apellichus, my husband, where doth roam
Thy bark on seas far from Phocæa's home,
While death stands near me? Oh that I might hold
Thine hand in mine, till feeling all is cold." G. B.

CCCCXCVIII. THEODORIDAS.

Boldness carries a man to hell and heaven. It caused Dorotheus, the son of Sosander, to come upon a funeral pile. For, while bringing a day of freedom to Phthia, he was lost between ¹Seci and Chimara.¹

CCCCXCIX. THE SAME.

I am the tomb of a person shipwrecked; yet do thou sail. For when we were lost, other vessels passed over the sea successfully.²

D. THE SAME.

O Theudotus, (thou art) a great tear-shedding to thy relations, who lamented thee dead, after they had lighted thy unhappy funeral pyre, O thou with a sad thread (of life and) a very immature³ (death); for instead of marriage and youth thou hast left to thy dearest⁴ mother lamentations and griefs.

DI. POSEIDIPPUS, or CALLIMACHUS.

Archianax, of three years old, while playing round a well, did the mute⁵ image of his form draw to itself; but from the water did the mother snatch him wet-

¹—¹ Brunck considers these two words as the names of obscure places in Thessaly.

² The whole point of the Epigram will be lost, unless we read εἶ for αἶ, as translated.

³ Although *ῥπῖς* is constantly used to express the excess of any thing, yet it could hardly be applied to *ἄωρος*, "immature." Hence one would prefer *ῥπῖς ἀμοιρε*—where there would be an allusion to the Fates, who were three, but all equally fatal to man.

⁴ As the word *ἡδίστη* would be rather applied to a child than its mother, the poet probably wrote here *ἀλγίστη*—

⁵ Jacobs quotes opportunely from Ovid—"visæ correptus imagine formæ Rem sine corpore amat."

ted thoroughly, and examined whether he exhibited any particle of life. And the infant had not brought a pollution upon the water; but while lying on the knees of its mother, it fell into the deep sleep (of death).

Archianax was three years old,
 When playing round a well,
 Lured by its lifeless image there,
 He on the surface fell.
 The mother snatch'd her drowning child
 From out the ruthless wave,
 To see what sign of life might be,
 Though slight, her boy to save.
 Oh! he would not—that infant child—
 The Nymphs' fair home defile;
 But slumb'ring on his mother's knees,
 He slept in death the while. T. P. R.

DII. ZENODOTUS; SOME SAY RHIANUS.

Mayest thou, O dirty ground, cause to roll along me
 on every side the rough thorn, or the savage limbs
 of the crooked bramble, so that not even a bird may in
 spring fix its light foot over me, and I may be in a de-
 sert, reclining in quietness; for I, Timon, the man-hater,
 the man loved not even by fellow-citizens, am a corpse
 not loved¹ in Hades.

Twist round me, thou rough earth, the prickly thorn;
 Let the crook'd savage bramble-branch adorn
 My tomb, that birds of spring may shun the place,
 And I may rest alone in perfect peace.
 Unloved of all, the misanthrope am I,
 Timon, of whom e'en Pluto's self is shy. HAY.

DIII. ZONAS OF SARDIS, CALLED ALSO DIODORUS.

Do thou, who rowest the boat of the dead in the water

¹ Such is the meaning attached by Reiske and Jacobs to γνήσιος. But how the word, that signifies elsewhere "genuine," can be taken in that sense, it is difficult to understand. The poet probably wrote, not οὐδ' 'Αἰδῇ γνήσιός εἰμι νέκρς, but ὡδ' 'Αἰδῇ γῆς σίμῃς εἰμι νέκρς, i. e. "am thus in the grave a corpse hurtful to the earth—"

of this lake, full of reeds,¹ for Hades,² having a painful task, stretch out, dark Charon, thy hand to the son of Cinyras, as he mounts³ on the ladder by the gang-way, and receive him. For his sandals will cause the lad to slip about; and he fears to put his feet naked on the sand of the shore.⁴

DIV. THE SAME.

Over thy head I will heap with my hands the cold sand of the sea-shore, and pour it over thy frozen corpse. For thy mother has not, lamenting at thy tomb,⁵ seen the fate of thee worn away by the sea in the sea;⁶ but the desert and inhospitable rocks, near the Ægean shore, have received thee; so that receive thou, O stranger, a small portion of the sand⁶ and much of tears, since thou hast come to a fatal mercantile venture.

Accept a grave in these deserted sands,
That on thy head I strew with pious hands;
For to these wintry crags no mother bears
The decent rites, or mourns thee with her tears.
Yet, on the frowning promontory laid,
Some pious dues, Alexis, please thy shade.
A little sand beside the sounding wave,
Moisten'd with flowing tears, shall be thy grave. BL.

¹ Compare Shakspeare's—"like the fat weed that rots on Lethe's banks." Jacobs quotes from Propertius—"sedeat Stygia sub arundine remex."

² In lieu of 'Αἴδη, or, as some read, 'Αἰδῶ, one would prefer 'Αδδην, to be united to ἔχων δόδυνας, where ἔχων is due to Reiske, who justly objected to ἔλων—

³ Salmasius correctly altered ἐκβαίνοντι into ἐμβαίνοντι—

⁴ Jacobs quotes opportunely from Statius, "ipse avidæ trux navita cymbæ Interius steriles ripas at adusta subibit Littora, ne puero dura ascendisse faculas."

⁵ The Greek is εἶδεν ἀλίξαντον σὸν μόρον εἰνάλιον. But to avoid the inelegant repetition of ἀλί—and—άλιον, one would prefer—ἀλιξάντου σὸν μόρον, αἶ, μάλιστα, i. e. "the fate, alas! hapless of thee, worn down by the sea:" and thus ἀλιξάντου would agree with σοῦ, understood in σὸν—

⁶ Jacobs quotes appositely from Horace—"Pulveris exigui prope littus parva Matinum Munera."

DV. ARCHIAS.

I, a jay, who formerly chattered frequently with a voice responsive to herdsmen and wood-cutters, and fishermen, and frequently, like Echo, that sends back the sound,¹ screeched out an abusive combination (of words) with lips speaking in reply, now, after falling to the ground, lie here without a tongue and without a voice,² denying my love for mimicry.

DVI. THE SAME.

A. Tell, pillar, the parent of the person below, and his name and country, and subdued by what fate he died. B. His father was Priam; his country, Ilium; his name, Hector; and, O man, he perished fighting for his country.

DVII. THE SAME.

Not even though dead, shall I, Theris, driven, when shipwrecked, by the waves to land, be forgetful of the sleepless shore. For under a neck (of land), where the sea breaks, near the hostile main, have I met with a tomb at the hands of a stranger. And I unhappy hear, even amongst the dead, the hateful sound of the sea ever booming; nor has the grave given me rest from troubles; since I alone, though dead, do not lie in gentle quietness.

I, Theris, wreck'd and cast a corpse on shore,
Still shudder at old Ocean's ceaseless roar;
For here beneath the cliffs, where breakers foam,
Close by the sea a stranger dug my tomb.
Hence still its roaring, reft of life, I hear;
Its hateful surge still thunders in my ear.

¹ In lieu of πολίθροον, the sense requires, as translated, παλινθροος—applied to ἀχὼ—

² Jacobs compares Statius in Sylv. II. iv. 2, "Humanæ solers imitator, Psittace, linguæ—affatus etiam meditataque verba Reddideras; at nunc æterna silentia Lethes Ille canorus habet."

For me alone, by Fate unrespited,
Remains no rest to soothe me, e'en though dead.

FR. WRANGHAM.

DVIII. THE SAME.

Oh! thou leader of the dead to Hades, thou, delighted with the tears of all, who ferriest over this deep water of Acheron, do not, even if your skiff is heavy with the ghosts of the dead, leave behind me, Diogenes the dog. I bring with me a basin, and a staff, and a garment twice folded, and a wallet, and a farthing for thy boat-trip. These articles alone when living I possessed, which I bring here even dead; and I have left not a single thing under the sun.

DIX. ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA.

Thy mother herself, who bore thee, Demetrius, gave thee to death, when thou hadst been a coward contrary to what was proper, and she bathed a war-(weapon in blood) within thy hollow flanks; and she said, while holding the steel weltering in, and full of, the blood of her own son, and moving her jaw,¹ full of foam, with a noise like a saw, and looking like a Laconian woman, with eyes turned aside—"Quit the Eurotas; go to Tartarus; since thou hast known a coward's flight, thou art not mine, nor a Laconian."

Thy mother gave thee death, thou 'dst basely fled:
Through thy deep flank the sword thy mother sped,
Demetrius; she that bare thee; and she cried,
With hand upon the steel thy life-blood dyed,
Champing her foaming lip in furious wise,
And Sparta's daughter glaring in thy eyes—

"Eurotas spurns, Hell calls thee; thou could'st flee,
Craven; thou 'rt nought to Sparta, nought to me."

G. S.

¹ The author seems to use here *γίνωιν*, "cheek," for *γίγυν*, "jaw."

DX. THE SAME.

This is the place, where Leander swam over;¹ this the passage over the sea, that was hostile not to the male lover alone; this was the former dwelling of Hero; this the remains of the turret; here was placed the treacherous lamp. This common tomb holds them both, who even until now are blaming that envious wind.

DXI.

This Magnesian tomb is not of Themistocles; but I am heaped up, as a monument of the envious and incorrect judgment of the Greeks.

DXII. THE SAME.

Ausonian dust possesses me a Libyan woman, and near Rome I lie a virgin by this sea-sand; and Pompeia, who brought me up in the place of a daughter, wept over me, and put me in the tomb of a freed person, while she was hastening (for me) another fire;² but ³this came before-hand; nor did Proserpine light the lamp according to our prayer.³

DXIII.

Oh! hapless Nicanor, who didst meet with thy fate in the ocean, white (with foam), thou liest naked on a strange sea-shore, or near to rocks: and all those happy homes of thine are no more, and the hope of all Tyre has perished; nor has aught of thy possessions been thy guard. Alas! piteously hast thou perished, having laboured for the fishes and the sea.

Doom'd, poor Nicanor, to the hoar sea-wave,
Naked thou liest on a foreign coast,
Or haply 'neath some rock. Thy palace brave
Is gone for aye, and all Tyre's hopes are lost.

¹ The Greek is *διάπλοος*, literally "sailed over—"

² By "another fire" is meant that of the nuptial torch.

²⁻³ As Proserpine had nothing to do with the bridal lamp except to extinguish it, one would prefer *ὅδε παρ' εὐχῆν*—"thus contrary to our prayer—" to *οὐδὲ κατ' εὐχῆν*—

Of all thy wealth nought saved thee ; vain thy toil ;
And all its fruits for fish and sea the spoil. G. S.

DXIV. APOLLONIDES.

The parents of Aristippus felt joy and sorrow for their child. One day had a share in both. For after he had fled from a house on fire, Jupiter sent direct against his head the ineffable glare of lightning ; and this word did those, who wept over his corpse, say—"Oh ! thou unhappy, who didst owe a debt to the fire of the deity !"

DXV. THE SAME.

Heliodorus was the first to go, and his wife Diogeneia followed her dear husband after scarcely the interval of an hour ; and as both had dwelt together, they are entombed in one spot, delighted with a common sepulchre, as with a (common) marriage-bed.

DXVI. THE SAME.

¹ Thy fate was changed for death,¹ and in the place of thee, my master, I, a slave, filled up a hateful tomb, when I was making thy lamented grave under the earth, in order that I might bury there the body of thee deceased ; but the hollowed-out dust slipped around me. Hades however is not disagreeable to me. I shall live ² under thy sun.²

DXVII. THE SAME.

And who is he, that, after weeping for a son, has not endured the extreme of ill ? But the house of Poseidippus buried all the four children ; whom days of death, equal in number (to those of the children), snatched

¹—¹ Such is the literal version of the unintelligible Greek—*Ἑλλάχθη θανάτῳ τίος μόρος* : which Jacobs says may mean—"Thy death cost me my life." But how such a meaning can be elicited from those words, it is difficult to understand.

²—² The Greek is *τὸν σὸν ὑπ' ἡέλιον* : which Jacobs explains by—"under thy protection," or "in thy presence," a meaning those words can hardly bear. Perhaps the author wrote, *δ' ὦν σὸς ἀπ' ἡελίου*—"being thine at a distance from sun-light"—i. e. in the grave.

away, and cut off the great hopes entertained of them ; but the wretched eyes of the father, flooded by showers of sorrow, were destroyed ; and one common night lays hold of all.

DXVIII. CRINAGORAS.

Othryades, the great glory of Sparta, and the naval warrior Cynegeirus, and the deeds of all battles, has Arrius, the Italian spearman, surpassed. Having fallen at the stream of the Nile, and half-dead from many arrows, when he saw the eagle of his own army seized upon by the enemy, he sprung up again from the dead, renowned in fight, and killing the party, who was carrying it, (the eagle,) he preserved it for his own leaders, and alone obtained a death unconquered.

Let Cynegeirus' name, renown'd of yore,
And brave Othryades, be heard no more.
By Nile's swoln wave Italian Arrius lay,
Transfix'd with wounds, and sobb'd his soul away ;
But seeing Rome's proud eagle captive led,
He started from the ghastly heaps of dead ;
The captor slew ; the noble prize brought home,
And found death only to be not o'ercome. J. H. M.

DXIX. THE SAME.

Over the change in the fate of her two children their mother, throwing herself around both, pronounced, an object of pity, these words—" On this day I did not expect to lament over thy corpse, my child ; nor to see thee too amongst the living. But the demons¹ have been changed as regards you two, while a not-lying sorrow has come upon me."

DXX. THE SAME.

O thou hapless one ! with what word shall I address thee first ? with what last, thou hapless one ? for

¹ Such is the proper meaning of *δαίμονες* here.

this one word is true in every ill. Thou art gone, my charming wife, after carrying off the highest honours for the beauty of form and the moral conduct of soul; and truly was thy name Proté (first); for every thing was second to thy inimitable grace.

DXXI. THE SAME.

¹The earth was called also my mother; ¹ the earth hides me, even a corpse. This is not worse than that. ² In this I shall be for a long time. From my mother ³ has the burning heat of the sun snatched me away. And I lie in a strange land under a heap of stones, the much-lamented Inachus, the obedient servant of Crinagoras.

DXXII. THE SAME.

Why do we, wretched, wander about, trusting to vain hopes, and forgetful of calamitous death. This was Seleucus, in all respects exact in conversation and conduct, but enjoying a short period of youth. In the extreme Iberia, ⁴ distant twice as far as Lesbos, he lies a stranger on unmeasured sea-shores.

DXXIII. THE SAME.

Other islands too have denied their previous names of no note, and have come to bear the same name as men. ⁵ And may you likewise be called "Erotides" (the Lovely). There will be no anger from Nemesis against you for making this change in the name. For to the

¹ Such is the literal translation of the Greek *Ἡ μὲν καὶ μήτηρ κικλήσκετο*, words not easy to understand. Perhaps the author wrote, *Ἡ καὶ νῆ μήτηρ κικλήσκετο*, "She, who has been called a new mother—"

² If the alteration proposed on vs. 1 be correct, we must read here, *οἰκίῃ τῇσδε χειριτέρῃ*, "my own home (was) worse than this:" and in 3, *καὶ νῆ* for *ξείνῃ*.

³ As there is mention made of two mothers, it is evident the author did not write *μητρὸς*: but what he did write, it is not easy to discover.

⁴ Jacobs imagines that Seleucus went to Spain to study rhetoric, which was much cultivated there at that time.

⁵ Brodæus, says Jacobs, has given some examples of names of places thus changed out of compliment to persons of celebrity.

boy, whom ye have placed in the tomb under a holy sod, Love himself had given a name and form. O land, 'that still sees the monument,'¹ and O sea, near the shore, mayest thou (the former) lie lightly, and thou (the latter) quietly.

Full oft of old the islands changed their name,
And took new titles from some heir of fame;
Then dread not ye the wrath of gods above,
But change your own and be the "Isles of Love."
For Love's own name and shape the infant bore,
Whom late we buried on your sandy shore.
Break softly there, thou never-weary wave,
And earth, lie lightly on his little grave. J. W. B.

DXXIV. BIANOR.

A hostile association hurled Cleitonymus to the fishes and sea, when he, the tyrant-killer, arrived at the citadel. But the deity of Justice buried him. For the bank, having been torn away, buried the whole body from foot to head, and he lies not wetted by the water; and the earth, reverencing the haven of her own freedom,² conceals him.

Lo! to the fishes and the stream a murd'rous band hath
roll'd

Cleitonymus, who came to slay the tyrant in his hold.
But Justice found him burial; for the crumbling bank
gave way,

Duly to shroud from head to foot the hero, as he lay.
And now the waters drench him not; the land envelopes
there

The refuge of her liberties with reverential care. H. W.

DXXV. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 41 EP.

Of my Theonoé I wept the death;
But hope parental my deep woe relieved;

¹—¹ In *σημαρώεσσα*, which Jacobs confesses he cannot explain, lies hid *σημ' ἐρ' ἰδοῦσα*, as translated.

² With this expression Jacobs compares that in Cicero, *De Offic.* ii. 8, 2, where the senate of Rome is called "regum, populorum, nationum, portum, et refugium."

Now of my boy, too, Fate has stopt the breath ;
 And e'en in what was left I live deceived.
 Hear, Proserpine, a father's moans and prayer—
 Consign the babe to its dead mother's care. M. A. S.

DXXVI. LOLLIVS BASSVS.

Oh! mild land of Tarentum, retain this corpse of a good man. Deceptive are the fortunes of beings of a day. For Atymnius, while going from Thebes,¹ did not proceed farther, but found for himself a dwelling under thy ground; and quitting life, with an orphan child still surviving, he caused it to be deprived of (parental) eyes.² Be not thou a tomb hostile to him.

DXXVII. THALLVS OF MILETVS.

Two eyes, the buddings from thy land, Miletus, has the dust of Italy covered by a rapid death, and thou hast obtained in exchange griefs for garlands; their relics, alas! thou hast seen put up in a small urn. Alas! unhappy country. From whence, or when shalt thou boast again of such stars shining in Greece?

DXXVIII. ANTONIVS THALLVS.

Unhappy Cleanassa, thou wert a damsel seasonable for marriage, and, as it were, in the very prime of youth. But not Hymen, who presides over wedlock, nor the torches of Juno the Yoker, met at your nuptial chamber; but mournful Hades revelled there; and around did a Fury of blood send forth an ill-fated voice from her mouth; and on the day, in which the bridal room was lit up with torches, in that didst thou meet with a funeral pyre, not the marriage bed.

DXXIX. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 42 EP.

DXXX. GÆTULICVS.

The island of Pelops, and Crete, where sailing is difficult, and the blind sunk-rocks of Malea, when it is be-

¹ The town, here intended, was in Apulia, says Jacobs.

² By "eyes" Brodæus understands "supervision."

ing doubled,¹ have destroyed the Cydonian Astydamos, the son of Damis; and he has filled the stomachs of sea-monsters. But persons have placed a lying tomb on the ground. What wonder? where the Cretans are liars;² and there is the tomb (even) of Jove.

DXXXI. ANTIPHILUS.

Not because care has been wanting to me, when dead, nor that I lie here a naked corpse upon wheat-producing land,³ (do I complain,) for I have been formerly buried; but because now the iron coulter has rolled me out by the hands of the ploughman. Who will surely say that death is a deliverance from ills? since, stranger, not even my tomb is the last of my sufferings.

DXXXII. THE SAME.

A long age shall sing of thee, Protesilaus of Thessaly, who didst begin the falling (of thy body), due as a debt to Troy. Thy monument, sheltered by elms, do the Nymphs bedeck, (who dwell) opposite to hated Ilion; ⁴ where trees with angry feelings shed their dry foliage, whenever they behold the walls of Troy.⁴ How great then was the anger felt by heroes, since a portion of enmity is preserved even now in lifeless boughs!

DXXXIII. THE SAME.

Having already approached near to my native land, I said—"To-morrow will my long and difficult voyage be tired out against me." But my lips had not yet

¹ Such was the danger in doubling Cape Malea, that it gave rise to the proverb, quoted by Jacobs, *Μαλίαν σὺ κάμψας ἐπὶ λαθὼν τῶν οἰκάδε*, i. e. "On doubling Malea forget all at home."

² Here is a reference to the well-known verses of Callimachus—*Κρήτες ἀεὶ ψεύσται· καὶ γὰρ τάφον, ᾧ ἄνα, σείο Κρήτες ἐτεκτῆναντο· σὸ δ' οὐ θάνατος.*

³ These words are added to complete the sense.

⁴ Jacobs refers to Pliny, N. H. xvi. 88, "Sunt hodie ex adverso Iliensium urbis, juxta Hellespontum, in Protesilai sepulchro, arborea, quæ omnibus ævis, cum in tantum crevere ut Ilium adspiciant, inarescunt, rursusque adolescent."

closed, when the sea became equal¹ to Hades. Be on your guard in every word, and in "to-morrow."² Not even the least things of the tongue lie hid from hostile Nemesis.

DXXXIV. DIODORUS OF TARSUS.

Do not measure by the Magnesian tomb how great is the name of Themistocles, nor let his deeds lie hid from you. Form a conjecture of the man, who loved his country, by Salamis and the vessels there, and you shall know from them that he was greater than the land of Cecrops.

DXXXV. DIODORUS THE GRAMMARIAN.

Let these stone dwellings³ of my night, which conceal me,³ and the water of Cocytus, around which are lamentations, witness, that my husband did not, as persons say, murder me, while looking after a marriage with another woman. Why vainly is his name Rufinius?⁴ But the destined Fates carried me away. Paulla of Tarentum is surely not the solitary (wife), who has died by a rapid death.

DXXXVI. DIODORUS.

This stone upon the tomb says that the great Æschylus lies here, far from his own Cecropian land, by the white waters of Gela in Sicily. Why, alas! does an envy, mixed with passion, of good men ever possess the descendants of Theseus?

¹ By "equal," Brodæus understands "dark," or "fatal as—" But in *ισος* some corruption probably lies hid.

² The sense evidently requires, as translated, *τό τ' αὔριον*— not *τὸν αὔριον*—

³ The Greek is *νυκτὸς ἐμῆς, ἣ μ' ἐκρύφεν*— One would, however, prefer *νυκτὸς, ἐμὸν ὥμ' ἣ ἐκρύφεν*—

⁴ Jacobs, justly objecting to *Ρουφίνιος*, explains nevertheless *τί μάτην Ρουφίνιος* by "Why does Rufinius vainly labour under a reproach?" But such a meaning these words could scarcely bear. Perhaps the author wrote *τί μάτην οὐνομα Ρυόφωνος*, "Why in vain is his name Ruophonus?" i. e. a defender against murder.

DXXXVII. THE SAME.

Under me, O stranger, do I hold Menander, the son of Diopeithes, a descendant of Cecrops, to whom Bacchus and the Muses were a care: he has a little dust from the (funeral) fire; but if you are seeking ¹the man himself,¹ you will find him in the dwelling of Jupiter or of the blest.

DXXXVIII. THE SAME.

Over a brave man of Achæa did a beloved city pay for ²this inscription, near the stream of the well-watered Ascania, and Nicea lamented him; but his father, Diomedes, raised up over him this lofty stone tomb, unhappy, while grieving at the destructive mischief; for it was likely that the son would pay this rite to him on his death.

DXXXIX. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 58 EP.

DXL. LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA.

Bianor inscribed on this pillar, not for his mother nor his father, their fate, paid as a debt, but for his child, a virgin; and he mourned, while leading her twelve years old as a bride, not to Hymen, but to Hades.

DXLI. LEONIDAS, OR ANTIPATER.

Pass by the pillar over me,³ neither bidding me farewell, nor inquiring who I am, nor from whom. Or never may you finish the journey you are pursuing; and if you pass by in silence, not even thus may you finish what you are pursuing.

If this inscriptive pillar passing by,
Stranger, thou greet'st mine ashes with a sigh,
Invoke my name, or search my funeral urn,
May all the gods prohibit thy return.

¹—¹ Jacobs ingeniously suggests, what has been adopted, τὸν ἄνδρα for Μένανδρον.

² This seems to be the sense of ἥνους here.

³ This is supposed to be spoken by Timon, the man-hater.

But if in silence by my tomb thou go—
 Silence unworthy him, who rests below—
 Still shall my angry ghost thy steps attend,
 And Furies haunt thee to thy journey's end. J. H. M.

The pillar o'er this tomb pass by; nor say,
 "Farewell;" nor seek who's here, or whence he came;
 Or never reach the spot, where ends thy way;
 My wish for thee, in silence passing, is the same. G. B.

DXLII. PHILIP OF THESSALONICA.

Ælius, the bold of hand, the chief man at Argos, he,
 who ornamented his neck with rings of gold bound together,
 the spoils of war, did, when broken down by a limb-wasting disease,
 have recourse, in a passion, to a manlike testimony of his former deeds;
 and drove under his entrails a broad sword, saying this only—"War does the brave,
 disease the cowards kill."

DXLIII.

All did once number Aristodicé amongst the renowned
 for children, in having six times removed from her the difficulty of child-birth.
 But the water contended with earth against her. For three children perished by disease,
 and the remainder were suffocated in the sea. And ever heavy in tears
 she is seen, like a Nightingale¹ on tomb-pillars, or like a Halcyon,¹ finding fault with the deep.

Thee, Aristodicé, erst all admired,
 Proud of six sons—though born in grief and pain;
 Earth with the sea against thy peace conspired—
 Three have the waves, and three disease has slain.
 Thou weepest at their tombs a Nightingale;
 Or the deep-chiding Halcyon seem'st to wail. HAY.

DXLIV. ADDÆUS.

Not the jaws² of dogs destroyed thee, Euripides, nor

¹—¹ Jacobs refers to Antholog. Lat. ii. p. 126, where the nightingale, siren, and halcyon are similarly introduced as the symbols of sorrow.

² In lieu of γίνοϋ both Scaliger and Toup suggested, what is here adopted, γένου for γίνοϋ—

the strong passion of a woman, thee, a stranger to Venus that loves darkness, but Hades and old age; and thou liest under Arethusa in Macedonia, honoured by the friendship of Archelaus. And this I do not put down as your tomb, but 'the boards of Bacchus, and the buskins of the scene, where is the song of sorrow.'

DXLV. THE SAME.

I, Philip, who first caused Emathia to go to war, lie having put on the sod of Ægis,² after I had done what no king had before; but if any one boast of doing aught greater than myself, this too (comes) of my blood.

DXLVI. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 39 EP.

DXLVII. DIONYSIUS.

Hades obtained Satyra, near the time of parturition; but the dust of Sidon conceals her; and her country, Tyre, laments for her.

DXLVIII. DIONYSIUS OF CYZICUS.

A gentle old age, and not a wasting disease, extinguished thee; and thou, Eratosthenes, hast slept the sleep, due as a debt, after having carried thy thoughts to the extreme point;³ and yet Cyrené, thy nurse, has not received thee within the tomb of thy fathers, thou son of Aglaus: but thou art, as a friend, hidden in a strange land, by this border of the shore of Proteus.⁴

¹—¹ The Greek is *ἡματα καὶ σκηνὰς ἐμβαλεῖ πειθομένας*: where Jacobs has suggested *βήματα*, Hermann, *ἐμβάδι*, and Scaliger, *πειθομένας*—from which it is easy to elicit *βήματα καὶ σκηνὰς ἐμβάδα πειθομελοῦς*—where *πειθομελοῦς* would be the proper epithet for the dramatist remarkable for pathos. With respect to *βήματα* and *ἐμβάδα* Jacobs refers to Jul. Pollux, iv. 115, *κόθορνοι τὰ τραγικά (ὑποδήματα) καὶ ἐμβάδες*: and 123, *ἡ δὲ ὀρχήστρα τοῦ χοροῦ—εἴτε βῆμά τι—εἴτε βωμός*.

² Ægis, says Jacobs, in Macedonia, was the burial-place of the kings of that country.

³ Instead of *ἀκρα* one would prefer *ἄσπρα*, in allusion to the work of Eratosthenes, called *Κατασπρίσμοι*.

⁴ Eratosthenes was buried at Pharos near Alexandria in Egypt, where Proteus once reigned.

DXLIX. XENOCRITUS OF RHODES.

Still do thy ringlets, Lysidicé, ill-fated girl, drop with salt water, when thou didst perish, like a shipwrecked person in the sea. For as the water rose didst thou, fearing the violence of the sea, fall out over the hollow vessel. And the tomb tells thy name and land of Cumé; but thy bones are washed on the cold shore, an ill, bitter to thy father Aristomachus; who, while conveying thee to a marriage, ¹led thee neither as a damsel nor a corpse.¹

Cold on the wild wave floats thy virgin form;
Drench'd are thy auburn tresses by the storm;
Poor lost Eliza! In the raging sea
Gone is my every joy and hope in thee.
These sad recording stones thy fate deplore;
Thy bones are wafted to some distant shore.
What bitter sorrows did thy father prove,
Who brought thee destined for a bridegroom's love!
Sorrowing he came, nor to the youth forlorn
Consign'd a maid to love, nor corpse to mourn. BL.

DL. HERACLEITUS.

The dust is lately dug, and on the faces of the pillar shake the half-blooming garlands of leaves. Let us, traveller, examine the writing, and see whose white² bones the stone says it shrouds. ³“Stranger, I am Aretemias; my country, Cnidus. I came to the bed of Euphron. I was not without a share of the pains of parturition. On bringing forth two children at the same time, one I left as a guide for its father's feet, and one I carried away in remembrance of my husband.”³

¹ Although one might perhaps extract something like sense out of *οὐτε κόρην ἤγαγεν οὐτε νέκυν*, yet one would have expected rather *οὐτε, κόρην ἦν ἀγαγ', εἶδε νέκυν*—“he did not see as a corpse, whom he brought as a girl.”

² The reading, *λευκά*, found in the margin of Cod. Vat., is far preferable to *λευρά*—

³ Only the words between the numerals are in the Eton Extracts, Ep. 130.

The ground is lately dug ; the leaves still green
 Of garlands on the pillar's face are seen.
 The writing, traveller, let us trace, and know
 Whose whiten'd bones the stone says rest below. G. B.

In Cnidus born, the consort I became
 Of Euphron, Aretemia's my name.
 His bed I shared, nor proved a barren bride,
 But bore two children at a birth and died.
 One child I leave to solace and uphold
 Euphron hereafter, when infirm and old ;
 And one, for his remembrance' sake, I bear
 To Pluto's realm, until he joins me there. W. C.

DLI. THE SAME.

Keep off, keep off your hands, land-labourer, nor cut
 round the dust that is near the tomb. The very sod
 has been wept for, and from what has been so wept for
 no bearded corn will spring up again.

Stay, ploughman, stay thy hand ;
 In severing the dust that moulders there,
 Thou ploughest through a grave.
 Tears have bedew'd that land ;
 And o'er the sorrow-moistened glebe may ne'er
 The joyous harvest wave. H. W.

DLII. STATYLLIUS.

When Pyrrhus performed the sorrowful marriage rites
 of Polyxena, in honour of his father, over the tomb,
 puffed up with pride, thus did Hecuba from Cissè
 lament, after tearing the locks of her much-weeping
 head, the murder of her children—"Formerly didst thou,
 Æacides, drag Hector, when dead, by traces attached
 to the chariot-wheels ; and now thou receivest the blood
 of Polyxena. Why hast thou brought such pain upon
 my womb ? For not, even though dead, art thou mildly
 disposed towards my children."

DLIII. MARCUS ARGENTARIUS.

For a locust and a tettix has Myro placed this monument, after throwing upon both a little dust with her hands, (and) weeping affectionately at the funeral pyre; for Hades had carried off the male songster, and Proserpine the other.

DLIV. ÆMILIANUS.

Draw, thou hapless one, the breast from thy mother, which thou wilt suck no more; draw the last stream from her just dying; for already I am parting with my breath from sword (wounds); yet even in death I have learnt to cherish what is dear to a mother.

Suck, little wretch, while yet thy mother lives;
Suck the last drop her fainting bosom gives.
She dies; her tenderness survives her breath,
And her fond love is provident in death.

TYTTLER, IN BL.

WEBB, IN H. W.

From mother's bosom thou wilt suck no more;
Draw the last drop, poor babe, of milky store.
Her life the sword has ta'en; yet learnt her heart,
To those she loves, to act the mother's part. G. B.

DLV. ONESTES.

¹ A staff, and a scrip, and a twice-folded garment are the very light load of Diogenes the wise.¹ ² All these am I carrying to the ferry-man, for I have left nothing above ground; and may you, dog Cerberus, fawn at me the dog.²

Staff, scrip, and double cloak I bring with me,
The sage Diogenes, life's lightest load;
Nothing I've left on earth, my late abode;
Dog Cerberus, wag thy tail, a dog to see. M. A. S.

¹ This first distich is in the Eton Extracts, Ep. 156.

² This second distich is in Westminster, 1 Book, 51 Ep.

DLVI. SERAPION OF ALEXANDRIA.

This is the bone¹ of a hard-working man. Surely thou wert either a sea-faring trafficker, or a fisherman in a blind² wave. Say to mortals, that, while we are urging onwards to other hopes, on such a hope as this are we broken up.

The bones perchance of toil-worn mortal these ;
Merchant's or fisher's on the dark rough seas.
Oh ! tell to mortals, when their hopes run fast
To other hopes, to this they come at last. HAY.

The man of many deeds, who own'd this skull,
Traffick'd, or cast his nets beneath the wave ;
Now let it tell to mortals that, though full
Of other hopes, they lead but to the grave. M. A. S.

DLVII. ERYCIUS OF CYZICUS.

When thy mother received thee, Demetrius, after running away from battle, and losing all the soldier's trappings, she did herself on the instant plunge a blood-stained spear into thy broad flanks and say—" Die ; nor let Sparta suffer blame ; for she has not erred, even if my milk has brought up cowards."

DLVIII. THE SAME.

I was a woman of Athens ; for that was my city. But from Athens a destructive war of Italians did aforetime take me away, as plunder, and made me a denizen of Rome ; but now the island-like³ Cyzicus invests the bones of me dead. Farewell, thou land that brought me up, and thou that subsequently obtained me, and thou that at last received me in thy bosom.

¹ By *ὄσσεύς* Jacobs understands the skull.

² Jacobs compares *τυφλῶς*, here applied to a wave, with "cæcus," similarly used by Virgil, and "surdus," by Horace.

³ Cyzicus was originally an island, but being afterwards united to the mainland it became a peninsula, as we learn from Schol. on Apollon. Rh. i. 936, quoted by Jacobs.

DLIX. THE SAME.

Ever may the ivy of the stage leap¹ as to its tender feet upon thy smooth monument, O divine Sophocles; ever may thy tomb be bedewed around by bees,² the offspring of an ox,³ and wetted with the honey of Hy-mettus, so that the wax on the Attic tablet may flow perpetually,³ and thou mayest have thy locks under garlands.

DLX. THE SAME.

No longer, Therimachus, shalt thou adapt to the reeds the shepherd's song under this well-growing plane-tree; nor will the horned kine receive a pleasant melody from thy reeds, while thou art reclining under a shady oak; for the burning thunderbolt has destroyed thee; and thy kine came late to the stall, urged on⁴ by a snow-storm.

Oh! never more beside this lofty plane,
Therimachus, thou 'lt pipe thy pastoral strain;
The herd no more will drink thy soft, sweet song,
Stretch'd in the oak-tree's shadow all along.
Thou wert by lightning stricken. Midst a fall
Of snow thy herd benighted gain'd the stall. J. W. B.

No more, Therimachus, thy pipe will pour
The pastoral strain beneath the plane-tree's shade;

¹ How the ivy could be said to leap, instead of creeping, it is difficult to understand. The Greek at present is *Αἰεὶ τοὶ λιπαρῶ ἐπὶ σήματι—Σκηνίτης μαλακὸς κισσὸς ἔλοιτο πόδας*—It was perhaps originally *Αἰεὶ σοῦ λαμπροῦ ἐπὶ σήματι—Σκηνίτου μαλακὸς κισσὸς ἰδοῖτο κλάδους*—"Ever may the ivy see its tender branches upon the monument of thee, a splendid scenic writer."

²—³ In *τοὶ βοῦπαισι* evidently lies hid *ταῖς βοῦ παῖσι*—For bees were said to come from the carcass of an ox, as we learn from Virgil.

³ If the wax flowed perpetually on the tablet, the letters on it would become illegible. The sense seems to require—"so that the wax, being firm on the Attic tablet, may please the intellect—" in Greek, *Ὅς ἂν τοὶ στερεὸς γανύσῃ νόον Ἀρχίδι δέλτα Κηρὸς*—to which *ἀγανὸς* in Cod. Vat., and *ἀένναος* in Suidas, seem to lead.

⁴ As the herd, when urged on by a snow-storm, would arrive at the stall rather early than late, one would prefer *πρυχόμενοι* to *σπερχόμενοι*.

Thy reed's sweet melody the kine no more
 Will hear from thee, beneath the oak-tree laid.
 The lightning's flash destroy'd thee. Late and slow
 Thy kine came home, while heavy fell the snow.

M. A. S.

DLXI. ERYCIUS OF THESSALY.

This is not the hapless tomb of Satyrus; nor under a funeral pyre here was Satyrus, as the report goes, put to rest. But you have heard perchance of that sea, disagreeable if any one is,¹ which swells into waves² near the goat-feeding Mycalé. In that water, full of eddies and cheerless, do I still lie, finding fault with the mad-dened Boreas (North wind).

DLXII. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 41 EP.

DLXIII. NICARCHUS.

Orpheus by his harp obtained the greatest honour from mortals; Nestor, by the wisdom of his sweetly talking tongue; the divine Homer of much knowledge, by the composition of his verses; but Telephanes, by his haut-boys, of whom this is the tomb.

His lyre for Orpheus earn'd the highest fame;
 Persuasive wisdom gilds old Nestor's name;
 The epic art sees Homer first appear;
 The flute Telephanes; whose tomb is here. M. A. S.

DLXIV. WESTMINSTER, 4 BOOK, 4 EP.

Traveller! regret not me; for thou shalt find
 Just cause of sorrow none in my decease;
 Who, dying, children's children left behind,
 And with one wife lived many years in peace:

¹ With the expression *εἰ πού τινα*—*ἀκούετε*, Jacobs compares the Homeric *νήσος τις*—*εἰ πού ἀκούεις*. But *ἐκείνον*, which is incompatible with *τις*, is not there added, as it is here; and hence, in lieu of *εἰ πού τινα*, we must read, as translated, *εἰ πού τις*—a formula touched upon by Matthiæ, Gr. Gr. § 608.

² This seems to be the proper meaning here of *ἐλυζόμενον*, which elsewhere is translated "washed."

Three virtuous youths espoused my daughters three ;

And oft their infants in my bosom lay ;

Nor saw I one, of all derived from me,

Touch'd by disease, or torn by death away.

Their duteous hands my funeral rites bestow'd,

And me, by blameless manners fitted well

To seek it, sent to the serene abode,

Where shades of pious men for ever dwell. W. C.

Blame not my tomb, while passing by ; my life

Has never suffer'd what demands a tear :

I've left my children's children ; seen my wife

Grow old with me ; three sons had consorts dear ;

Whose babes I've lull'd to sleep upon my breast ;

None have I mourn'd for in disease or death ;

They wept, when painless I resign'd my breath,

And a sweet sleep convey'd me to the blest. M. A. S.

DLXV. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 4 EP.

DLXVI. ISIDORUS OF ÆGEA.

The raised ground is a tomb. Stop, you fellow, your two oxen, and draw out the coulter of the plough ; for you are disturbing ashes ; and upon dust of this kind pour out not the seed of wheat, but tears.

DLXVII. THE SAME.

From my portion in the land did the hope, arising from the sea, draw me, Eteocles, a trafficker in foreign parts. And I trod the back of the Tyrrhene sea ; but together with the ship I sunk headforemost in its waters, through the gale becoming heavy and violent.¹ The wind does not blow the same upon threshing-floors and sails.

DLXVIII. ETON EXTRACTS, 135 EP.

DLXIX. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 44 EP.

DLXX. ——— — — 77 —

¹ This is perhaps the best rendering of ἀθροον, which means literally, "collected together," unless it be said that ἀθροον ἐμβρίσσαντος is a corruption for ἀφρίσεν βρίςαντος—

DLXXI. JULIAN, PREFECT OF EGYPT.

She, who played sweetly and with spirit, she, who alone¹ caused the sound of a female voice to burst from her chest, lies here silent. Such strength have the knittings of Fate as to shut up the shrill-sounding lips of Calliopé.

DLXXII. THE SAME.

To thee, Rhodo, does thy husband, Glycerus,² raise up a tomb with handsome stones, in return for thy good conduct, and he distributes gifts to the poor,³ as the release of life;³ since thou hast by dying with a rapid death given him freedom.

DLXXIII. THE SAME.

LOVELY by name, and more so in mind than face, is dead. Alas! the spring-time of the Graces has perished. For she was altogether like to the Paphian goddess, but only towards her husband; towards others she was a Pallas the most rigid. What stone did not lament when Hades, with extensive sway, snatched her from the arms of her husband.

More for her gracious spirit than her face,
This graceful maid deserved her name of "Grace,"

Yet died she in the spring-time of her charms.
Venus to him, who owned her for his bride,
Minerva's self to all the world beside;

What rugged stone

Refused a groan,

When Hades snatch'd her from her husband's arms.

J. W. B.

¹ By *μόνη* Jacobs understands—"pre-eminently." Perhaps the author wrote *Μούσ' οὐ θελήντιση*—"no female muse"—i. e. a masculine one.

² As *γλυκερός* is not elsewhere the epithet for a husband, but rather for a wife or child, it would seem to be here a proper name; just as *Γλυκίριον* is the name of a woman.

³ Jacobs explains *ρύσια ψυχῆς* by "ut animam tuam ex flammis et cruciatibus solveret"—as if forsooth Julian the prefect of Egypt fancied the husband of Rhodo to be a Roman Catholic, and to give money to the poor to pray for the repose of his wife's soul.

DLXXIV. THE SAME.

OF PAMPHILUS THE PHILOSOPHER.

Thee did the earth produce; the sea destroy; and the seat of Hades received thee; and from thence thou didst ascend to heaven. Not merely as one shipwrecked didst thou die in the deep; but that thou mightest in the allotted portions of all immortals obtain an honour, Pamphilus.

DLXXV. THE SAME.

A marriage-chamber in the fit season of life received thee, Anastasia; and received thee too a tomb in the unfit season. For thee a father and for thee a husband shed bitter tears; and perchance too shed a tear the ferryman of the dead. For thou didst not complete a whole year near thy husband; but the tomb, alas! holds thee only sixteen years old.

Thine, Anastasia, of each grace the bloom,
Were timely spousal and untimely tomb.
Tears, bitter tears, thy sire, thy husband shed;
In tears shall melt the boatman of the dead.
Scarce one short year to marriage joys allow'd,
Thy sixteenth summer wraps thee in a shroud.

FR. WRANGHAM.

DLXXVI. THE SAME.

Alas! alas! the sweet spring of unnumbered graces about thee has the storm of the infernal powers, who feed on raw flesh, wasted away. And thee has the tomb snatched away from the splendour of the sun, while thou wert passing a sad fifth year in addition to the eleventh; and with wretched sorrows has it rendered blind thy husband and father, to whom, Anastasia, thou didst shine more (grateful) than the sun.

DLXXVII. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 42 EP.

DLXXVIII. THE SAME.

Often have I sung out this, and I will bawl it from

the tomb—"Drink, before you deck yourselves in this dust."

This lesson oft in life I sung,
 And from my grave I still shall cry—
 Drink, mortal, drink, while time is young,
 Ere death has made thee cold as I. T. MOORE.
 Oft have I sung—now from the tomb I cry—
 Drink, ere enveloped in this dust you lie. H. W.

DLXXIX. THE SAME.

A. After drinking much, Anacreon, thou art dead.
 B. But I enjoyed my revels: and thou too, though not drinking, wilt come to Hades.

DLXXX. THE SAME.

Although thou rulest, Proserpine, under the earth over the dead, that smile not, receive kindly the laughing soul of Democritus; since ¹laughter alone caused thy mother to bend, when grieving for thy loss.¹

If o'er the smileless dead beneath the earth
 Thou rulest, Proserpine, the soul receive
 Of Democritus, the joyous; nought but mirth
 Could, when thy mother lost thee, woe relieve.

M. A. S.

DLXXXI. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 53 EP.

DLXXXII. JOHN THE POET.

Looking to my husband at the last thread of Fate, I praised the infernal (gods)² and those who preside over unions; the former, because they had left my husband alive; the latter, because (they had given me)³ such a one. ⁴Thou hast found for thyself, Nosto, this worthy tribute in return for thy modest conduct; thy husband has shed tears for thee deceased.⁴

¹—¹ The story alluded to is told in the Pseud-Homeric hymn to Ceres.

² As the word *θεοὶ* could hardly be omitted, it is probable the author wrote it in the place of *καὶ*—

³ The words within the lunas are inserted to fill out the sense.

⁴—⁴ The distich in the original is placed by Planudes as a separate Epigram.

DLXXXIII. AGATHIAS.

This is the monument of Candaules. Justice, looking upon my misfortune, has said that the wife committed no crime. For she wished not to be seen by two men; but ¹ to have her former husband or the person, who knew.¹ For it was necessary² that Candaules should suffer some ill. For (otherwise) he would not have dared to expose his own wife to the eyes of others.

DLXXXIV. THE SAME.

By the ³last course on earth³ (I swear), that neither my wife hated me, nor did I, Theodotus, myself become willingly a foe to Eugenia. But some Envy or Ate led us to so great an error. But now that we have come to the pure judgment-seat⁴ of Minos, we have both obtained a white⁵ vote.

DLXXXV. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 28 EP.

Mark, where the flower of love and song is laid,
Skill'd too in law's ennobling lore, the maid
Eugenia's tomb; on which, their ringlets shorn,
The Muses, Venus, Themis, spread and mourn. HAY.

DLXXXVI. WESTMINSTER, 4 BOOK, 7 EP.⁶

DLXXXVII. THE SAME.

A. Why weepest thou, stranger? B. On account of

¹ The Greek is *ἢ τὸν πρὶν ἔχειν ἢ τὸν ἐπιστάμενον*—where Jacobs would read *ἔλιν*, "to destroy," and Opsopæus *ἐπιστάμενον*. But the antithesis in *τὸν πρὶν* seems to lead to *ἐπισσόμενον*—"one about to be so—"

² Opsopæus suggests *χρῆν γὰρ* in lieu of *ἦν ἄρα*. For Herodotus has in i. 11, *χρῆν γὰρ Κανδαύλῃ γενέσθαι κακῶς*.

³⁻⁵ By *πυματὸν δρόμον* Jacobs understands "the last course of life," which leads to the grave, as a goal. But the oath ought to be rather by something, that could testify to its truth. Hence the author probably wrote *πινυτὸν θρόνον*, "the intelligent throne—" of Minos, called just afterwards *Μινῶν—κρηπίδα*.

⁶ The Greek is *κρηπίδα*, literally, "the base of any thing."

⁶ This "white" vote is best explained by the distich in Ovid Met. xv. 41, "*Mos erat antiquus niveis atrisque lapillis, His damnare reos, illis absolvere culpa.*"

⁶ In this Epigram Jacobs identifies *Ὁμοφροσύνη* with *Ὁμόνοια*, to whom, he says, an altar was placed by the Eleans, as we learn from Pausanias v. 14.

thy death. *A.* Knowest thou who I am? *B.* Not by (heaven);¹ but I look always with pity at a person's end. But who art thou? *A.* Pericleia. *B.* The wife of any one? *A.* Of the best of men, and a rhetorician from Asia, by name Memnonius. *B.* How is it that the dust near the Bosphorus retains thee? *A.* Inquire of Fate, who gave me a stranger's tomb far from my country. *B.* Hast thou left a child? *A.* One of three years old; who in sad spirits at home is waiting for a drop from my breast. *B.* Would that he may live happily. *A.* Yes, yes, pray for him, that when he grows up he may drop a tear for me.

DLXXXVIII. PAUL THE SILENTIARY.

Although thou art hid, Leontius,² as to thy limbs, under a strange land,² and though thou hast died at a distance from much-lamented parents, yet many tears have been shed over thy tomb from the eyes of men, (with hearts) eaten by sorrow, hard to be borne. For thou wert greatly beloved by all, as being³ altogether familiar with youths, and familiar too with old persons.³ Alas! alas! Fate has been harsh and not to be softened, nor has it, thou hapless one, spared thy youth.

Far from his native land Leontius lies;
 Far from his parents' sight he closed his eyes;
 Yet tears for him, unnumber'd tears were shed,
 And many a breaking heart bewail'd him dead.
 For all in him beheld a loved one's end;
 A son, the aged; and the young, a friend.
 Alas! dear youth, how stern the doom must be,
 How cold and stern, which spared not even thee. J. W. B.

¹ On *οὐ μὰ τὸν θεόν* without *θεόν* see Koën on Gregorius de Dialect. p. 65.

² The Greek is *ἐπὶ ξείνης σι—γαῖα καλύπτει*. But as *γαῖα* could not be thus repeated after *γαίης*, understood as the noun for *ξείνης*, the author probably wrote, as translated—*ἐπὶ ξείνης σά—γνῖα καλύπτει*—where *καλύπτει* is the 2nd pers. passive, not the 3rd pers. active.

³ Such is the translation of what the author probably wrote—*πάντως ἔνυός ἐὼν κόρυς, ἔνυός ἐὼν γεραοῖς*—not *πάντων ἔνυός ἐὼν κόρυς—ἐταρός*: where *πάντων* has nothing to govern it; nor is there the antithesis, which J. W. B. has properly introduced in his version—"A son, the aged; and the young, a friend."

DLXXXIX. THE SAME.

Thy bed upon a tomb, instead of a bridal chamber, have thy parents, O virgin daughter, strewed with sorrowing hands ; and thou hast escaped the errors of life and the labours of Eleutho ;¹ while they have felt the bitter cloud of griefs. For Fate hides thee, Macedonia, of twelve years old, in beauty youngly decked, but with the manners of staid old age.

Sweet maid, thy parents fondly thought
 To strew thy bride bed, not thy bier ;
 But thou hast left a being, fraught
 With wiles, and toils, and anxious fear.
 For us remains a journey drear ;
 For thee a blest eternal prime,
 Uniting in thy short career
 Youth's blossom with the fruit of time. BL.

DXC. UNCERTAIN.

Hector and the shield-bearing Ajax gave to each other a bitter present, as the remembrance of friendship after a fight. For Hector, on receiving a belt, gave in return a sword ; and they tried the value of the gifts in their death. The sword destroyed Ajax, when he was mad ; and on the other hand, the belt dragged along the son of Priam,² drawn along chariot-like.² Thus from foes were sent gifts, producing each other's destruction, and having under the pretext of a favour a deadly fate.

DXCI. UNCERTAIN.

O Lacedæmon, thou, who wast formerly unsubdued and untrodden upon, beholdest the smoke of Olenus,³ as

¹ This is rather an unusual word in the sense of Eilithuia, the goddess who presided over child-birth.

²⁻² So Jacobs understands *διφρία συρόμενον*—But how *διφρία* is to be governed he has forgotten to state ; although he does say that *διφρία* is a word scarcely to be found elsewhere. Perhaps the author wrote *διφρ' ὃν ἔσυρε νίκην*—"whom the chariot drew when dead."

³ To Olenus, a city of Arcadia, was assigned Lacedæmon, after it had been conquered by the members of the Achaean league, as recorded by Polybius, vii. 8, quoted by Jacobs.

thou art without the shade (of trees) ;¹ and the birds that made their dwellings through the land, utter a cry of sorrow ; and wolves hear not sheep.

O Lacedæmon, unsubdued and unapproach'd of old,
Now smoking on Eurotas' bank th' Achæan fires behold.
All shelterless the birds in sorrow build upon the ground,
And list'ning wolves no sound detect of bleating flocks around.

H. W.

DXCIL. ETON EXTRACTS, 113 EP.

DXCIII. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 50 EP.

DXCIV. UNCERTAIN.

I am here, the cloak-bearing Sibyl of Phœbus, but rotting under this stone monument. (I was) formerly a virgin with a voice ; but (am) now voiceless, having obtained this gagging from a strong Fate. But I am lying close to the Nymphs and under this Hermes,² possessing a share in the shrine of Hecatus.³

DXCV. UNCERTAIN.

The red-haired Bistonides⁴ lamented ten thousand-fold the dead Orpheus, the son of Calliopé and Œagrus ; and they made bloody their punctured arms, and with dark ashes sprinkled all round their Thracian ringlets ; and the Pierian Muses themselves burst into tears together with Lyceus,⁵ while venting his grief through the beautiful harp, and mourning for the minstrel ; and there moaned in addition the rocks and oaks, whom he had formerly soothed with his beloved lyre.

¹ So Jacobs explains *ἄσκιος* ; for the trees were cut down ; and hence the birds were unable to build, as usual, their nests in the country ; from which as the sheep were carried off, the wolves were deprived of their former prey.

² According to Pausanias, who has, in x. 12, preserved this Epigram, there was a Hermes placed near the tomb of the Sibyl Herophilé, and close to it a fountain, ornamented with statues of the Nymphs.

³ This was one of the names of Apollo.

⁴ The women of Thrace were called by this name.

⁵ On this title of Apollo, see Blomfield on S. Theb. 138.

DXCVI. UNCERTAIN.

Thee, who hadst lately brought forth the spring of honey-made hymns, and who wert speaking with the mouth of a swan,¹ has Fate, who is the mistress of the distaff, on which thread is spun, driven to Acheron, through the broad wave of the dead. But the beautiful labour, Erinna, of thy epic verses proclaims that thou art not dead, but hast thy dances mixed up with the Pierian (Muses).

Thou, who hast lately birth to music given,
Of bee-engender'd hymns, and swan-voiced lays,
Art now o'er Acheron's dark waters driven
By Fate, the spindle of man's life that sways.
Yet still, Erinna, will the Muse proclaim
Thy labours deathless in the choirs of Fame. HAY.

Thee, who of hymns, from honey made, the spring
Did to the light from throes of Fancy bring,
And with the mouth of swan thy death bewail'd,
Ere o'er the wave of Acheron thou sail'd—
Did Fate, who distaff rules and thread of life,
Destroy,² and stop thy distaff with her knife.²
Yet dead, Erinna, thou art not. Thy song
Tells thou hast join'd the Muses' choral throng. G. B.

DXCVII. UNCERTAIN.

O stranger, on passing over this tomb of Anacreon, make, while passing by,³ a libation. For I am a wine-drinker.

DXCVIII. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 53 EP.

DXCIX. — 1 — 61 —

¹ On the swan singing before its death, notice has been taken already.

²⁻³ These words, wanting in the original, have been introduced to show that the author, in alluding to the distaff of the Fates, had in mind the poem of Erinna, so called, as remarked in p. 87.

³ To avoid the repetition in ἀμείβων and παριών, perhaps the author wrote not Σπείδόν μοι παριών εἰμι γὰρ οἰνοπότης—(where εἰμι could hardly be said of a person in the grave)—but Σπείδόν μοι βοτρυών νῦμα πρὶν οἰνοπότη—and the Epigram might be thus expressed in verse:

Anacreon's tomb while passing, stranger, stop;
And on wine-tipler pour from grapes a drop.

DC. UNCERTAIN.

Much time wears away even a rock, nor does it spare iron, but with one scythe it destroys all things; as this tomb of Laertes, which is a little distance from the shore, melts away with cold showers. But the name of the hero is ever young; for time has not the power, even if it wishes, to blunt the power of song.

Time, who not iron spares, and feeds on stone,
With his one scythe cuts every substance known;
And thus Laertes' tomb, which near the shore
Is placed, the cold and dripping rains devour.
But ever young the hero's name remains;
Time has no power to blunt the poet's strains.

M. A. S.

DCL. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 56 EP.¹

DCL. — — — 54 —

DCLIII. UNOWNED.

These in behalf of their country placed their arms for contest, and scattered the insolence of their antagonists: and after fighting ²with Valour and without fear,² they did not save their lives, but made a common death the prize (of their contest) in behalf of the Greeks, in order that they might not place the yoke of slavery on their necks, and carry about them a hated insult. Their father-land holds the bodies of those, who laboured for the

¹ As the third distich of this Epigram is omitted in the Westm. Collection, it is given here both in prose and verse.

But if you see only a little dust upon me, it is no disgrace to me; we have been raised up by the hands of Greeks.

Mock not, if scant the dust that o'er me lies;
The foeman's hand perform'd our obsequies. G. S.

² The Greek is at present *ἀπειρῆς καὶ δειμαρὸς*, without the semblance of syntax. It was perhaps formerly *ἀπειρᾶς καὶ δδειμαρὸς*— On the various other attempts made to correct these hapless words, the reader is referred to Schäfer's notes on Demosthenes, T. v. p. 771—773.

best;¹ since a decision from Jupiter has come² to mortals—"It is for the gods not to err, and to arrange every thing correctly; ³ to man Fate has given to escape from nothing."³

These were the brave, unknowing how to yield;
Who, terrible in valour, kept the field
Against the foe; and, higher than life's breath
Prizing their honour, met the doom of death,
Our common doom; that Greece might unyoked stand,
Nor shuddering crouch beneath a tyrant's hand.
Such was the will of Jove; and now they rest,
Peaceful enfolded in their country's breast.
The immortal gods alone are ever great;
And erring mortals must submit to Fate. T. CAMPBELL.

These for their country rush'd in danger's hour
To arms, and scatter'd all of foes the power;
Fought gloriously and fearless; scorn'd to save
Their lives, and chose for prize a common grave;
That slavery's yoke might ne'er the necks bestride
Of Greeks, nor freemen crouch to victor's pride.
They, who for father-land best labour'd, rest,
So Jove decreed, beneath their country's breast.
The gods in nothing err; succeed in all;
Fate grants no man in life to flee a fall. G. B.

DCIV. UNOWNED.

Hellas, formerly the high-boasting, and of strength unconquered, became the slave of the godlike beauty of this Lais, whom Love begat, and Corinth brought up; and she lies in the celebrated plains of Thessaly.

¹ In lieu of *πλείστα*, "the most," the sense evidently requires *λῦστα*, "the best," as translated.

² In *ἡδε* lies hid *ἡλθε*—The phrase *ἡλθε κρίσις* is found in Apocalyp. xviii. 10.

³—³ The Greek is *μοῖραν δ' οὔτι φygείν ἔπορον*, where Graefe would read *μερόπων*, with the approbation of Welcker on Theognis, v. 413. But *μοῖραν*—*μερόπων* would be scarcely correct Greek. The text, corresponding to the translation, would be, *μοῖρ' ἀνδρ' οὔ τι φygείν ἔπορον*. Compare Bacchylid. Fr. *Θεός μερίδ' ἀνδρὶ καλῶν ἔπορον*—

DCV. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 45 EP.

DCVI. UNOWNED.

The tomb, which thou lookest upon, did Maximus, when living, place himself for himself, that he might dwell in it, after ceasing to life; and for his wife Calépodie likewise did he put this monument, that he might have an object of love even amongst the dead.

DCVII. UNCERTAIN.

After eating little, and drinking little, and being much diseased, I died at last, though late. So perish all ye with me.

My lot was meagre fare, disease, and shame;
At length I died. You all must do the same. BL.

DCVIII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 80 EP.

DCIX. ETON EXTRACTS, 126 EP.

DCX. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 44 EP.¹

Sabinus, let this humble tablet show

The lofty friendship which I bore to thee,
Whom my soul yearns for. If the powers below
Permit, shun Lethe's stream and think of me. HAY.

DCXI. UNOWNED.

Shouldest thou, stranger, ever arrive at Phthia, fruitful in vines, and the ancient city of Thaumacia, say that while going perchance through the desert thickets of Malea thou didst see this tomb over Derxias, the son of Lampon;² whom, when by himself, did robbers murder by a trick, and not openly, as he was hastening to the divine Sparta.

¹ Jacobs refers to Hom. *Il.* X. 389, and Bosch to *Antholog. Lat.* T. ii. p. 139, "Tu cave Lethæo contingas ora liquore; Et cito venturi sis memor, oro, viri."

² Lampon himself, says Jacobs, seems to have placed the tomb over his son. But this can hardly be collected from the words of the Epigram.

DCXII. UNOWNED.

Ye Naiads ¹ and cold stalls for kine,¹ say to the bees,
 who are going on their vernal journey, that the old Leucippus
 perished while laying snares on a winter's night
 for feet-lifting hares; for he no longer loved to attend
 upon hives; and the lawns, where herds feed, regret
 their neighbour of Ascré.²

DCXIII. ETON EXTRACTS, 118 EP.

Take to thy bosom, gentle Earth, a swain
 With much hard labour in thy service worn,
 He set the vines, that clothe yon ample plain,
 And he the olives, that the vale adorn.
 He fill'd with grain the glebe; the rills he led
 Through this green herbage, and those fruitful bowers.
 Thou, therefore, Earth, lie lightly on his head,
 His hoary head, and deck his grave with flowers.

W. COWPER.

Take old Amytor to thy breast, dear soil,
 In kind remembrance of his former toil;
 Who first enrich'd and ornamented thee,
 With many a lowly shrub and branching tree;
 And lured the stream to fall in artful showers
 Upon thy thirsty herbs and fainting flowers.
 First in the spring he knew the rose to rear,
 First in the autumn cull'd the ripen'd pear;
 His vines were envied all the village round,
 And fav'ring heaven shed plenty on his ground.
 Therefore, kind Earth, reward him in thy breast
 With a green covering and an easy rest.

H. AND B.

¹ By ψυχρά βοάγια, Reiske understands "neglected stalls for kine—" But why such places should be addressed on the death of an owner of bees it is difficult to conceive. Hence Jacobs explains these words by "cool places frequented by kine," during the heat of summer. But bees would be found rather in warm spots than in cool. There is probably some error here.

² The Greek is ἀσκης, which Brunck takes as the name of one of the ten places mentioned by Steph. Byz. Perhaps the poet wrote Ἀσκης, the place where Hesiod was brought up.

Dear Earth, take old Amyntas to thy breast,
 And for his toils not thankless give him rest.
 On thee 'twas his the olive-stem to rear ;
 His with the mantling vine to grace the year ;
 Through him thy furrows teem'd with plenty ; he
 Fill'd with rich streams each herb and fruit for thee.
 For this lie lightly on his hoary head,
 And with thy choicest spring-flowers deck his bed.

FR. WRANGHAM.

Dear Earth, take old Amyntichus to thy breast,
 In kind remembrance of his former toil ;
 Who on thee caused the olive trunk to rest,
 And with vines graced thy steep hills' barren soil ;
 Who fill'd with corn and useful plants thy land,
 And brought canals to irrigate thy plain.
 Rest on him light ; and let thy fostering hand
 Spring-flowers raise o'er him, wash'd with dewy rain.

X. Y. Z.

The old Amyntichus on thy bosom place,
 Kind Earth, rememb'ring all his toils for thee ;
 Who did thy plains with the rich olive grace,
 And teach the vines thy slopes to beautify ;
 Who to thy corn-fields, gardens, orchards blest,
 Lured the cool, purling rills their dews to bring ;
 For which, kind Earth, oh ! take him to thy breast,
 And flower-adorn him with the gems of spring.

HAY.

DCXIV. UNOWNED.

I too myself, ¹ the thrice hapless Aganax, have coach-
 ed ¹ along this miserable life, which is no life. I did not,
 however, drive for a long time ; but treading down with
 my heel a maddening state of existence, I arrived at
 Hades.

DCXV. UNOWNED.

Spring with many trees is an ornament to the earth ;
 stars, to the sky ; this land, to Greece ; and these persons,
 to the city.

¹—¹ As it is difficult to perceive the force of *καὶ αὐτὸς* here, perhaps
 the poet wrote *Ἠμάτευσ' οὐ κλαυρὸς*—"not wept:" while the slang word
 "coached" answers literally to *Ἠμάτευσθαι*.

DCXVI. ETON EXTRACTS, 104 EP.

DCXVII. UNOWNED.

What stone did not weep, when thou, Casander, died?
What stone is there, that will forget thy brilliancy (of
beauty)? But an unpitied and envious deity has
destroyed thee at the short period of twenty-six years
old, and has made thy widow and thy aged parents to
be in trouble, worn down by hated sorrow.

DCXVIII. UNCERTAIN.

Oh Hades! not to be moved by prayers or to be
turned aside, why hast thou thus deprived of life the in-
fant Callæschrus? The child will however be a play-
thing in the house of Proserpine; but he has left sad
sufferings at home.

Relentless Hades! why of life bereave
The child Callæschrus? If a toy he be,
In her dark home, to thy Persephone,
Still with what sorrows must his parents grieve! HAY.

Oh! Death, untouch'd by ruth, unmoved by prayer!
Ah! could'st thou not our young Callæschrus spare?
The joy of all that pretty babe will be
In realms below; but sad at heart are we. G. S.

DCXIX. UNOWNED.

O Patrophila, thou, in the prime period for love and
the pleasant doings of Venus, hast closed thy sweet
(looking) eyes; and thy prattling endearments are ex-
tinguished, and thy playing accompanied with singing,
and the drinking of cups first wetted by thee.¹ O
Hades, hard to be moved, why hast thou snatched away
my beloved mistress? Or has Venus maddened thy
mind too?

¹—¹ This alludes to the custom of females drinking first and then
passing on the cup to their lovers.

DCXX. UNOWNED.

Why vainly moaning do ye remain near my tomb?
 Amongst the dead I have nothing worthy of lamentations.
 Cease your moaning, and leave off,¹ husband,
 and ye, my children, farewell, and preserve the remembrance of Amazonia.

In unavailing sorrow why linger by my grave?
 Number'd among departed souls, no cause of grief I have.
 Then dry those tears, and weep no more, husband and
 children dear,
 Farewell, and oh! remember Amazonia many a year. H. W.

Why vainly mourning stay ye at my tomb?
 Amongst the dead there is no cause for gloom.
 Husband and children mine, farewell. Have done
 With tears. Remember Amazonia gone. G. B.

DCXXI. UNOWNED.

Staying for a little time your feet, behold here the tomb
 of a child, that has flown suddenly from his mother's
 bosom. He is gone, and amongst the dead has left to
 his father unceasing sorrow, after filling twice five revolutions
 (of the moon). Such was he after birth, as,
²they say, was² Iacchus, and the bold Alcides, and the
 lovely Endymion.

DCXXII. UNOWNED.

Here I stand a pillar of stone for thee, Pericles, son
 of Archias, in remembrance of (thy) hunting. All
 around thy monument are carved horses, light spears,
 dogs, stakes, and nets upon the stakes. Alas! all are of
 stone; and wild beasts run round. But thyself twenty
 years old hast the unawakened sleep.

To thee, O son of Archias,
 In token that the chace,

¹ To avoid the repetition in *λήγε* and *παῦε*, one would prefer *πολλὰ* united to *χαίρετε*.

² Jacobs acutely reads *οἷός ποτε, φασίν*, for *οἷός ποτ' ἔφυσεν*—

Periclees, thy pastime was,
 This tomb of stone we place.
 And all around thy monument
 We've carved thy hunting-gear,
 The dogs, the steeds, each implement,
 The pole, the net, the spear.
 All, all of stone, alas ! unscared
 The deer run tripping by ;
 Whilst thou for twenty brief years spared,
 Sleep'st here eternally. H. W.

DCXXIII. UNOWNED.

Ariston had a crow-hitting¹ instrument, fitted for hungry poverty, with which he shot, as with a sling, at geese² on the wing ; when, going along a crafty road, he was able³ to cheat them, while feeding with oblique eyes.⁴ But now he is in Hades. But his weapon is devoid of sound and a hand ; and the prey flies over his tomb.

DCXXIV. UNOWNED.

Me, by name Myrtas, who used, near the holy wine-press of Bacchus, to draw without stint a flask of un-mixed (wine), a little dust does not conceal. But over me is a delightful tomb, flagon-like, as the symbol of jollity.

DCXXV. ETON EXTRACTS, 140 EP.

DCXXVI. WESTMINSTER, 4 BOOK, 9 EP.

DCXXVII. ——— 3 — 50 —

Harass'd by age and want, without a friend
 One helping hand, my need's support, to lend,

¹ By *κρονοβόλον*, literally "crow-hitting," Jacobs understands "a sling" that hits any birds.

² As the word *χίνας* is here strangely used for *χῆνας*, Brunck suggested *κίχλας*. But the sling would rather be used against the larger birds, as shown by Pseudo-Babrias Fab. 26 and 33.

³ Jacobs says *οἶος* is put for *οἷός τε*—

⁴ In the words *λοξοῖς δμμασι*, equally unintelligible whether applied to the man or the birds, there probably lies hid an error, not easy to be corrected.

Hither I crept with tottering step and slow,
 And in the grave at length found peace from woe;
 Buried ere dead; for me's reversed the doom
 Assign'd to men, whose death precedes the tomb.

FR. WRANGHAM.

DCXXVIII. UNOWNED.

A lad still in the first period of youth, still wanting the down of a beard, has envious Fate deprived of life; and thou, a deity with an evil eye, hast cut off unholy hopes how great from him, who has left many works of a wise hand. But do thou, Earth, be kind, and lightly lie upon Aquilinus; and mayest thou produce sweet-scented flowers by his side, such as thou bearest amongst the Arabians, and such as are amongst the Indians; so that the exhalation, coming from his sweet-scented skin, may tell that a boy, loved by the gods, lies here, worthy of libations and frankincense, not of lamentations. Fate has carried off quickly a lad of twenty years old; and he is now in the region of the pious through his temperate conduct.

DCXXIX. UNOWNED.

May many flowers grow on this newly-built tomb; not the dried-up bramble nor the noxious ægipyrus;¹ but violets, and marjoram, and the narcissus growing in water; and around thee, Vibius, may all roses grow.

May many a flower, O Vibius, bedeck thy burial-place, Nor bramble rude, nor hurtful weed, the chosen spot deface; But may the soft narcissus bloom upon the new-raised mound, With marjoram, and violets, and roses all around. H. W.

DCXXX. UNOWNED.

Thou hast not, O ruler Pluto, snatched holily under the ground a girl of five years old, admired by all. For thou hast cut, as it were, from the root a sweet-scented rose in the season of a commencing spring, before it had

¹ This is said to be a kind of thyme.

completed its proper time. But come, Alexandra and Philatus, do not any longer with tears pour forth lamentations for the regretted girl. For she had, yes, she had, a charm in her countenance with a beautiful colour, so as to remain in the immortal dwellings of the sky. Trust then to the stories of old. For the Naiads, not Death, have snatched away a good girl, as a plaything.

Too soon, grim monarch, with unholy hand
 You snatch'd this infant to your dreary land ;
 Like some fair rose-bud, pluck'd from mortal sight,
 Ere all its beauties open'd into light.
 Cease, wretched parents, cease your wailing wild,
 Nor mourn for ever your departed child.
 Her youthful graces, and her form so fair,
 Deserved a dwelling in the realms of air.
 As Hylas once—believe the soothing lay—
 The Nymphs—not Death—have borne your child away.
 R. BL. JR.

DCXXXI. UNOWNED.

This is the tomb of Popilia. My husband Oceanus, skilled in all wisdom, made it. Therefore light is the dust over me, and in Acheron I will celebrate, husband, thy piety. And do thou amongst the living remember me ; and often on the tomb shed from thy eyelids tears for me deceased ; and say, my husband, that Popilia is sleeping ; for it is not just for the good to die, but merely to have a pleasant sleep.

DCXXXII. UNOWNED.

I, who was more musical than the Sirens—I, who was more golden than Venus herself, while seated near Bacchus and at banquets—I, who was the twittering and glossy swallow,¹ lie here, by name Homonæa, after bequeathing tears to Atimetüs, to whom I was dear from the time I was a little child. But friendship of such standing has a deity, not previously seen, dispersed.

¹ The ancients, says Jacobs, often connected with the swallow the idea of something pleasant to hear.

DCXXXIII. UNOWNED.

Proté, thou art not dead, but hast removed to a better place, and dwellest in the islands of the blest amongst abundant banquets; where thou art delighted, while skipping along the Elysian plains amongst soft flowers, far from all ills. ¹The winter pains not thee, nor does heat; ¹nor disease trouble thee; nor hunger nor thirst possess thee; nor is the life of man any longer regretted by thee; for thou livest without blame in the pure splendour of Olympus that is near.

Thou art not dead, my Proté; though no more
A sojourner on earth's tempestuous shore;
Fled to the peaceful islands of the blest,
Where youth and love, for ever beaming, rest;
Or joyful wand'ring o'er Elysian ground,
Among sweet flowers, where not a thorn is found.
No winter freezes there; no summer fires;
No sickness weakens; and no labour tires.
No longer poverty or thirst oppress,
Nor envy of man's boasted happiness;
But spring for ever glows serenely bright,
And bliss immortal hails the heavenly light. J. H. M.

Proté, thou art not dead; but thou hast pass'd
To better lands, where pleasures ever last,
To bound in joy amidst the fairest flowers
Of the blest isles, Elysium's blooming bowers:
Thee nor the summer's heat, nor winter's chill,
Shall e'er annoy, apart from every ill;
Nor sickness, hunger, thirst again distress.
Oh! is there aught on earth to equal this?

¹ So Shakspeare in *Cymbeline*, Act iv. sc. 2,
Fear no more the heat of the sun;
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done.

So too Mason in *Caractacus*—
Fear not now the fever's fire;
Fear not now the death-bed groan;
Pangs, that torture; pains, that tire;
Bed-rid age, with feeble moan.

Contented thou—remote from human woes—
In the pure light, which from Olympus flows. HAY.

Proté, thou art not dead, but thou art gone
To a far better place and joys unknown.
Thou in the islands of the blest dost dwell,
Where sounds are not, except of feasts to tell.
Far from all ills, in sweet Elysian bowers
With gladden'd feet thou stray'st midst blooming flowers;
No winter's cold, no summer's rays annoy;
Thirst, hunger, sickness break not on thy joy.
There no regrets for life thy pleasure blight;
But pure thy hours in heaven's own unstain'd light.

M. A. S.

DCXXXIV. UNOWNED.

Thou hast come more sweet than life, who hast released me from diseases, and troubles, and a painful gout.

DCXXXV. UNOWNED.

Do not thou, who passest by the road, if perchance thou perceivest this monument, laugh, I pray, although it is the tomb of a dog. I have been wept for. And the dust have the hands of a king put together,¹ who has caused this account to be sculptured on the pillar.

DCXXXVI. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 67 EP.

DCXXXVII. — — — — 4 —

DCXXXVIII. PLATO THE YOUNGER.

ON A FIGURE OF BACCHUS ENGRAVED UPON AN AMETHYST.

The stone is an Amethyst;² but I, the tippler Bacchus, say—"Let it either persuade me to be sober; or let it learn to get drunk."

DCXXXIX. ASCLEPIADES; SOME SAY, ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA.

I am Drunkenness, the carving of a clever hand; but

¹ By *ἀνακτορ* Jacobs understands merely its owner.

² The Amethyst, as its name imports, "not to get drunk," was supposed to be a charm against inebriety.

I am carved upon an Amethyst. Now the stone is alien to the art. But I am the holy possession of Cleopatra. For on the hand of a queen it behoves even a goddess, when drunk, to become sober.

The face, that sculptured here you see,
Is of the nymph Ebriety.

The cunning artist his design
Imbedded in no kindred shrine,
A pure and lucid amethyst.

Yet think not so his aim he miss'd.
Pure to the pure are things divine.

In Cleopatra's royal hands,
Unconscious of the power of wine,
Sober'd the tipsy goddess stands. J. H. M.

DCXL. HEDYLUS.

Agis neither gave a clyster to Aristagoras nor did he even touch him. But as soon as he entered, Aristagoras departed (this life). Where has aconite such a power? Ye coffin-makers,¹ pelt Agis with crowns and chaplets.¹

DCXLI. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 23 EP.

DCXLII. ANTIPATER.

Bacchylis, the ashes of the cups of Bacchus, once lying under a disease, spoke these words to Ceres—"If I escape thoroughly the wave of a destructive fever, I will drink in honour of thee for a hundred suns from drops of dew, without the mixture of the wine of Bromius (Bacchus). But when she had escaped from the pain (of the disease), on that very day she thought of a plan of this kind. For taking in her hand a sieve with holes in it, she cleverly through many (interstices of the) twine² beheld many suns.

DCXLIII. DEMODOCUS.

All the Cilicians are bad men. But amongst the Cili-

¹—¹ This alludes, says Jacobs, to the custom of throwing bouquets at favourite public characters in public places.

² For the sieve was made of twine.

cians there is one good man, Cinyrés. But even Cinyrés is a Cilician.¹

DCXLIV. THE SAME.

A noxious viper once bit a Cappadocian. But it died itself, after tasting the blood, that shot forth poison.²

A viper stung a Cappadocian's hide ;
And poison'd by his blood, that instant died.

J. H. M.

DCXLV. THE SAME.

The Cappadocians are bad fellows ; and when they obtain the military dress,³ they are worse ; but the worst, for the sake of gain. And if they obtain twice or thrice the great car (of office),⁴ they then become the very worst. I pray you, king,⁵ let them not get it a fourth time, lest the whole world make a slip by becoming Cappadocianized.

DCXLVI. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 30 EP.

DCXLVII. ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA.

Fly from such as in verses make use of the words
⁶ *λόκκας*, (bald women,) or *λοφνίδας*, (torches of vine sticks,)

¹ This is an imitation of Phocylides, Ep. 636, thus parodied by Porson—
The Germans at Greek
Are sadly to seek ;
Not five in fivescore,
But ninety-nine more ;
Except Godfrey Hermann ;
And Hermann's a German.

² Compare the distich of Byron—
Die, as thou must ; and as thou rott'st away,
E'en worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay.

³ So Jacobs explain *ζώνη*—

⁴ Grotius renders *ἀπήνης* by "curules," in allusion to the chair of office at Rome.

⁵ As there is no person to whom *βασιλεῦ* can be referred, perhaps the author wrote *βασιλεῦ Ζεῦ*, not *βασιλεῦ, μὴ*—

⁶ Of the three strange words here mentioned, one, says Jacobs, is found in a fragment of Empedocles quoted by Athenæus ; and, while *λοκκός* is known only from Hesychius, *λοφνίς*, according to Athenæus, was used by the Rhodians to denote a torch made of a vine-branch covered with its bark.

or *καμασηνας*, (fishes,) a tribe of poets, who are thorn-collectors,¹ and who, practising themselves in the tortuous arrangement of words, drink from a sacred² fountain a little water. To-day we are making libations for the day³ of Archilochus and Homer. The flask does not admit water-drinkers.⁴

DCXLVIII. BASSUS OF SMYRNA.

Cytotaris—who is with hoary locks on her temples—who is an old woman with many stories—compared with whom Nestor is not a very old man—who has numbered the light (of days) more than a stag⁵—who has begun to count a second time her old age with her left hand,⁶ is alive and sees, and is hale, like a lass, so that I am in doubt lest Hades had suffered somewhat.

DCXLIX. NICARCHUS.

By Jupiter, drive out Onesimus, the old woman hard of hearing. She gives me a great deal of trouble. If we tell her to bring soft *πυρούς*, (cheese,) she comes bringing young *πυρούς* (wheat). The day before yesterday I was suffering with a head-ache, and I asked for *πήγανον* (rue); and she brought me *τήγανον* (a frying-pan) of earthen-ware; if I ask for *ὀπὸν* (cream) she brings *λοπὸν*⁷ (the rind of some fruit): if when hungry

¹ The word *ἄκανθα* was applied to language as difficult to be grasped as is a thorn.

² In lieu of *ἱερῆς*, the sense requires *θολερῆς*, "muddy—"

³ By the expression *ἡμᾶρ Ὀμήρου σπένδομεν* is meant, "we are making libations on the day sacred to Homer."

⁴ Jacobs opportunely refers to Horace—"Nulla placere diu nec carmina vivere possunt Quæ scribuntur aquæ potioribus;" who remembered the line of Cratinus—"Υδωρ ὃ πίνων χρηστὸν οὐδὲν ἂν τέκοι. "Who water drinks, will nought that's good produce."

⁵ According to Hesiod the stag was four times as long-lived as the crow; or, as Ausonius says—At quater egreditur cornicis sæcula cervus.

⁶ The ancients, says Gronovius, counted numbers up to 100 on the left hand; then from 100 to 200 on the right; and from 200 to 300 on the left, and so on alternately.

⁷ The common reading is *δοκόν*, to which Scaliger was the first to object; as he saw that in all the other words only a single letter was either changed or added, to say nothing of the absurdity of a servant bringing

I say, give me λάχανον, (some vegetable,) she straight-way brings λάσανον (a dirt utensil); if I ask for ὄξον, (vinegar,) she brings τόξον (a bow); and altogether she never understands what I am saying. It is disgraceful for me to become a common crier for the sake of an old woman; and I shall have to practise (the business), when called up in the night.

DCL. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 78 EP.

DCLI. LEONIDAS.

Simylus, the lute-player, has killed all his neighbours by playing on his lute, except Origen alone; for Nature has made him deaf; and hence in return for hearing she has given him a longer existence.

DCLII. THE SAME.

Do not again after supper, when I can no longer persuade¹ my stomach, place before me the teats and the prepared² cutlets of a sow. For not even to farmers after harvest is an unseasonable rain useful, nor to sailors in harbour a gentle Zephyr.

When the gorged stomach will no more allow,
Why tempt me with thy dainty paps, O sow?
Soft showers descend in vain, when harvest's o'er;
And Zephyrs vainly breathe for those on shore.

J. H. M.

DCLIII. AUTOMEDON.

By bringing ten measures of charcoal³ be you too a citizen;⁴ but if you bring a pig, be Triptolemus himself. But to Heracleides, the under secretary, there

one of the timbers of the roof of a house. Hence for ὀπὸν, "the juice" of some fruit, it was easy to misunderstand λωπὸν, "the rind."

¹ From his "gorged stomach" it would seem that J. H. M. wished to read πλήθω in lieu of πείθω.

² In ἀρτυα τίθει, where Jacobs would read λαπὰ τίθει, lies hid perhaps ἀρτυα τίς—or some other culinary word.

³ In this Epigram, says Jacobs, is ridiculed the custom of persons buying the privileges of citizenship for a trifle.

⁴ By ὑφηγητήρ is meant, says Jacobs, the scribe, whose business it was to keep the register of citizens.

must be given either the stalks of a cabbage, or a lentil, or periwinkles. Have these, and call yourself Erechtheus, Cecrops, Codrus, and whom you like. No one takes any thought of it.

DCLIV. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 78 EP.

DCLV. ANTOMEDON.

A. Receive, Phœbus, the supper, which I bring to thee. PH. I will, if a person permits, receive it. A. Dost thou then, son of Latona, fear any thing? PH. No one else but Arrius; for he has a hand stronger than the rapacious vulture; he, who is the young attendant upon a smokeless altar; but should you perform¹ a sacrifice, he goes away taking all with him. For the ambrosia of Jupiter great thanks (are due). For I should be one of you, if, although a god, I felt² hunger.

DCLVI. LUCILLIUS.

Yesterday Dion stole (the figure of) Venus entirely of gold, as she rose from her mother the sea, and he dragged to himself moreover Adonis, that had been hammered out by hand, and the little Cupid that was standing by. Now will those, who are the best thieves say, "No longer come we to a contest of hands with you."³

DCLVII. THE SAME.

Eutyichides stole the god himself, by whom he was about to swear, saying—"I cannot swear by thee."

DCLVIII. THE SAME.

Eutyichides stole Phœbus, who is the pointer-out of thieves, saying—Do not thou chatter very much, but compare art with art, and oracles with hands, and a prophet with a thief, and a god with Eutyichides. But straightway on being sold on account of thy unreined

¹ The sense evidently requires *τελίσσῃς* instead of *τελίσσῃ*—

² Here again the sense requires *ἡσθάνομην*, not *ἡσθάνετο*—for Phœbus is speaking of himself, not of another god.

³ The whole of this Epigram is a parody of one by Antipater in Westminster, 3 Book, 40 Ep.

mouth, say what thou wilt of me to those, who have purchased thee.

DCLIX. THE SAME.

¹ Pasture your drove, neat-herd, farther off, lest Pericles the thief drive you off together with the cows themselves.¹

DCLX. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 76 EP.

DCLXI. PHILIP.

A. Shall I touch a cabbage, (say) thou born at Cyllené?
B. Do not, passer-by. *A.* What grudging is there of a cabbage? *B.* There is no grudging; but there is a law for thieving hands to abstain from the property of others.
A. Oh, strange indeed; Mercury has laid down a new law—"Steal not."

DCLXII. DIONYSIUS OF ANDROS.

It is no great thing for me, when wetted by Jove (rain) and Bromius (wine), to make a slip, being one (stumbling) through two, and a mortal through immortals.²

DCLXIII. TRAJAN THE EMPEROR.

By placing your nose and gaping mouth opposite to the sun, you will show the hours to those who pass by.

Let Dick some summer's day expose
 Before the sun his monstrous nose,
 And stretch his giant mouth to cause
 Its shade to fall upon his jaws;
 With nose so long and mouth so wide,
 And those twelve grinders side by side,
 Dick, with a very little trial,
 Would make an excellent sun-dial.

J. H. M.

DCLXIV. ANTIOCHUS.

UPON AN UNEDUCATED PERSON MAKING A PUBLIC DISPLAY.

Besas, if he had any sense, would have hanged him-

¹— Compare a similar idea in Westminster, 1 Book, 63 Ep.

² Literally "the blessed"—But the other is required by the antithesis.

self. But now, through his want of sense, he lives and is rich, even after his first entrance on the scene.¹

DCLXV. THE SAME.

It is difficult to paint the soul. But to sketch the (outward) form is easy. But in your case both is the reverse. For nature by bringing out the distortion of your soul has worked it out in things to be seen. But who could paint the medley of your form and the brutality of your body, when unwilling even to look at them?

DCLXVI. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 47 EP.

DCLXVII. ——— 2 — 34 —²

DCLXVIII. ——— — — 75 —

DCLXIX. ——— 1 — 32 —

DCLXX. LUCIAN.

Amongst all who were drunk Acindunus wished to be sober; hence it was thought that he got drunk alone by himself.

DCLXXI. WESTMINSTER, 4 BOOK, 23 EP.

DCLXXII. LUCIAN.

A. Answer thou, born at Cyllené, to my inquiry, how did the soul of Lollianus go down to the house of Proserpine? It were strange, if it was silent. *B.* It wished to tell me³ something that had happened. *A.* Alas! for even the dead, who shall meet him.

¹ The word *πάροδος* is properly applied to the first song of the Chorus in a play; here to a rhetorician's first appearance before his audience.

² In the Westminster collection the Epigram is a tetrastich, of which only the last distich is given here; and is there attributed to Philo; but here to Lucian.

³ As Mercury is supposed to answer, it is evident that the author wrote *με*, not *σε*—

DCLXXIII. LUCILLIUS.

ON A GRAMMARIAN, WHO HAD BEEN CORNUTED.¹

Out (of thy house) thou teachest the evils of Paris and Menelaus ; but within it thou hast many Parises for thy Helen.

DCLXXIV. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 83 EP.

DCLXXV. LUCILLIUS.

So may it be for thee, Dionysius,² ever to digest these things ; but, for the sake of what is just, grant that I may eat something here. For I too was invited, and Poplius placed before me some of these things to taste : and for me too there is a share ; unless indeed, on seeing me to be thin, you thought I reclined (at supper) not in robust health, and you thus were on the watch, lest I should secretly eat something.

DCLXXVI. THE SAME.

I was seeking from whence I could derive the name of *πίναξ* (a dish) ; but, on being invited by you, I found out from whence it was so called. For you have placed great dishes for great *πείνη* (hunger), and hungry-looking dishes as the utensils for a famine.

DCLXXVII. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 36 EP. .

DCLXXVIII. — 1 — 70. —

DCLXXIX. LUCIAN.

Themistonoé, thrice as old as a crow, after dyeing her white hair, has become on a sudden not ² youth-like, but Rhea-like.³

¹ This is perhaps the oldest instance of a cuckold being said to be cornuted.

² The joke of the Epigram turns upon Dionysius, who was a medical man, eating every thing at supper himself, to prevent a thin fellow-guest, whom he conceived to be in a bad state of health, from injuring himself by eating any thing.

³— Here is a pun upon *πία* and *Ρία*.

DCLXXX. ETON EXTRACTS, 90 EP.

DCLXXXI. ——— 85 —

DCLXXXII. LUCIAN.

Antiochus once saw the bolster of Lysimachus. That
bolster Lysimachus never saw again.

Meniscus saw old Cleon's purse of gold :
That purse will Cleon never more behold. J. H. M.

Since Antiochus set eyes upon Lysimachus's pad,
No chance of setting eyes on it Lysimachus has had.

H. W.

DCLXXXIII. THE SAME.

That poet is truly the best entirely, who gives a supper to his audience. But if he merely reads (his poem) and sends them home hungry, may he turn upon himself his own (poetic) madness.

Give me the bard accustom'd to regale
His hungry auditors with beef and ale ;
Who oft his friends with savoury pastry cheers,
Or pays with pudding those, who lend their ears.
May he, who this forgets, with rhyme content,
Dine on sweet thoughts and sup on sentiment. BL.

. DCLXXXIV. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 13 EP.

DCLXXXV. LUCILLIUS.

Apollophanes, the tragic actor, bought for five oboli the dresses of five gods, the club of Hercules, the fear-exciting properties of Tisiphoné,¹ the trident of Neptune, the weapon² of Minerva, (and) the quiver of Diana. But the deities, who sit near Jove, were stript (to purchase) a small portion of inferior bread and wine.

¹ These were a torch, snakes, and a cloak red with blood, as shown by Ovid in *Metam.* iv. 480, "Tisiphone—sumit—facem, fluidoque cruore rubentem Induitur pallam, tortoque accingitur angue."

² This was the ægis, says Jacobs.

DCLXXXVI. THE SAME.

Although dancing entirely according to history, you have, by neglecting one thing of the greatest moment, pained (me) greatly. For in dancing the part of Niobé, you stood like a rock; and again, while you were Capaneus, you fell down on a sudden; but in the part of Canacé, you did unnaturally, when there was a sword by you, go off the stage alive. This was contrary to the story.¹

In historical ballets 'tis a great want of tact
To neglect closely sticking to matters of fact.
In the Niobé dance you stood just like a rock,
And your tumble in Capaneus came with a shock;
But in Canacé's part I am forced to object,
That to go off alive, sword in hand, 's incorrect. H. W.

DCLXXXVII. THE SAME.

Pluto does not receive Marcus the orator when dead, saying—Let Cerberus the dog be sufficient here; but if you wish it, altogether² practise before Ixion and Melito, the lyric-poet, and Tityus. For I have no evil greater than you, until Rufus, the grammarian, shall come here with his solecisms.

DCLXXXVIII.

Even when not speaking,³ Flaccus the rhetorician was guilty of a solecism³ lately; and being about to open his mouth, he straightway became a barbarian, and in other respects he solecizes by nodding with his hand, and I, on seeing him, my mouth was bound.

¹ For Canacé was said to have destroyed herself.

² In *πάντως* there probably lies hid *στόμα δοῦς*—

³—³ To prove that Flaccus *μηδὲ λαλῶν—ἰσολοίσεις*, it is added that *τῇ χειρὶ—σολοικίζει διανέων*: while to confirm the assertion, *χαίνων—ἰβαρβάρισε*, the writer seems to have added *ἐγὼ δ' αὐτὸν ἰδὼν τὸ στόμα μου δίδεται*—an expression used probably by Flaccus instead of *δίδεμαι*, what correct syntax would require. And thus, too, we may defend *μέλων χαίνειν—ἰβαρβάρισεν*, where one would otherwise prefer *καὶ μάλλον χαίνων*—

DCLXXXIX. THE SAME.

Not the Chimæra, according to Homer, had so bad a breath, nor the herd of fire-breathing bulls, as the story goes ; not the whole of Lemnos,¹ and the superfluities² of the Harpies, nor the foot of Philoctetes when rotting away ;³ so that you, Telessilla, by the votes of all, conquer in this Chimæras, rottenness, bulls, birds, (and) Lemnian (women).

DCXC. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 20 EP.

DCXCL ——— 1 — 9 —

DCXCIL ——— 2 — 29 —

DCXCIII. LUCILLIUS.

The envious Diophon, on seeing near him another person impaled on a cross longer than his own, wasted away.

Poor Cleon out of envy died,
His brother thief to see
Nail'd near him to be crucified
Upon a higher tree. F. H.

DCXCIV. NICARCHUS.

Niconoë was once in her prime. ⁴ And so say I ;⁴

¹ This alludes, says Jacobs, to the story told by Apollodorus, i. 9, of Venus having punished the women of Lesbos with a bad breath.

² Jacobs explains 'Αρπυιών τὰ περισσά, by saying that the relics of the food, on which the Harpies fed, emitted an unpleasant smell. But τὰ περισσά could hardly mean the relics. Perhaps the poet wrote Οὐ Λήμνος σύμπας, ἃ καὶ Ἀρπυιών πτῖρ' ἄησι—"Not the whole of Lemnos, and what the wings of the Harpies breathe out—"

³ Jacobs refers to Hyginus, Fab. 102, where it is said that such a stench arose from the wounded foot of Philoctetes, that the Greeks were compelled to send him away to Lemnos.

⁴— From the expression κἀγὼ λέγω, it is evident that those words were spoken in answer to a remark ; and hence the whole Epigram was written in the form of a dialogue, as marked in the second metrical version.

she was herself in her prime,¹ when Deucalion saw water without end. Of those matters we know nothing; but that it now behoves her to seek not a husband, but a tomb.

Of charms Niconoé might have boasted
With reason in her prime;
Perhaps by every wit was toasted,
Who lived in Noah's time.

But now her days of love are over,
Of ogling and of sighing;
'Twere wise no more to seek a lover,
But think at last of dying. BL.

A. Niconoé once was in her prime.

B. I say so too. A. Your eyes then cast
Upon her now. B. Then was the time,
When saw Deucalion waters vast
Around him. A. Nought of things we know
That happen'd many years ago.

B. But of things present we can speak;
She should a tomb, not husband seek. G. B.

DCXCV. THE SAME.

Some one came to inquire of Olympicus, the wizard, whether he should sail to Rhodes, and how he should sail in safety. And the wizard said—First have a new vessel, and do not set sail in winter, but in the summer; for, if you act thus, you will go thither and hither again,² unless a pirate lays hold of you at sea.

"Olympic Seer," said a wayfaring man,
"Tell me, to Rhodes how may I safely sail?"
"First let the ship be sound," the sage began,
"Next court the summer, not the winter gale.
Do this, and thou shalt go and come again;
Unless a pirate seize thee on the main." HAY.

¹ As there is not a particle of meaning here in the word *αὐτή*, it is probable the poet wrote *ἡμας*. "Id' αὐτήν—where "Id' αὐτήν would be said pointedly of Niconoé.

² Instead of *ᾧδε* the sense requires *ᾧδ' αὖ*—answering to "again," in Hay's translation.

IMITATED BY J. H. M.

Tom, prudently thinking his labour ill-spared,
 If e'er unadvised for his plans he prepared,
 Consulted a Seer on his passage to Dover,
 If the wind would be fair and the voyage well over.
 The Seer gravely answer'd, first stroking his beard,
 "If the vessel be new, and well-rigg'd and well steer'd,
 If you stay all the winter, and still wait on shore
 Till the spring is advanced, and the equinox o'er,
 You may sail there and back, without danger or fear—
 Unless you are caught by a French privateer."

DCXCVI. LUCIAN, OR NICARCHUS.

Artemidorus, counting over many myriads (of small coins) and expending nothing, lives the life of mules,¹ who frequently have on their backs a great burden of valuable gold, but eat only fodder.

DCXCVII. NICARCHUS.

Stephanus was a poor man and a gardener likewise. But now, after getting on in life, he is rich, and has straightway become Philo-Stephanus, by adding four² pretty letters to the first Stephanus; and in due time he will be Hippocrat-ippi-ades,³ or, through his notions of luxury, Dionysio-pegano-dorus,⁴ but in every list of the market-steward⁵ he remains Stephanus.

DCXCVIII. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 21 EP.

¹ This allusion to mules is explained by a similar story in Plutarch, ii. p. 525, D., quoted by Jacobs.

² The four are in Greek *φίλο*. Something similar is said to have taken place in modern times. For the celebrated O'Connell is reported to have prefixed O to his family name Connell, with the view of showing his connexion with one of the old families of Ireland.

³ This would mean in English, "the son of Hippias, the tamer of horses."

⁴ This would mean literally, "the giver of wine mixed with rue."

⁵ Jacobs says that *ἀγορανόμος* is not found elsewhere. He forgot that in Plato, Legg. xi. p. 917, E., Stephens properly suggested *ἀγορανομίον* in lieu of *ἀγορανόμου*.

DCXCIX. NICARCHUS.

A. What, stranger, are you inquiring about? *B.* Who are they in the ground under these tombs? *A.* Those, whom Zopyrus has deprived of the pleasant light, namely, Damis, Aristotle, Demetrius, Arcesilaus, Sostratus, and those farther off as far as Parætonium.¹ For having, like Mercury, a wand—(but) made of wood, and winged feet (but) not genuine, he leads down (to the grave) those, whom he has attended.

DCC. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 30 EP.

DCCI. NICARCHUS.

A deaf person had a law-suit with (another) deaf person; and the judge was still more deaf than the two (contending parties); of whom one said that the other owed him house-rent for five months; and the other, that he had been working at a mill all night; when the judge, looking at them, said—Why are ye contending? You have a mother. Both of you support her.

Defendant and Plaintiff were deaf as a post,
And the judge in the cause was deafer almost:
The Plaintiff he sued for a five-months' rent;
The Defendant thought something different meant,
And answer'd—"By night I did grind the corn;"
And the judge he decided with anger and scorn—
"The woman's the mother of both; why then,
Maintain her between you, undutiful men." C. C. S.

DCCII. AMMIANUS.

Sooner shall a beetle make honey, or a gnat milk, than shall you, being a scorpion, do any good thing. For you neither do any thing yourself willingly, nor suffer another; and, like the star of Saturn,² are hated by all.

¹ Jacobs conceives that Zopyrus is feigned to have filled with dead bodies the whole of the sea-board of Egypt, even to Parætonium, which was the limit of that country to the west.

² On the malign influence of the star of Saturn Jacobs refers to Horace, Odes, ii. 17, 22.

DCCIII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 36 EP.

DCCIV. AMMIANUS.

Proclus is unable to wipe his nose with his hand, for he has his hand shorter than his nose ; nor does he say—“ Jove, save me,”¹ when he sneezes, for he does not hear (the sound of) his nose ; since it is far out of hearing.

Proclus with his hand his nose can never wipe ;
His hand too little is his nose to gripe :
He sneezing calls not Jove ; for why ? he hears
Himself not sneeze ; the sound's far off his ears.

T. BROWN.

Dick cannot wipe his nostrils when he pleases ;
His nose so long is, and his arm so short :
Nor ever cries—“ God bless me,” when he sneezes,
He cannot hear so distant a report. J. H. M.

DCCV. THE SAME.

As if he had sacrificed a garden, Apelles placed before me a supper, thinking he was feeding sheep instead of friends. There was turnip, succory, fenugreek, lettuce, leeks, bulbs, sweet-swelling basil, rue, asparagus. And fearing lest after this he would place before me fodder, I fled after supping on half-boiled lupines.

DCCVI. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 35 EP.

Thou wear'st a fan, lest flies the beauty spoil
Of beard, thou deem'st the nourisher of brains.
Shave it off quickly. Trust me, vain's thy toil.
Beards feed not biting wit, but lice that pain. G. B.

DCCVII. THE SAME.

From the words ²ὦ ῥαθὲ, and μῶν οὖν, and ποῖ δὴ, and πρόθεν, (and) ὦ τάν, and θάμα, and φέρε δὴ, and νομιδῇ, and

¹ The custom of saying “ God bless you ” to a person when sneezing, owed its origin to the notion that sneezing was supposed to be an incipient symptom of the plague, or other fatal disorder.

²—³ The words here enumerated are taken from the dialogues of

to,² and (from things, as)¹ a short cloak, bushy hair, a beard, (and) shoulder-blade uncovered, the wisdom of the present time gains a reputation.

DCCVIII. PALLADAS OF ALEXANDRIA.

Jupiter has given in the place of fire another fire, namely, women. Would that neither woman nor fire had appeared. The fire is quickly extinguished indeed; but woman is a fire not to be extinguished, burning and lighted up at all times.

DCCIX. THE SAME.

If you boast greatly that you do not obey the orders of your wife, you talk silly. For you are not, as they say, ²sprung from an oak nor a rock;² and, what the majority of all of us suffer of necessity, you too are ruled by your wife; and if you say—I am not beaten by her slipper, nor must I, when my wife acts improperly, bear it and hold my tongue,—I say that your slavery is moderate, since you are sold to a mistress considerate and not very harsh.

DCCX. THE SAME.

I have sworn ten thousand times I would make epigrams no more. For I have brought upon me the enmity of many fools. But when I look upon the face of Pantagathus the Paphlagonian, I cannot restrain my disease (of writing).

DCCXI THE SAME.

Menander, standing in a vision before Paulus the

Plato, and mean respectively—O (my) good man; do not then; whither then? from whence? O friend; frequently; come (say) then; really; come.

¹ The things enumerated refer to the peculiar dress of philosophers, especially those of the sect of Cynics.

²—² The writer alludes to Homer *Il.* X. 126, and *Od.* T. 162.

comedian, said—"I have (said) nothing against you; and yet you speak ill of me."¹

Once in a fearful vision of the night
Lothario seem'd Rowe's frowning ghost to see.
"I never wrong'd thee," said the laurell'd sprite,
"Oh! why, Lothario, dost thou murder me." J. H. M.

DCCXII. THE SAME.

Memphis, the flat-nosed, danced the parts of Daphné and Niobé; that of Daphné, like a person of wood; that of Niobé, of stone.

The dance of Memphis well portray'd
Daphné and Niobé;
Like stone the Niobé he play'd,
The Daphné like a tree. H. W.

DCCXIII. THE SAME.

You have insulted not me, but Poverty; and if Jupiter were upon earth as a poor person, he would himself have suffered an insult.

'Tis on poverty only, but not upon me
That your insolence leaves any trace.
If Jove were a beggar on earth, even he
Would share in a beggar's disgrace. H. W.

DCCXIV. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 81 EP.

DCCXV. PALLADAS.

If ye are *μοναχοὶ* (living alone), why so many? and if so many, how, on the other hand, living alone? Oh ye multitude of *μοναχοὶ* (those living alone), who give the lie to *μονάδα* (aloneness).

DCCXVI. THE SAME.

Thou hast a son (called) Love, and a wife (called)

¹ The pun in the Greek, *κακῶς με λέγεις*, which means "you speak ill of me," or, "you speak ill my words," is lost in the English, except by an imitation.

Aphrodité; not unjustly then, blacksmith, dost thou have a lame foot.¹

DCCXVII. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 97 EP.

DCCXVIII. AGATHIAS.

An unhappy man went to Diodorus the rhetorician and made an inquiry of him on this point of law. My female servant some time ago ran away. And some one on finding her, and knowing that she was the servant of a stranger, united her to his own male servant, and by him she had children. Now of whom are the children most justly the slaves. And he, after he had pondered and looked into each book, said, turning (towards the inquirer) his arched eye-brows—"Either to you or the party who got hold of the female servant it must needs be that those children, about whom you are speaking, are the slaves. But do you seek out an intelligent² judge, and you will quickly obtain a decision of greater authority, ³if you are stating what is just."³

A plaintiff thus explain'd his cause
To counsel learned in the laws.
"My bond-maid lately ran away,
And in her flight was met by A;
Who, knowing she belong'd to me,
Espoused her to his servant B.
The issue of this marriage, pray,
Do they belong to me or A?"
The lawyer, true to his vocation,
Gave signs of deepest cogitation;
Look'd at a score of books, or near,
Then hemm'd and said—"Your case is clear.

¹ Like Vulcan, who was the husband of Venus, who was the mother of Love.

² In lieu of *εὐμενέοντα*, "well-disposed," the sense evidently requires *ἐννοον ὄντα*, as translated.

³—³ The common reading is *εἰ γε δίκαια λέγεις*. But it was the business of the judge to say what is just, not of the party, laying his case before counsel. The author wrote, no doubt, with a ridicule of the judge, *εἰ τὰ δίκαια λέγει*, "if he says what is just."

Those children, so begot by B
 Upon your bond-maid, must, you see,
 Be yours or A's. Now this I say,
 They can't be yours, if they to A
 Belong. It follows then of course,
 That, if they are not his, they're yours.
 Therefore, by my advice, in short,
 You'll take the opinion of the court." J. H. M.

DCCXIX. MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL.

I sneezed¹ near a tomb; and wished to hear myself,
 what I was thinking of, the death of my wife. But I
 sneezed to the winds. For nothing of a sad kind hap-
 pened to my wife, neither a disorder, nor death.

DCCXX. UNOWNED.

Βουλευεῖς (you are a senator) Agathinus. Now at what
 price did you purchase the B? For the letter was
 formerly Δ (i. e. Δουλεύεις, you are a slave).

DCCXXI. UNCERTAIN.

A. What mortal, Justice, has dishonoured you? B.
 The thief, who placed me here, who has nothing to do
 with me.

DCCXXII. UNOWNED.

Who has taken away Mercury the thief? Bold was
 the thief, who has gone away, taking with him the
 prince of thieves.

DCCXXIII. UNCERTAIN.

If a person, after marrying once, goes again in pur-
 suit of a second marriage, he sails twice shipwrecked on
 the destructive deep.

A widower once, who courts a second chain,
 Tempts, like the shipwreck'd sailor, shoals again.

J. H. M.

¹ On sneezing, as an omen of good, Brodæus refers to Hom. Od.
 P. 541.

DCCXXIV. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 27 EP.

DCCXXV. UNOWNED.

A Phrygian, standing by the tomb of the fearless Ajax, was beginning to throw out saucy words, (and said)—¹“ Ajax did not remain:”¹ but he spoke in return from below—“ He did remain:” and the other although alive did not endure (the voice of) the dead.

DCCXXVI. UNOWNED.

²All hail! ye seven pupils of Aristides the rhetorician, namely, the four walls (of the room) and the three benches (in it).²

DCCXXVII. SIMONIDES.

Boidion the flute-player and Pythias, who were formerly thy lovers, have offered up to thee, Venus, their girdles and portraits. Thy purse, O foreign merchant and freight-carrier,³ knows from whence are the girdles and the pictures.

Cælia and Lycé, once to lovers known,

To Venus vow'd a portrait and a zone.

Oh! wandering god of trade! thy purse can tell

Both whence the zone and whence the portrait fell.

J. H. M.

DCCXXVIII. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 90 EP.

DCCXXIX. MNASALCAS.

For thee, O Phœbus, are hung up this bent bow, and quiver rejoicing in arrows, as the gifts from Promachus; but the arrows (themselves) hostile men have in their hearts, the deadly presents from a stranger, during the bustle (of a battle).

¹—¹ The words alluded to are in Hom. *Il.* O. 717.

²—² A similar story, says Jacobs, is found in Athenæus, viii. p. 348, D.

³ Jacobs quotes opportunely from Horace, “*seu vocat institor Seu navis Hispanæ magister Dedecorum pretiosus emptor.*”

Phœbus! to thee this curved bow and empty-sounding
 quiver
 Are offer'd at thy sacred shrine, by Promachus, the giver.
 But ah! the shafts that used within that painted case to
 rattle,
 Now in the foemen's hearts are sheath'd, whom he hath
 slain in battle. J. H. M.

DCCXXX. NOSSIS.

It is likely that Venus will with delight receive as an
 offering this cap from the hair of Samutha. For it is
 elaborately worked, and it smells sweetly of that nectar,
 with which she anointed the beautiful Adonis.

DCCXXXI. ANYTÉ.

To Pan with hair erect, and to the Nymphs of Aulis,
 Theodotus the shepherd has offered up this gift under
 a look-out spot, because they relieved him while suffer-
 ing greatly during a burning summer, and with their
 hands stretched out pointed to sweet-flowing water.

To shaggy Pan and all the Wood-Nymphs fair,
 Fast by the rock this grateful offering stands,
 A shepherd's gift to those, who gave him there
 Rest, when he fainted in the sultry air,
 And reach'd him sweetest water with their hands.
 J. W. B.

DCCXXXII. MYRO OF BYZANTIUM.

Ye Hamadryad¹ Nymphs, daughters of a river, who
 ever traverse these ambrosial depths with rosy feet, all
 hail, and preserve Cleonymus, who placed these beauti-
 ful statues under the pines in honour of you goddesses.

O Forest-Nymphs, O daughters of the river,
 Who haunt ambrosial these deep glades for ever
 With rosy feet,
 Thrice hail, and be Cleonymus your care.
 For he, in this pine-shelter'd, calm retreat,
 To you erected all these statues fair. J. W. B.

¹ Instead of *ἀμαδρυάδες* one would have expected here *ἐφ' ὑδριάδες*—
 "presiding over waters."

DCCXXXIII. LEONIDAS.

Its mother, as being poor, presents to Bacchus a picture of her Micythus, after painting it a mere daub. But do you, Bacchus, place Micythus on high. If the gift be worthless, it is poverty not¹ little that brings this offering.

DCCXXXIV. LEONIDAS.

Three brothers offer to thee, rustic Pan, these their nets, one from one kind of capture, another from another; Pigres these, who (lives) from winged animals; Damis these, who (lives) from four-footed; Cleitor the third, from those in the sea. In return for which send thou to one the prey struck successfully through the air; to another, that through thickets; and to another, that by the sea-shore.

DCCXXXV. UNCERTAIN; SOME SAY, LEONIDAS.²

To the Satyrs, who drink sweet wine, and to Bacchus, the vine-grower, Heronax dedicates the pluckings from the first produce, these three casks from three vineyards, after filling them with the first-drawn wine; from which, after making a libation, as is lawful, to the red-faced Bacchus and the Satyrs, we will drink more than the Satyrs.

DCCXXXVI. LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM; SOME SAY, GÆTULICUS.

To Pan living in the fields, and to Bacchus the reveller, and to the Nymphs, the aged Biton of Arcadia has made these offerings; to Pan a kid recently born, that plays with its mother; and to Bacchus a branch of the much-wandering ivy; and to the Nymphs the variously-coloured produce of the shaded grape, and the blood-coloured petals of expanded roses. In return for which do ye, Nymphs, cause this dwelling of the old

¹ Instead of *ἄ* the sense evidently requires *οὐ*, as translated.

² Compare Westm. 2 Book, 91 Ép.

man to be well-watered; and thou, Pan, to be full of milk; and thou, Bacchus, with many grape-bunches.

To Pan, the master of the woodland plain,
 To young Lyæus, and the azure train
 Of Nymphs, that make the pastoral life their care,
 With offerings due old Biton forms his prayer.
 To Pan a playful kid, in wars untried,
 He vows, still sporting by its mother's side;
 And lays the creeping ivy on the vine,
 A grateful present to the god of wine;
 And to the gentler deities, who guide
 Their winding streamlets o'er the mountain's side,
 Each varied bud from autumn's shady bowers,
 Mix'd with the full-blown roses' purple flowers.
 Therefore, ye Nymphs, enrich my narrow field
 With the full stores your bounteous fountains yield;
 Pan, bid my luscious pails with milk o'erflow;
 And, Bacchus, teach my yellow vines to glow.

J. H. M.

DCCXXXVII. LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM.

These spoils are not mine. Who has hung up on the coping-stone this graceless gift to Mars? The cones of the helmets are unbroken; the shining shields are bloodless; and unbroken are the fragile spears. My whole face is red with shame; and from my forehead sweat drops on my breast, as if from a fountain. With such things let a person adorn a private chapel, or an eating-room for men, or a hall, or a bridal chamber; but let spoils stained with blood adorn the temple of Mars, who pursues on horse-back; for with such are we delighted.

These are no spoils of mine. Who dares to place
 Such offerings here, and thinks this fane to grace?
 Unbroken is each helmet's crest; and clear
 Each bloodless shield; unscathed each fragile spear.
 With shame my face is fired; and from my brow
 Down to my breast big drops of anger flow.

Hence ; with such trophies deck thy porch, thy hall,
The court-yard of thy house, thy chamber wall ;
But Mars—besprent with gore the arms must be
That deck his temple ; such are dear to me. H. W.

DCCXXXVIII. THE SAME.

Oh ! thou cold water, that leapest down from a double
rock, all hail ; and ye images of the Nymphs carved by
shepherds, 'and ye rocks, and these ornaments of yours,
oh ! virgins, perpetually wetted by the waters of foun-
tains,' all hail. Behold, I, Aristocles, a way-farer, give
you this horn, with which, after dipping it (in the water),
I drove away thirst.

Farewell, cool rills, that from the cleft rock start,
And fountain-heads, and, carved by rustic art,
Your forms, sweet maiden Nymphs, who own this wave ;
Adieu, th' unnumbered charms your waters lave.
The cup of horn, he dipp'd there to relieve
His thirst, from Aristoclees receive. H. W.

DCCXXXIX. LEONIDAS.

These are the shields from the Lucanians ; and the
bridles placed in rows, and the spears polished about the
handles,² have been built up for Pallas ; but about their
(owners) dark death has opened its jaws.

DCCXL. HEGESIPPUS:

Receive, Hercules, me, the holy shield of Arcestratus,
in order that, reclining against a polished chapel, I may
become old, while hearing the dances and hymns. Of
the hateful contest of Mars let there be enough.

¹—¹ The Greek is at present Πέρραι τε κρηνίων και ἐν ὕδασι—out of
which Reiske and others have been unable to make any thing satisfactory.
And yet it is easy to see that the author probably wrote, as translated, Καὶ
πέρραι, κρηνῶν τ' εἰν ὕδασι—

² Jacobs would understand by ἀμφίβολοι—"armed in both parts."
But that appears scarcely intelligible. The version "about the handles"
has been introduced, as if the author had written ἀμφὶ λαβὰς—

DCCXLI. EUPHORION.

When Eudoxus had shorn his first beautiful locks, he presented to Phæbus the charm of boyhood. In return for his ringlets, may the beauty of thou, oh! far-darter, come upon him, and the ivy of Acharnæ¹ ever increase (about him).

DCCXLII. THEOCRITUS.

The roses sprinkled with dew, and that thick creeping plant, are placed for the Muses of Helicon; but the dark-leaved laurel for thee, O Pythian Pæan; since the rock of Delphi has made this an honour to thee. And this goat with horns and a shaggy coat shall stain thy altar with blood, through his nibbling the extreme bough of the terminthus.²

This wild thyme and these roses moist with dews,
Are sacred to the Heliconian Muse.

The bay, Apollo, with dark leaves is thine;
Thus art thou honour'd at the Delphic shrine;
And there to thee this shaggy goat I vow,
That loves to crop the pine-tree's pendent bough.

FAWKES.

DCCXLIII. THE SAME.

Daphnis, the fair-skinned, he, who with pretty pipe played pastoral tunes, has offered up to Pan these things—the bored reeds, the hare-striking weapon, the sharp pole, the fawn-skin and wallet, in which he carried apples.

DCCXLIV. THE SAME.

The Venus is not the common one. Propitiate the goddess by speaking of her as the heavenly offering of the chaste Chrysogoné in the house of Amphicles, toge-

¹ From this mention of the ivy of Acharnæ it would seem that Eudoxus gave promise of being a dramatic writer; for such persons, when successful, were crowned with that ivy.

² The terminthus was a kind of pine, or flax-plant.

ther with whom she had children, and a life in common ; and to them, beginning (their rites) from you, O venerable goddess, there was ever something better during the year. For the mortals, who have a care for the immortals, do themselves gain something additional.

Here Venus not the vulgar you survey ;
 Style her celestial and your offerings pay ;
 This in the house of Amphicles was placed,
 Fair present of Chrysogoné the chaste ;
 With him a sweet and social life she led,
 And many children bore and many bred.
 Favour'd by thee, O venerable fair,
 Each year improved upon the happy pair.
 For long as men the deities adore,
 With large abundance Heaven augments their store.
 FAWKES.

DCCXLV. CALLIMACHUS.

Callistion, the daughter of Critias, has offered to the god of Canopus me, a lamp rich with twenty wicks, after making a vow about her child Apellis ; and you will say, when looking upon my lights—"How hast thou fallen, Hesperus !"

DCCXLVI. THE SAME.

To thee, Diana, has Phileratis placed this statue here. Do thou, O venerable (goddess), receive it, and preserve her.

DCCXLVII. THE SAME.

A. To thee, ¹O king, the lion-strangler¹ (and) boar-killer, me a beechen bough has offered—*B.* Who ? *A.* Archinus. *B.* What kind of man ? *A.* A Cretan. *B.* I receive it.

¹—¹ In lieu of *λεοντάγωνε*, which is not a Greek word, Valckenaer suggested *λεόνταγχ' ὦδε*—He should have proposed rather *λεόνταγχ' ὦνα*—as translated.

DCCXLVIII. THE SAME.

¹ Ye (wild animals) of Cynthus, be of good cheer ; ¹ for the bows and arrows of Echemma the Cretan lie in Ortygia at the temple of Diana, with which he cleared the great mountain of you. But now he is at rest, ye goats ; ² since the goddess ³ has effected a truce.

DCCXLIX. THE SAME.

I am, O Zephyritis, a shell, ⁴ the marvel of sailing.⁴ But thou, Venus, dost now possess me, a Nautilus, the first offering of Selenéa ; me, who used to sail over the sea, if there was a breeze, stretching a sail by my own cordage ; ⁵ but if there was a calm, I ran over the plain of the smooth (sea),⁵ rowing with my feet : ⁶ my name coincides with the work of a vessel.⁶ And I was stranded near the shore of Julius, in order that I might become a plaything, surveyed all round, for thee, Arsinoé ; and that no longer in me, as a recess, ⁷ the egg of the hapless

¹ As it seems scarcely possible to understand *Κυνθιάδες* by itself, it is probable the author wrote, not *Κυνθιάδες θαρσεῖτε* τὰ γὰρ τοῦ—but *Κυνθιάδες θῆρες*, βάτε τοῦ γὰρ—while, to show of what kind were the wild animals, one would prefer *λύγκες* to *αἴγες* in ², similar to the expression in Horace, "Nec curat Orion leones Aut timidas agitare lyncas."

³ Since Diana was the goddess of hunting, she would hardly effect a truce between the hunter and hunted. In lieu then of *ἐπεῖ*, one would have expected *ἐκεῖ*—for *ἐκεῖ ἡ θεὸς* would mean "the goddess there," i. e. in the grave, namely, Proserpine.

⁴ Instead of the unintelligible *παλαιτέρος*, Bentley proposed *παλαιτέρων*, "formerly." But the Nautilus was as much a shell, when out of the water as in it. Hence Jacobs would read *πάλαι τέρας*—He should have suggested *πλόου τέρας*, as translated.

⁵ The Greek is *Εἰ δὲ γαληναίῃ λιπαρῇ θεὸς οὐλος*—which Lennep was the first to correct by reading *θίον* : while *οὐλος* has continued to baffle the attempts of all, who have hitherto endeavoured to explain or alter it ; for they did not perceive it was a corruption of *άλσος*, applied to the sea by Æschylus, in Suppl. 5, and Pers. 115, and that *λιπαρῇ*, not *λιπαρῇ*, is to agree with *άλος*, understood in *γαληναίῃ*—

⁶ From the reading, *Ποσσὶν ἔν' ὥστ' ἔργω*, Blomfield elicited *Ποσσὶν ἑμοῖς τῷργω*—But he failed to see likewise *Ποσσὶ νεὼς τῷργω*—as translated. Jacobs has adopted Hermann's *Ποσσὶ νιν, ὥστ'*—But *νιν* is scarcely intelligible.

⁷ They, who are desirous of seeing the utter absurdity in the words, *ὡς πάρος—τίετηται—ῶιον*, must turn to Blackwood's Magazine for

Alcyoné might be hatched as formerly—for I am without breath.⁷ But grant thou thy grace to the daughter of Clinias; for she knows how to perform good acts; and she is from Smyrna in Æolia.

Queen of the Zephyr's breezy cape! to thee
This polish'd shell, the treasure of the sea,
Her earliest offspring young Seléna bears,
Join'd with the incense of her maiden prayers.
Erewhile with motion, power, and sense endued,
Alive it floated on the parent flood;
When, if the gale more rudely breathed, it gave
Its natural sail expanded to the wave;
But while the billows slept upon the shore,
And the tempestuous winds forgot to roar,
Like some proud galley, floated on the tide,
And busy feet the want of oars supplied.
Shipwreck'd at last upon th' Iulian strand,
It now, Arsinoé, asks thy favouring hand.
No more its vows the plaintive Halcyon hail
For the soft breathings of a western gale;
But that, O mighty queen, thy genial power
On young Seléna every gift may shower,
That love with beauteous innocence can share;
For these, and only these, accept the prayer. J. H. M.

Erst a mere conch, I now an offering shine—
Selené's first, to Venus Zephyrine.
Then, lightly skimming o'er the azure seas,
My native sail I hoisted to the breeze;
Or plough'd, becalm'd, with oary feet the main;
And thus deserved the name I still retain.
Now tost by storms on fair Iulis' strand,
A brilliant toy, I grace Arsinoe's hand.

September, 1833, p. 405, where Wilson was the first to object to *τίκτεται*: but he did not discover that *ὡς πάρος* and *ἄπλους* were equally incorrect. The poet probably wrote *Μηδέ μου ἐν θαλάμῳ ἐστ', ὃ σπόρεν—εἰμι γὰρ ἄπλους—Κλαίει τεκνολέειρ' εἶον' Ἀλκυόνη*—"and that Alcyoné may not, losing her young, lament for the egg, which she had laid in my recess—for I am sailing no longer;" by which Callimachus meant to say that the Alcyoné, after depositing her egg in the shell of a dead Nautilus, used to lament the loss of her young, carried out to sea in the shell, when it was put into motion by the water.

Nor longer need, from all my toils at rest,
 The Halcyon more lament her rifled nest ;
 But for the offering fitting thanks be paid
 To Clinias' daughter, Smyrna's pious maid.

F. WRANGHAM.

Oh ! Zephyritis, for Selena's sake,
 My ancient shell, her virgin offering, take.
 Venus, thou art my goddess now ; the sea,
 When the south winds blew cheerly, wafted me,
 Thy Nautilus, who swam before the gale,
 Stretching with cordage all my own the sail.
 In the bright calm with twinkling feet I float,
 Rapidly rowing ; hence my name of boat.
 Cast on Iulis' shore, 'tis mine to be
 A plaything and thy toy, Arsinoé,
 To gaze on with delight ; for I am dead,
 And sad Alcyoné finds not the bed,
 In which to lay her eggs, where once she laid,
 And hatch'd her young. But let all thanks be paid
 To Clinias' daughter, who the offering gives
 Duteous, and in Æolian Smyrna lives.

W. LISLE BOWLES.

Once a mere shell, no more ; but now to thee,
 O Venus Zephyritis, the first gift
 From Selenæa, offer'd here am I,
 The Nautilus, the ocean's voyager :
 Who, when soft breezes breathed, was wont to stretch
 With mine own cordage mine own proper sail ;
 But in bright calms to scud along, self-steer'd
 With oary feet, as well my name implies,
 Till I was stranded on the Julian shore ;
 A toy indeed—but not unprized by thee,
 Arsinoé—for in thy temple placed,
 Never again, as heretofore, shall I,
 Now lifeless, watch the mournful Halcyon,
 Brooding in peace upon the tranquil deep.
 Be gracious then to Clinias' daughter ; good
 Her life, who in Æolian Smyrna dwells.

HAY.

DCCL. RHIANUS.

Achrylis, the Phrygian chamber-attendant (on Cybelé), she, who often let flow her holy ringlets about the torches—she, who often gave for the Gallic¹ howling of Cybelé sounds from her mouth, that (came) heavy to the ear, has placed around the door these locks in honour of the mountain goddess; since she has stopt the foot fevered by madness.

DCCLI. ANTIPATER.

The harp, and the bows and arrows, and the crooked nets, are for Phœbus, (the gifts) of Sosis, Philé, Polycrates. The archer has given the bow tipped with horn; the minstrel on the lyre, the shell; the hunter, the knitted threads; and may one man obtain a power over quick-striking darts; the female, excellence in the lyre; and the other man, the choice spoils in hunting.

DCCLII. ANTIPATER.

The bull, that once bellowed on the high grounds of Mount Orbelius, the wild animal that formerly made Macedonia a desert, has the lightning-like Philip, the overthrower of the Dardanians, destroyed by striking the middle of its head with a hunting pole; and these horns, the defence of its (once) unrestrained head, has he put up for thee, Hercules, not without its strong hide. From thee as a root has he run up; nor is it unseemly for him to rival the ancestral arts of bull-slaying.

DCCLIII. ANTIPATER OF SIDON.

These sandals that keep the feet warm, the delightful labour of skilful shoemakers, (has) Bitenna (offered up); and Philonis, this binder of the hair, that loves to be plaited, a cap dyed in the colour of the white sea; and Anticlea, the fan; and the lovely Heliodora, the veil for

¹ By the word "Gallic" is meant the Galli, the attendants upon Cybelé.

the face, a work partaking of the spider's web ; but she, who has a name called after her father Aristotle, the serpent with pretty folds, an ornament of gold for her slim ankles ; all of one mind and age, (have given) presents to the heavenly Cythéra-born.

DCCLIV. MELEAGER.

What mortal has tied up around the coping-stones these spoils for me, a delight disgraceful to Mars ? For neither broken spears, nor a helmet without its crest, nor a shield stained with blood is hung up ;¹ but things vainly glittering, and not battered by iron, such as are the spoils not in a (war)-shout, but in a dance ; with which adorn ye a bridal chamber ; but may the shrine of Mars possess weapons dropping with human gore.

DCCLV. THEODORIDAS.

A. Thou, Labyrinthus² of the sea, tell me who offered thee up, on finding thee as a little capture on the white sea ? B. Dionysius, the son of Protarchus, has offered me up to the Nymphs, who dwell in caves, and I am a present from the sacred (coast of) Pelorus ; and a narrow and crooked sea-strait threw me up, in order that I might be a plaything for the smooth-faced Cave-Nymphs.

DCCLVI. ARCHIAS.

Bitenna (gave) these sandals ; and Philænis the purple cap, that protects the much-wandering hair ; and the light-haired Anticleia the fan, that conceals a not genuine breeze,³ (and) wards off violent heat ; and Heracleia this thin concealment of the face, made like the nets of the spider ; and she who bears the name of her father Aris-

¹ In lieu of *ἀρπγε*, in MS. Vat., Planudes has *ἀνῆρς*—which evidently leads to *ἀνῆρτο*—as translated.

² By *λαβύρινθος* was meant a shell-fish, somewhat similar to the "winkle."

³ By *νόθον*—*ἄημα* Jacobs understands the artificial breeze produced by the fan.

totle, the beautiful folds of the serpent round the ankle ; these splendid presents to thee, Venus, who presidest over marriage, have equals in age offered, who dwell by the sea-shore,¹ at Naucratis.

DCCLVII. ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA.

Cythera of Bithynia has, after making a vow, offered up me, a white-marble representation of thy form, Venus. But do thou, for a small favour, give in return a great one, as is the custom. She is satisfied with the agreement in mind of her husband.

DCCLVIII. APOLLONIDES.

Anaxagoras has offered up me, Priapus, not the one on his feet, but who is leaning on the ground with both knees. Philomachus made the figure. But on seeing near me a beautiful (one)² of the Graces, do not ask how I fell down.

DCCLIX. CRINAGORAS.

We roses formerly bloomed in the spring, but now in the midst of winter we lay open our scarlet buds, smiling upon thy birth-day, and pleased with this morning, the nearest to the time of thy marriage-bed. It is better to be seen on the temples of Callista a wife, than to wait for the sun of spring.

Children of spring, but now in wintry snow
We purple roses for Callista blow.
Duteous we smile upon thy natal morn ;
Thy bridal bed to-morrow we adorn.
Oh ! sweeter far to bloom our little day,
Wreath'd in thy hair, than wait the sunny May. BL.

¹ In *αἱ γυναῖκες*, which Jacobs vainly endeavours to explain, evidently lies hid *αἰγιαλῶν*—

² To avoid the ellipse of *μίαν* here, Jacobs would read *ἄγχι καλὴν* instead of *ἀγχόθι καλήν*—

We roses, Lady, with flower-loving May
 Are wont to come ; but now 'mid winter's cold
 We love our purple blossoms to unfold,
 And greet thee well on this thy natal day.
 For thy near spousals, too, our sweets we bring—
 Deeming it better and more blest to shed
 Our blushing fragrance round thy lovely head,
 Than tarry for the genial warmth of spring. HAY.

DCCLX. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 84 EP.

DCCLXI. CRINAGORAS.

On a votive morning we perform these holy rites to Jupiter, presiding over marriage, and to Diana, the mild (goddess) of the pains of child-birth. For to them my brother, while yet without down on his chin, vowed he would offer the first-fruits of the spring (seen) upon the cheeks of young men. And may ye deities receive it; and forthwith from this down up to hoary hairs may ye lead Euclides.

DCCLXII. GÆTULICUS.

To thee, the superintendent of the shore near the sea, I send these small cakes of meal, and gifts of a slight sacrificial rite. For to-morrow I shall pass over the wide wave of the Ionian (sea), while hastening to the bosom of my Eidotheé. And do thou shine propitious to my love and sail-mast, O Venus, the mistress of marriage-beds and strands.

DCCLXIII. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 36 EP.

DCCLXIV. ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM.

To thee, the deity over roads,¹ has Antiphilus offered up this felt-covering for his head, the symbol of his way-faring life. For thou hast listened to his prayers; (and) been propitious to his paths. The present is not

¹ By this was meant Hecaté. Jacobs refers to Orphic. Fragm. 34.

much, but it is a holy one. Nor let any greedy traveller snatch with his hand this offering of mine. It is not safe to steal even small things.

DCCLXV. THE SAME.

In fortune, mistress, I am little. But I say that (my gift) peers above the wealth of all, inasmuch as it is from the heart. And do thou receive the covering of a carpet made of soft and thick sheep's wool, conspicuous¹ with its bright-coloured scarlet, and worsted thread of a rose-colour, and nard for thy dark-haired locks, enclosed in a blue glass (bottle), in order that a vest may cover thy skin, and the work prove the manufacture, and a sweet-smelling exhalation come from thy ringlets.

DCCLXVI. THE SAME.

Who has filled, with (the flour of) Ceres, me a cask, made for Dionysius? who me, a receptacle for the nectar-like wine of the Adriatic? What grudging is there to me of wine? Or is there a scarcity of vessels fit for corn? He has disgraced both (deities). Bacchus has been robbed, and Ceres does not² receive drunkenness as a fellow-boarder.

DCCLXVII. THE SAME.

I have³ an apple, as big as an ostrich,⁴ preserved from the preceding year, still beautiful in its youthful bloom, without a spot, without a wrinkle, with the down on it equal to those recently produced, still sticking to the full-leaved bough, a rare honour to the season of win-

¹ In the place of *εἰδόμενον*, which is not used passively, Reiske suggests *εἰβόμενον*, "dropping with—"

² Brunck, justly objecting to *οὐ*, has edited *ἐνδέχεται*. He should have read *αὐδέχεται*.

³ Wakefield was the first to read *ἔχω* for *ἄγω*, which Jacobs vainly endeavours to defend.

⁴ Such seems to be the meaning of *στρούθειον*. From Galen, quoted by Brodæus and Jacobs, the apple called *στρούθειον* seems to have been a kind of large-sized quince.

ter ; but for thee, O queen, such a fruit bears even the cold of snow.

DCCLXVIII. DIODORUS.

Do thou, Juno, who rulest over Samos, and who hast obtained by lot the river Imbrasus, receive, O venerable deity, as the sacrificial rites on a birth-day, these sacred (portions) of calves, which we, who know the ordinances of the blessed (gods), know to be the most agreeable of all things. Maximus, on making the libations, uttered a prayer ; and she (the goddess) has nodded favourably. Matters are firmly placed ; and the threads of the Fates feel no envy.

DCCLXIX. LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA.

Who has offered cakes greasy with oil ? who grapes to Mars the city-destroyer ? who the cup-like buds of roses ? These things I wish a person would carry to the Nymphs. I, the bold-planning Mars, do not receive on my altars sacrifices unstained by blood.

DCCLXX. THE SAME.

Another person sends you birth-day presents, obtained from the hunter's net-stakes ; and one from the air ; and another from the sea ; but from me receive a line of the Muses, which remains for ever, and is the mark of (my) friendship and (your) good education.

One sends thee game from nets and stakes obtain'd ;
Fowls of the air, another ; fish has gain'd
Another from the sea, to grace the day
That marks thy birth ; receive from me a lay
Taught by the Muse, that long will live to show
What thou to learning, I to friendship owe. G. B.

DCCLXXI. CORNELIUS LONGINUS.

From poverty, as you know, Venus, that is genuine, yet honest,¹ receive these gifts from Leonidas ; this small

¹ Jacobs quotes opportunely from Horace, " *tenui censu, sine crimine noti.*"

purple grape, and this ripe salted olive, and the lawful sacrifice of small cakes, and a libation (of wine), which I have drawn without being shaken, and figs sweet as honey. Do thou then defend me as from disease, so likewise from poverty. And then thou shalt see me sacrificing an ox; and mayest thou, my good genius, hasten to receive my thanks in return.

DCCLXXII. PHILIP OF THESSALONICA.

Philoxenides, the celebrated¹ goat-driver, after cutting thee, Pan, from a beech, has placed the figure with the bark on, after sacrificing a hoary goat, that mounts the ewes, and making the sacred altar drunk with the first-produced milk; in return for which may² the ewes in the folds be pregnant with two young ones, after escaping from the rough tooth of the wolf.

DCCLXXIII. THE SAME.

The rounded lead, the marker of the sides of the page, and the scraper and splitter of the reeds with arrow-like tips, and the ruler placed at the top,³ and the pumice-stone, (rolled) along the shore,⁴ the dried stone with holes made in it by the sea, has Callimenes offered up to the Muses, after ceasing from business; ⁵since through old age his eye could no longer see any thing.⁶

DCCLXXIV. THE SAME.

A. Who has placed thee, Mercury, without down on

¹ This seems a very strange epithet for a goat-driver.

² In lieu of *ἔσονται*, Bruck correctly reads *ἔσονται*.

³ Jacobs has failed to explain what is meant by *ὑπάρτην* here. Perhaps it alludes to the upper part of the writing-desk, where the ruler is generally placed.

⁴ Instead of *παρὰ θίνα*, which he could not understand, Bruck suggested *παράθηγα*. But as the use of the pumice-stone was to render smooth the parchment, one can hardly understand how it could be said to sharpen any thing.

⁵ Such is evidently what the sense requires. But this would be in Greek, *ἐπεὶ οὐ γήρα κάλυθος ἔτ' ἔσκαπέ τι*, not *ἐπεὶ γήρα κάλυθος ἐπέσκιπτο*, translated by Jacobs, "since (his) eye is covered from above by old age."

thy chin, near the starting-post (of the course)? *B.* Hermogenes. *A.* Whose son is he? *B.* Of Daïmenes.¹ *A.* Of what country? *B.* Of Antioch. *A.* Honouring thee on what account? *B.* As being his assister in the stadium. *A.* At what place? *B.* At the Isthmus and Nemea. *A.* Did he run there? *B.* Yes; and (came in) first. *A.* Conquering whom? *B.* Nine boys; and he would have flown, had he possessed my feet.²

DCCLXXV. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 49 EP.

DCCLXXVI. MÆCIUS QUINTUS.

To thee, Priapus, delighted with both the sunken rocks, worn down by the waves of Nessis³ on the sea-shore, and the bluff upper rocks, has Paris, the fisherman, hung up a crab, with its oyster-like shell, killed by the cleverly-catching rod; the flesh, when exposed to fire, did he happy place under his tooth, half-eaten (by age), but the offal-shell has he given to thee. Wherefore do thou give him not many things, but by means of a line, catching successfully, a quietness to his barking belly.⁴

DCCLXXVII. HERMOCREON.

Ye Water-Nymphs, for whom Hermocreon has placéd these gifts, after meeting with a sweetly-flowing fountain, all hail; and may ye with lovely feet walk in this house, placed over the water, filled yourselves with a pure draught.

Ye Water-Nymphs, for whom Hermocreon placed
These gifts, when he a pleasant stream had found,
All hail! and in this house with fountain graced,
Quaff the pure draught; with light foot tread the ground.

G. B.

¹ So Meineke reads *Δαϊμενίως* for *Δαιμονίως*, referring to Pausanias, vi. 2.

² For the feet of Mercury had wings attached to them.

³ Nessis, says Jacobs, was an island near Campania, as shown by Statius in *Sylv.* iii. 1, 150, "*Sylvaque, quæ fixam pelago Nessida coronat.*"

⁴ Jacobs quotes opportunely "*latrantem stomachum,*" in Horace ii. Sat. ii. 18.

DCCLXXVIII. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 89 EP.

DCCLXXIX. ETON EXTRACTS, 164 EP.

DCCLXXX. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 92 EP.

DCCLXXXI. — — — 33 —

DCCLXXXII. PALLADAS.

Instead of an ox and an offering of gold to Isis, Pamphylum has placed her shining ringlets. And the goddess is more pleased with these than was Apollo with the gold, which Cræsus sent from Lydia to the god.

DCCLXXXIII. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 38 EP.

Lais saw Nature's quick decay,
The wrinkled cheek, the ringlet grey,
And heaved a heartfelt sigh—
"Witness of all that makes me grieve,
Venus, this hateful glass receive;
Your charms can time defy." PH. SMYTH.

DCCLXXXIV. THE PREFECT OF EGYPT.

The aged Cinyras, on ceasing to labour, has offered up to the Nymphs these nets worn away by the continued catching (of fish). For no longer was he able, with a trembling hand, to cast the circular bosom of the opened net. If there be the offering of a small present, this, ye Nymphs, is no blame (to me); since the whole life of Cinyras is this.

To Ocean's Nymphs old Cinyras gives o'er
This useless net, which he can cast no more.
Now sport, ye fish, securely on the sea,
For he no longer threatens your liberty. J. H. M.

DCCLXXXV. THE SAME.

After bending his proud neck under my feet, Praxiteles has moulded me with his captive hands.¹ For after model-

¹ So Jacobs understands ληϊδίας. But such could hardly be its meaning. Perhaps the poet wrote Δαιδαλίας—

ling in copper me, who am Love itself, that was hidden within (him), he gave it as the honoured symbol of friendship to Phryné. And she carried it again to Love. For it is just that those in love bring Love himself as a gift to Love.

DCCLXXXVI. JOHANNES OF BARBUCALLUS.

To Persuasion and the Paphian goddess, has Eury-nomas the neatherd, the bridegroom of Hermophilé, with a chaplet of rose-buds offered up a cheese and honey-combs. And do ye receive the cheese in return for her, and the honey for me.

DCCLXXXVII. AGATHIAS.

Porphyris of Cnidus has for thyself, Dionysus, placed on high before thy chapel these ornaments of her beauty and madness, namely, the chaplets on her head, and the spear with a double pine-cone, and the ankle-band, with which she acted the Bacchant freely, when, after uniting to her bosom the fawn-skin, decked with ivy, she frequented the orgies of Dionysus.

DCCLXXXVIII. THE SAME.

To the Paphian goddess her garland, to Pallas her ringlets, (and) to Artemis her girdle, has Callirrhoe offered up. For she has found the suitor she wished, and has reached a prudent period of youth, and borne a male race of children.

Venus! this chaplet take! Callirrhoe pray'd.

Thy youth I loved, thy power hath made him mine.

These locks to thee I vow, Athenian maid;

By thee I holy kept my virgin shrine.

To Artemis my zone; a mother's joy

She gave me to possess—my beauteous boy. J. H. M.

DCCLXXXIX. THE SAME.

Your husband Anchises, for whose sake you did, Venus, often run formerly to the shores of Ida,¹ has now

¹ As Mount Ida was at a distance from the sea-shore, one would prefer 'Ιδαίην to 'Ιδαίην—

with difficulty found a black hair to cut off from his head, and has offered to you the relic of his former youth. But do you, goddess, for you can, either make me young, or receive my hoary age, as if it were youth.

Oft hast thou left the realms of air

To dwell with me on Ida's shore ;

But now gay youth is mine no more,

And age has mark'd my brows with care.

Oh ! Queen of Love, my youth restore,

Or take my offering of gray hair.

J. H. M.

DCCXC. THE SAME.

Stratonicus, the ploughman, has, in return for kindness, offered up to thee, Pan, who dwellest on the crests of hills, these unsown holy enclosures ; and he said—“ Feed with delight thy herds, and look upon thy ground, never as yet cut down by iron. Thou wilt find a proper dwelling-place ; for here will Echo, pleased with thee, consummate even a marriage.”

DCCXCI. PAULUS THE SILENTIARY.

To thee the ten-thousand tearings of garlands, deprived of leaves—to thee the broken cups of drunkenness disturbed in its mind—to thee the ringlets bedewed with myrrh,—all these lie in the dust as spoils for thee, Lais, from the love-struck Anaxagoras. For at thy threshold the unhappy man, after passing frequently the whole night with companions in the prime of youth, has never extorted a word, or a pleasant promise, or the saucy language of honey-dropping hope. Alas ! alas ! wasted in limbs, he has left these symbols of revellings, and blames the beauty of the damsel not to be turned.

To thee the relics of a thousand flowers

Torn from the chaplet, twined in gayer hours—

To thee the goblet, carved with skill divine,

Erewhile that foam'd with soul-subduing wine—

The locks now scatter'd on the dusty ground,

Once breathing odours and with garlands crown'd—

Outcasts of pleasure and of hope bereft,
 Lais ! to thee thy Corydon has left.
 Oft on thy threshold stretch'd at close of day,
 He wept and sigh'd the cheerless night away ;
 Nor dared invoke thy name, nor dared aspire
 To melt thy bosom with his amorous fire ;
 Or plead a gracious respite to his pain,
 Or speak the language of a happier swain.
 Alas ! alas ! now cold and senseless grown,
 These last sad offerings make his sorrows known,
 And dare upbraid those scornful charms that gave
 His youth unpitied to the cheerless grave. J. H. M.

DCCXCII. THE SAME.

For thee, goat-footed Pan, has Teucer the Arabian
 put upon a pine this hide of a lion, armed with the five-
 pointed claws of its feet, with its jaws widely-opened,
 that he drew off from its head stained with blood, and
 likewise his rustic hunting spear; the marks of its
 teeth remain upon the spear, half-eaten, on which the
 wild beast emptied out its anger with a growl; and the
 Water-Nymphs together with those who haunt the woods,
 who have made a dance; since it had oftentimes thrown
 them into a fright.¹

DCCXCIII. WESTMINSTER, 4 BOOK, 60 EP.

There hang my lyre. This aged hand no more
 Shall wake the strings to rapture known before.
 Farewell, ye chords ! Ye verse-inspiring powers,
 Accept the solace of my former hours !
 Be gone to youths, ye instruments of song !
 For crutches only to the old belong. BL.

DCCXCIV. THE SAME.

I, Daphnis the reed-player, labouring under a trem-
 bling old age, have offered up to Pan, fond of a country
 life, this shepherd's crook belonging to a hand unable to

¹ This idea Jacobs conceives was suggested by Apollon. Rh. ii. 821.

work, and weighed down, after having ceased in old age from the labours of a shepherd. ¹ For still ¹ do I play on the reed; still does a voice without trembling dwell in a trembling body. But let no goatherd tell to the destructive wolves in the mountains the weakness of my old age.

Daphnis the piper, trembling 'neath the load
Of years, this crook, his feeble hand no more
Had force to wield, to Pan, the shepherd's god,
Here offers up; his shepherd labours o'er.
His pipe he still can sweetly sound; and still
Strong is his voice, although his body's weak;
But look ye, swains, yon wolves upon the hill
Ne'er of my feebleness o'erhear ye speak. G. S.

DCCXCV. THE SAME.

I am offering up to Pan and the Nymphs of the oak-woods, my dog, my wallet, and my staff with its crooked tooth. But the dog, still alive, I will take back to my cabin, and have him as a friend to share in my dry morsels.

DCCXCVI. THE SAME.

To Bacchus with ivy-bound hair ² Lenagoras, a person working at vines, has offered up a Satyr, shaken by wine. Upon him, heavy in his head, you would say that the dress made of a skin, the hair, the ivy, (and) the grape are all drunk; they are all in a relaxed state together; and art has by voiceless forms imitated nature, the material not enduring to say nay.

DCCXCVII. THE SAME.

The old Amyntichus bound a net with lead at its extremity round the trident (of Neptune), after ceasing from his toils in the sea, and said to the deity, while shedding tears from his eye-lids, like ³ the salt swell of the

¹—¹ To avoid the incongruity of an old reed-player thus speaking of himself, one would have expected *ὀκρίτι* for *εἰσέτι* in both places.

² Brunck has more correctly *Κισσοκόμῳ* to agree with *Βάρυς* than Jacobs *Κισσοκόμῳ* to agree with *Σάτυρον*.

³ As the address was made to Neptune alone, and not to the sea likewise, it is evident the author wrote not *καί*, but *καθ'*—as translated.

sea—"Thou knowest, O blessed (power), that I am past work. But limb-wasting poverty, from which there is no release, is young even at the threshold¹ of wretched old age. Nourish still the gasping old man, but from the land, as thou choosest, O ruler over the land² and sea."

DCCXVIII. ERATOSTHENES SCHOLASTICUS.

The wine-tippler Xenophon has offered up an empty cask, O Bacchus! Receive it kindly. For he has nothing else.

Bacchus, from tippling Xenophon
Accept his all, an empty tun. H. W.

DCCXCIX. THE SAME.

O Daphnis, the lover of women, offer up to beloved Pan thy bored reeds, this sheep-skin, and crook. Receive, O Pan! the gifts of Daphnis. For thou lovest equally with him a tune, and art unfortunate in love.

DCCC. UNCERTAIN.

Lynx, the daughter of Nico, she, who knows how to draw a man from over the sea, and young persons from marriage-beds, being beautifully variegated with gold and engraved out of a transparent amethyst, is laid up a loved possession, Venus, for thee, and tied in the middle by a soft hair of the scarlet-dyed (wool of) a lamb, (being) the offering of a sorceress of Larissa.

DCCCI. UNCERTAIN.

Timareté before her marriage has offered up to Diana her tambourine, and her valued ball, and her cap, the defender of her locks, and her dolls, O Limnatis,³ as is

¹ The common reading is *κακοῦ ἐπὶ γῆραος ἡμῖν*: where the genitive is without regimen. The author wrote, no doubt—*γῆραος οὐδῶς*, remembering the expression in *Il. Q. 487*, which has been adopted by Herodotus, iii. 14; Plato, *Rep. i. p. 328, F.*; Pseudo-Plato in *Axiochus*, § 10; and by Hyperides, according to *Jul. Pollux ii. 15*.

² Neptune is here called "the ruler over the land" with reference to his title *Ἐννοσίγαιος*, "earth-shaker."

³ Diana was so called from a lake near Trœzene, as remarked by Pierson on *Mœris*, p. 235.

fitting for a virgin to a virgin, and her dolls' dresses. And do thou, daughter of Latona, place thy hand over the girl Timareté, and preserve holily her who is holy.

DCCCH. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 82 EP.

DCCCHII. UNCERTAIN.

Our ¹ Pan has offered up to thee, Euius (Bacchus), his crook and fawn-skin (dress), after leaving thy dance, through the Paphian (goddess); for he is in love with Echo, and is wandering about. But do thou, Bacchus, be propitious to him, who is labouring under ² a common misfortune.³

DCCCHIV. UNCERTAIN.

Rustic neat-herds living in the mountains have cut up this beechen bough, bent with old age, and, after polishing it, have placed it in the road as a pleasant pastime for Pan, the defender of young and beautiful neat-herds.

DCCCHV. UNCERTAIN.

This shield, a glory to Jupiter, has been regretting for a long while ⁴ the new youthfulness of Cydias, a man much to be envied; through it first did he extend his left arm, when violent war against the Galatian was at its height.

DCCCHVI. UNOWNED.

Say thou, who showest the books⁵ that are by the plane-trees, that this sacred grove has been set up for the Muses; and that we are guarding it; and if a true lover of us comes here, we will dress him with this ivy.⁶

DCCCHVII. UNCERTAIN.

⁷O Rhea, my mother, the feeder of Phrygian lions

¹ The expression *ἡμέτερος Πάν* seems rather strange here. Perhaps the author wrote—*νεερίδ', ἔμην' ὅτ' ἔρω*. Πάν—"when love had maddened him—" Compare Epigr. Inc. 619, *ἡ καὶ σὴν Κύπρις ἔμηνε φρίνα*.

² The sense evidently requires *ἀμφιπονοῦντι* in lieu of *ἀμφίποντι*.

³ This alludes, says Jacobs, to Bacchus being in love with Ariadne.

⁴ Instead of *Ἡ μάλα δὴ*, the sense requires, as above, *Ἦν μάλα δὴν*—

⁵ This Epig. is supposed, says Jacobs, to be spoken by the Muses, placed over the entrance to a library, round which plane-trees were planted.

⁶ The ivy was, says Horace, "doctarum—præmia frontium."

⁷—' In lieu of *Γαίη*—*ἡ*, Hermann on Orphica, p. 766, acutely sug-

through⁷ the mountain Dindymus, not untrodden by the *Mystæ*, to thee has the emasculated *Alexis* offered up the excitements to his madness, after ceasing from the paroxysm, when brass is beaten, and from his sharp-toned cymbals, and the roar of the hoarse-sounding tubes,¹ for which the calf has bent its horn awry,¹ and from the sounding drums, and the swords made red by blood, and the stained hair, which he shook formerly. Be propitious, O mistress, and cause him who was mad in his youth to cease when old from his previous wild conduct.

DCCCVIII. UNOWNED.

The poor *Alcimenēs*, after tasting the benefit of a summer favourable to the production of fruit in his little garden, did, when bringing a dried fig and an apple and water in honour of *Pan*, say—"O thou, the dispenser of good things to my life, receive some of these things from (my) garden, others from your own rock; and grant in return more than thou hast received."

To *Pan*, the guardian of my narrow soil,
 Who gave my fruits to grow, and blest my toil,
 Pure water and a votive fig I bear,
 A scant oblation from the teeming year.
 The fruit ambrosial in thy garden blush'd,
 And from thy rock the living water gush'd.
 Receive the tribute from my niggard urn,
 Nor with thy bounty weigh my poor return. BL.

gested *Πειη—δν*—but he did not see that, although a country might be called a feeder of lions, as in *Horace*, "*Jubæ tellus—leonum—nutrix*," yet a deity could scarcely be so; and hence the poet probably wrote, *στρέπτειρα*—"the turner," for *Rhea* was represented as driving lions in her car, as shown by *Soph.* in *Philoct.* 401.

¹ In lieu of *οὗς μόσχων λοξὸν ἔκαμψε κίρας*, which *Jacobs* vainly attempts to explain, the author doubtless wrote *οἷς μόσχος λοξὸν ἔκαμψε κίρας*—

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

I. ARCHILOCHUS.

SORROWS for the dead, Pericles, are full of groans, and no one, who bears them in remembrance, will be delighted with feasting or drinking. ¹ For of such kind of persons ¹ has the wave of the much-roaring sea overwhelmed, and we have our lungs swollen with sorrow. But for ills not to be cured have the gods, my friend, given a remedy in a strong endurance. ² One person has this at one time, another at another. ³ Now they are turned against us, and we moan for a blood-producing sore; and again they will pass on to others. But do ye endure them very quickly, ³ driving away a womanly grief.

⁴ While lamenting the husband of his sister, who had been lost at sea, and had not obtained the customary

¹—¹ So *τοίους* has been translated according to the language. But the word is probably corrupt.

²—² Such is the literal version of the Greek—*ἄλλοτε δ' ἄλλος ἔχει τόδε*—where *τόδε*, says Jacobs, would properly belong to *φάρμακον*, the noun immediately preceding, whereas the sense shows it should be referred to the more distant *κῆμα*. But this the language would not permit. Perhaps the poet wrote *ἄλλοτε δ' ἄλλα τύχης δορά*—"At one time some things of Fortune are given, at another others;" or *ἄλλος ἔχει τόδ', ὃ νῦν*—

³ In lieu of *ἀλλὰ τάχιστα τλήτε*, which is unintelligible, one would have expected—*ἀλλ' ἀνχές τι τλήτε*, "but endure something unfortunate—"

⁴—⁴ The words between the numerals are the translation of the passage

rites of sepulture, Archilochus, says he, would have borne the event with greater moderation,⁴ if Hephæstus (fire) had been rolled in pure¹ vestments around the head and graceful limbs of him (the husband).

For neither by weeping shall I medicine bring, nor shall I make the evil worse by attending to pleasures and feastings.

Loud are our griefs, my friend, and vain is he
Who steeps the sense in mirth and revelry.
O'er those we mourn the hoarse resounding wave
Has closed, and whelm'd them in their ocean grave.
Deep sorrow swells each breast. But Heaven bestows
One healing med'cine for severest woes—
Resolved endurance. For affliction pours
To all by turns; to-day the cup is ours.
Bear bravely then the common trial sent,
And cast away your womanish lament.

Ah! had it been the will of Heaven to save
His honour'd reliques from a nameless grave!
Had we but seen th' accustomed flames aspire,
And wrap his corse in purifying fire!

Yet what avails it to lament the dead?
Say, will it profit aught to shroud our head,
And wear away in grief the fleeting hours,
Rather than 'mid bright nymphs in rosy bowers?

J. H. M.

II. THE SAME.

Some one of the Sǽians² glories in the shield, which I left, a weapon not to be mocked-at,³ unwillingly near a

in Plutarch, T. ii. p. 23, B., where a fragment of Archilochus has been preserved, which Jacobs, followed by Merrivale, has united to the preceding and following one, found in the same treatise of Plutarch, p. 33, B.

¹ The vestments of fire are called "pure," from the purifying power which that element is known to possess.

² The Sǽians, according to Strabo, were the first settlers in Samothrace.

³ Such is the literal meaning of *ἀμώμητον*. Eustathius, on Dionys.

thicket,¹ and I escaped myself the end of death. Let that shield perish;¹ hereafter I will possess not a worse one.

The foeman glories in my shield ;
 I left it in the battle-field ;
 I threw it down beside the wood,
 Unscathed by scars, unstain'd by blood ;
 And let him glory, since from death
 Escaped, I keep my forfeit breath.
 I soon may find, at little cost,
 As good a shield as that I've lost. J. H. M.

III. THE SAME.

Many bows are not² stretched, nor frequent slings (hurled), when war brings together the combat in the plain ; but of swords there will be the much-groan-producing work ; for in this kind of fight are skilled those lords of Eubœa, renowned for the spear.

Bows will not avail thee,
 Darts and slings will fail thee,
 When Mars tumultuous rages
 On wide-embattled land ;
 Then with faulchions clashing,
 Eyes with fury flashing,
 Man with man engages
 In combat hand to hand.

But most Eubœa's chiefs are known,
 Marshall'd hosts of spearmen leading
 To conflict, whence is no receding,
 To make this—war's best art—their own. J. H. M.

Perieg. 533, explains it by ἀχραντον, "unsullied," whom Merrivale has followed. But as ἐντος is not found elsewhere in the singular to signify "a weapon"—perhaps the poet wrote *ἔντε' ἀμώμητος*—similar to οὐθ' ὅπλων σχέσιν Μωμητός in Æschyl. S. Th. 490.

¹—¹ Brunck and Jacobs have adopted the reading furnished by Sextus Empiric. Pyrrhon. Hypot. iii. 24, p. 181. But as Aristophanes in *Eip.* 1301, has ψυχὴν δ' ἐξεσάωσα—Muretus, in Var. Lect. ix. 2, proposed to read ψυχὴν δ' ἐξεσάωσα φυγών· ἀλλ' ἄσπις ἐκείνη—Instead however of ἐκείνη—one would prefer ἐκεῖ νῦν—and in lieu of θανάτου τέλος, perhaps θανάτου βέλος—although θανάτου τελευτὰν is found in Euripides, Med. 152.

² The sense seems to require Οὐτ' εὔ—οὔτε—not Οὐ τοι—οὐδέ—

IV. THE SAME.

But come, walk with the flask through the benches of the swift ship, and tear away the lids from hollow¹ kegs, and take off the red wine to the dregs;² for we shall not be able to drink water in this act of guarding.

Come then, my friend, and seize the flask,
 And while the deck around us rolls,
 Dash we the cover from the cask,
 And crown with wine our flowing bowls.
 While the deep hold is tempest-tost,
 We'll strain bright nectar from the lees ;
 For though our freedom here be lost,
 We drink no water on the seas. J. H. M.

V. THE SAME.

I like not a big general, nor one who takes long strides, nor who is proud of his bushy hair, nor who is shaved close ; but for me let him be of small size, and slightly bow-legged to look at, (and) walking firmly on his feet, (and) full of heart, and close in his thoughts.

Boast me not your valiant captain,
 Strutting fierce with measured pride,
 Glorifying in his well-trimm'd beard, and
 Wavy ringlets' cluster'd pride.
 Mine be he, who's short of stature,
 Firm of foot and bended knee ;
 Heart of oak in limb and feature,
 And of courage bold and free. J. H. M.

VI. THE SAME.

I care not for Gyges with his much gold ; nor has envy seized me at all ; nor do I think much of the acts of the gods ; nor have I love for a great empire ; for they are far from my views.

¹ In lieu of *κοίλων* one would have expected *πλείων*, "full"—For a hollow cask would be empty.

² So Jacobs renders *ἀπὸ τρυγός*—But that seems at variance with the language. The sense is rather "apart from the dregs," as rendered by Merrivale.

For Gyges' wealth let others care,
 Gold is nothing to me ;
 Envy of another's share
 Never shall undo me.
 Nothing that the gods decree,
 Moves my special wonder ;
 As for boastful tyranny—
 We're too far asunder.

J. H. M.

VII. THE SAME.

The mind, O Glaucus, son of Leptines, becomes such
 to mortal men, as Zeus leads it from day to day.

The mind of man is such as Jove
 Ordains by his immortal will ;
 Who moulds it in his courts above,
 His heavenly purpose to fulfil. J. H. M.

VIII. THE SAME.

Look you, Glaucus, for the deep sea is disturbed by
 waves, and a cloud stands ¹erect in a circle around the
 tops,¹ a sign of a wintry storm, and fear lays hold (of us)
 from its unexpectedness.

Behold, my Glaucus ! how the deep
 Heaves, while the sweeping billows howl,
 And round the promontory steep
 The big black clouds portentous scowl,
 With thunder fraught and lightning's glare,
 While Terror rules, and wild Despair. J. H. M.

¹—¹ Such is the literal version of ἀμφὶ δ' ἄκρα γυρεὶν ὄρθον—where Brunck ingeniously conjectured ὄρθον, "dark"—obtained, it would seem, from ὄρον in Heraclides, Allegor. Homer, § 4. But as ὄρθον is acknowledged by Theophrastus, Plutarch, and Schol. on Hermogenes, quoted by Jacobs and Gaisford, perhaps the poet wrote ἄρθον—"collected into a mass:" while in ἄκρα γυρεῖν, the reading in Plutarch, lies hid ἀκροκεραῦνι—the name of a lofty mountain, around which the lightnings play; for "feriunt summos fulmina montes," as Horace says; who has introduced the very Greek word, ἀκροκεραῦνια, into his Latin verse—"Infames scopulos, Acrocerania." Now that a mountain was mentioned here is plain from the words of Theophrastus, while quoting this passage—ἐάν ἐπὶ κορυφῆς ὄρους νέφος ὄρθον στῇ, χεῖμῶνα σημαίνει.

IX. THE SAME.

Place all things in the hands of the gods. Often after ills they cause men to stand erect, who have been lying on the dark¹ earth; and often do they overturn even those, who have been walking very firmly, and² throw them on their backs. Then many ills arise, and³ of life it is necessary that a person does not wander,⁴ and (is) carried aside in mind.

Leave the gods to order all things;
Often from the gulf of woe
They exalt the poor man, grov'ling
In the gloomy shades below.
Often turn again and prostrate
Lay in dust the loftiest head,
Dooming him through life to wander,
Reft of sense and wanting bread. J. H. M.

X. THE SAME.

Of things there is not one unexpected, nor to be forsworn, nor to be wondered at; since Zeus, the father of the Olympian (gods), has out of the mid-day brought night, and concealed the light of the shining sun; and a moist⁴ fear has come upon men. ⁵From hence all things arise, not to be disbelieved, and to be expected⁵ by man; nor let any one of you wonder at beholding, even if wild beasts exchange with dolphins

¹ This mention of the "dark" earth seems very strange here. For the question is not about the dead, but the living. Hence the poet probably wrote, *ὀρθοῦσ' ἐν γαλήνῃ*, "in a calm," not *ὀρθοῦσιν μελαίνῃ*—

² The sense and syntax require *Χυπρίους*, not *Υπρίους*: for the words *καὶ μάλ' εὖ βεβηκότας* are to be referred to *ἀνατρέπονσι*, not to *κλίνουσι*.

³ Such is the literal version of the unintelligible *καὶ βίου χρή μὴ πλανᾶται καὶ νόον παρήγορος*:—where Abresch suggested—*χρήμυ πλανᾶται*—referring to Suidas. *Χρήμυ* *χρεία*, *σπάνις*: which gives an all-sufficient sense—"and a person wanders from the want of a living—"

⁴ Instead of *λυγρόν*, which destroys the metre, Valckenaer suggested *ὕγρον*—

⁵ Such is the literal version of the Greek, *Ἐκ δὲ τοῦ οὐκ ἀπίστα πάντα ἐπίελπτα γίνεσθαι*. Liebel would read *Ἐκ δὲ τοῦ καὶ πιστά*—and he should have read likewise, *Ἐκ δὲ θεοῦ*—where *θεοῦ* is a monosyllable.

their pasture in the sea, or if the booming waves become more agreeable than the continent to them (the dolphins);¹ and a mountain is pleasant to them.¹

Never man again may swear
 Things still shall be, as erst they were :
 Never more in wonder stare,
 Since Jove, th' Olympian thunderer,
 Bade the sun's meridian splendour
 Hide in shades of thickest night ;
 While th' affrighted nations started,
 Trembling at the fearful sight.
 Who shall dare to doubt hereafter,
 Whatsoever man may say ?
 Who refuse with stupid laughter,
 Credence to the wildest lay ?
 Though for pasture dolphins ranging,
 Leap the hills and scour the wood,
 And fierce wolves, their nature changing,
 Dive beneath th' astonish'd flood. J. H. M.

XI. THE SAME.

²No one, when dead, although previously³ a man of might, becomes an object of reverence with citizens.² We who are alive, pursue rather the favour of the living ; but to the dead man himself⁴ the worst things occur. Nor⁵ is it well to speak in a galling manner over men who are dead ?

Death seals the fountains of reward and fame ;
 Man dies, and leaves no guardian of his name.

¹⁻¹ In the letters *τοῖσι δ' ἡδὲ ἦν ὄρος*, at variance with metre and syntax, for *ἦν* should be *ᾗ*—to answer to *ἀνταμείψωνται* and *γένηται*, lie hid the words *τοῖς δ' ἄδῃ δίνδρα ἡδ' ὄρος*, “and to them trees and a hill are pleasing :” where *δίνδρα* is explained by Horace, “*Piscium et summa genus hæsit ulmo—Omne quum Proteus pecus egit altos Visere montes.*”

²⁻³ The words between the numerals are generally divided into two fragments, which Merrivale has united, and translated as if he wished to read *Οὐδ' ἄρ'*, for *Οὐ γὰρ*, in ⁵.

³ The antithesis evidently requires *καὶ πρὶν*, as translated, in lieu of *καὶ πρ*—The poet probably alluded to the fate of Ajax.

⁴ As “himself” is here without meaning, perhaps the poet wrote, not *κάκιστα δ' αὐτῷ τῷ*, but *κάκιστα δ' αἰεὶ τῷ*—

Applause awaits us only while we live,
 While we can honour take and honour give.
 Yet it were base in man, of woman born,
 To mock the naked ghost with jests or scorn. J. H. M.

XII. THE SAME.

It stands, like the back-bone of an ass, covered with
 a wild wood.

Like the sharp back-bone of an ass it stood,
 That rugged isle,¹ o'ergrown with shaggy wood,
 No verdant grot; no lawn for poet's dream
 Is there, like those by Siris' pleasant stream. J. H. M.

XIII. SAPPHO.

¹I, being a little one without a voice,² say this—should
 a person ask—after I have put down an untired voice at
 (my) feet, “Aristo, (the wife) of Hermocleidas, (who
 was the son) of Saoniadas, has offered me up to the
 daughter of Latona (worshipped) at Æthiopium,³ thy
 servant, O mistress of women; for whom do thou, pleased
 and with forethought, render famous our family.”

Does any ask? I answer from the dead;
 A voice that lives is graven o'er my head
 To dark-eyed Dian, ere my days begun,
 Aristo vow'd me, wife of Saon's son.
 Then hear thy priestess, hear, O virgin power,
 And thy best gifts on Saon's lineage shower. R.

XIV. THE SAME.

In honour of Pelagon the fisherman, has his father
 Meniscus offered up a wicker-net and oar, a memorial of
 his wretched life.

¹ The isle was Thasus, as appears from Plutarch ii. p. 604, C., by whom the fragment has been preserved.

²⁻³ Such is the version of Dorville's reading, adopted by Jacobs. But as the Vat. MS. has Παιδες ἄφωνος εἶσα—perhaps Sappho wrote Παιδες ἄφωνος γλῶσσα—for the inscription was probably written on a scroll, that appeared to come out of the child's mouth, and hung down to its feet.

³ From Stephan. Byz. in Αἰθίοπιον, quoted by Jacobs, it seems to be uncertain, whether by Αἰθιοπία we are to understand a town in Lydia or Ethiopia.

This ear and net, and fisher's wicker snare,
 Themiscus placed above his buried son ;
 Memorials of the lot in life he bare,
 The hard and needy life of Pelagon. ELTON.

XV. ERINNA.

¹These lines (are) from gentle hands, O best Prometheus.¹ Even men are equal to you in cleverness. For whoever painted this virgin exactly, if he had added a voice, she would have been Agatharchis wholly.

From skilful hands my being I derive ;
 O best Prometheus, own that human art
 May with thy plastic power not vainly strive ;
 Here Agatharchis breathes in every part,
 Save that she wants the charm of voice, alive. J. H. M.

XVI. ANACREON.

Thee too, Cleanorides, did a desire for father-land destroy, while confiding in the wintry whirlwind of a south-easter.² For it ³bound thee without a bail to Fate ;³ and the wet waves overwhelmed thy youth still⁴ loved.

Thee too, Cleanor, strong Desire laid low,
 Desire, that wretched exiles only know,

¹—¹ This is the literal version of Jacob's text, 'Ἐξ ἀγαλῶν χειρῶν τάδε γράμματα, λῶστε Προμηθεῦ. But as MS. Vat. has Δίξ' for Ἐξ—and as λῶστε could not thus stand by itself, perhaps Erinna wrote, Δίξ'—πλάστα Προμηθεῦ, "Receive, O moulder Prometheus—" From which it would seem that the picture, or statue—for γράμματα might apply to either—was put up in a temple of Prometheus.

² This seems here the best version of Νόρου: although this union of χεῖμερῖν and Νόρου appears rather strange. For Νόρος is opposed to Βορέας in Claudian Epigr. 5.

³—³ Casaubon, unable to understand "Ὅρη γάρ σε πίδησεν ἀνέγγυος, suggested Ἀδρη— But Ἀδρη is rarely, if ever, applied to a boisterous wind; and, if it were, one cannot understand how a wind could be said to be ἀνέγγυος, "without a surety or bail." Perhaps the poet wrote Μοῖρην γάρ σ' ἐνέδησεν ἀνέγγυον—remembering the expression in Homer, ἄτρη μ' ἐνέδησε βαρεῖν—while ἀνέγγυον would allude to the fiction of there being no one ready to be a security for Cleanorides, and willing to suffer, should he escape.

⁴ In the unintelligible ἀφ' ἡμερᾶν evidently lies hid ἔθ' ἡμερᾶν—

Of thy loved native land. The tyrant sway
 Of winter had no force to make thee stay.
 Thy fatal hour was come; and tempest-spel,
 The wild waves closed around thy cherish'd head.

J. H. M.

XVII. THE SAME.

He is no friend, who, drinking wine near a full flagon,
 talks of quarrels and tearful war: but he is one, who,
 mixing together the glorious gifts of the Muses and
 Venus, brings to remembrance delightful mirth.

Ne'er shall that man a comrade be,
 Or drink a generous glass with me,
 Who o'er his bumpers brags of scars,
 Of noisy brawls, and mournful wars.
 But welcome thou, congenial soul,
 And share my purse and drain my bowl,
 Who canst in social knot combine
 The Muse, Good-humour, Love, and Wine. BL.

XVIII. CLEOBULUS.

I am a virgin in brass, and I lie over the tomb of
 Midas. As long as water shall flow, and tall trees grow,
 and rivers be full, and the sea wash round, and the sun
 on returning be seen,¹ and the moon (be) bright, here
 shall I remain on his much-wept tomb, and tell to passers-
 by that Midas is buried here.

Sculptured in brass, a virgin bright,
 On Midas' tomb I stand.
 While water cools—while flowers delight—
 While rivers part the land—
 While ocean girds the earth around—
 While with returning day
 Phœbus returns, and Night is crown'd
 By Luna's glimmering ray—
 So long as these shall last, will I,
 A monument of woe,
 Declare to every passer-by,
 That Midas sleeps below. J. H. M.

¹ As *φαίνε* is used here improperly for *φαίνηται*, we may adopt *λάμπει*, found in the Pseud.-Herodotean Life of Homer.

XIX. SIMONIDES.

Through the valour of these men, the smoke of extensive Tegea, when it was burning, did not reach the sky. They were willing to leave to their children their city flourishing in freedom, and to die themselves in the front rank.

'Twas by their valour that to heaven ascended
 No curling smoke from Tegea's ravaged field ;
 Who chose—so as the town their arms defended
 They to their sons a heritage might yield,
 Inscribed with freedom's ever-blooming name,
 Themselves to perish in the ranks of fame. J. H. M.

XX. THE SAME.

Truly a great light arose to the Athenians, when Aristogeiton and Harmodius killed Hipparchus.

Fair was the light, that brighten'd as it grew,
 Of Freedom on Athena's favour'd land,
 When him, the tyrant, bold Harmodius slew,
 Link'd with Aristogeiton, hand in hand. J. H. M.

XXI. THE SAME.

¹ Me the goat-footed Pan, the Arcadian, (the fighter) against the Medes, (and) on the side of the Athenians, did Miltiades put up.¹

The cloven-footed deity,
 Dread king of sylvan Arcady,
 Th' Athenians' hope, the Persians' fear,
 Miltiades has station'd here. J. H. M.

XXII. THE SAME.

² These divine women stood praying to Venus for the Greeks and our fellow-citizens engaged in a stand-up fight. For divine Venus had no thought of delivering

¹⁻¹ The story alluded to about Pan aiding the Greeks against the Persians is told by Herodotus, vi. 105.

²⁻² It appears from Athenæus, Plutarch, and the Scholiast on Pindar, quoted by Jacobs, that this Epigram was written under the pictures, or

up the Acropolis of the Greeks to the bow-bearing Medes.²

For those who, fighting on their country's side,
Opposed th' imperial Mede's advancing tide,
We, votaresses, to Cythera pray'd ;
Th' indulgent power vouchsafed her timely aid,
And kept the citadel of Hellas free,
From rude assaults of Persia's archery. J. H. M.

XXIII. THE SAME.

Democritus was the third commander in the fight, when the Greeks engaged with the Medes at sea, near Salamis. Five ships of the enemy did he take, and rescued a sixth, a Dorian one, from the hands of the barbarians after it had been taken.

Democritus was third in place on that auspicious day,
When Greeks with Persians mingled on the waves in dire
affray.
Five hostile barks he captured then ; the sixth, that late
was ta'en,
By foes barbaric he redeem'd, and gave to Greece again.
J. H. M.

XXIV. THE SAME.

We formerly, O stranger, inhabited the well-watered¹ city of Corinth. But now Salamis, the island of Ajax, holds us. There, after taking Phœnician vessels from the Persians and Medes, we liberated the holy land of Greece.

We dwelt of yore in Corinth by the deep ;
In Salamis, Ajacian isle, we sleep.
The ships of Tyre we routed on the sea,
And Persia, warring, holy Greece, for thee. C. M.

statues of brass, put up in honour of some women of Corinth, who during the Persian invasion had offered up prayers to their tutelary goddess for the success of the Greeks.

¹ Because Corinth had the sea on its eastern and western side, and hence was called "bimaris" by Horace.

XXV. THE SAME.

This is the tomb of that Adeimantus, by whose counsels Greece put on a crown of freedom.

Here Adeimantus rests ; the same was he,
Whose counsels won for Greece the crown of liberty.
J. H. M.

XXVI. THE SAME.

From the time when the sea divided Europe from Asia, and impetuous Mars superintended the wars of mortals, never has a deed been done by men on the earth more honourable, on the continent and by sea to boot. For these, after destroying many of the Medes on land, took at sea a hundred ships of the Phœnicians, full of men ; and greatly did Asia groan, when struck by them, by both arms, the strength of war.

Ne'er since that olden time, when Asia stood
First torn from Europe by the ocean flood,
Since horned Mars first pour'd on either shore
The storm of battle, and its wild uproar,
Hath man by sea and land such glory won,
As for the mighty deed this day was done.
By land the Medes in myriads press the ground ;
By sea a hundred Tyrian ships are drown'd,
With all their martial host ; while Asia stands
Deep groaning by, and wrings her helpless hands.

J. H. M.

XXVII. THE SAME.

These by Eurymedon lost of old their brilliant period of youth, while fighting as spearmen with the first ranks of the bow-bearing Medes, and as foot-soldiers even upon the swift-going ships ; and dying they have left a most honourable memorial of their valour.

These by the stream of famed Eurymedon,
Their envied youth's short brilliant race have run.
In swift-wing'd ships, and on th' embattled field,
Alike they forced the Median bows to yield,

Breaking their foremost rank. Now here they lie,
Their names inscribed on rolls of victory. J. H. M.

These along Eurymedon,
Foremost in the arrowy fray,
Persia's mighty host upon
Threw their golden youth away ;
Warriors thus by land and sea,
Famed for aye in chivalry. G. F. D. T.

XXVIII. THE SAME.

Impetuous war washed formerly with ruddy drops¹
in the bosoms of these men the long-pointed arrows.
And in the place of men, who died, the receptacles of
short spears, this dust conceals the soulless monument of
persons (once) endued with soul.²

In life-blood streaming from those stubborn hearts,
The lord of war once bathed his barbed darts.
Where are those warriors, patient of the spear ?
Dust—soulless, lifeless dust, alone lies here. R.

XXIX. THE SAME.

These bows and arrows, after ceasing from tearful
war, are laid up under the roof of the temple of Athéna,
having frequently during a moan-producing rout in a
battle been bathed in the blood of men of Persia fighting
on horseback.

From wound and death they rest—this bow and quiver,
Beneath Minerva's holy roof for ever.
Once did their shafts along the battle speed,
And drink the life-blood of the charging Mede. R.

No longer bent in deadly fight, these bows
Beneath Minerva's sacred fane repose.
Wielded in many a battle-rout, they lie
Bathed in the blood of Persian cavalry. H. W.

¹ So Jacobs understands φοινίσσας—ψεκάδι.

² In lieu of ἐμψύχων one would prefer εὐψύχων—"with a brave soul;" for even cowards could be called ἐμψυχοι.

XXX. THE SAME.

So rest, long ashen spear, against the tall column,
waiting for the sacred rites of Zeus Panomphæus;¹
for already is the brass old, and thou art worn down, being
frequently wielded in the hostile conflict.

Against this pillar tall; thou taper spear,
Repose, to Jove oracular offer'd here;
For now thy brass is old, and worn at length
By warlike uses, thou hast lost thy strength.

STERLING.

Good ashen spear, that erst this arm did wield,
And hurl, fierce hissing, through the battle-field;
Now, peaceful resting in the sacred grove,
Thou lead'st the pomp of Panomphæan Jove. J. H. M.

Here, tapering lance, beneath the dome
Of Jove oracular, be thy home,
Yon column tall thy stay;
Dull'd is thy point, once keen and bright,
And brandish'd oft in mortal fight,
Thy shaft is worn away. G. S.

XXXI. THE SAME.

Farewell, ye best men in war, young men of Athens,
after obtaining great glory, as pre-eminent in the deeds
of cavalry; who for your country, ² famous for beautiful
choirs, ² lost the age of youth, while fighting opposed to
very many of the Greeks.

Hail, great in war, all hail, by glory cherish'd,
Athena's sons, in chivalry renown'd;
For your sweet native soil in youth ye perish'd,
When Hellas leagued in hostile ranks was found.

J. H. M.

XXXII. THE SAME.

We were subdued in the hollow under (Mount) Dir-

¹ As giving all kinds of oracles.

² In *καλλιχόρον* there is an allusion to the *Χορός* of the drama, found chiefly at Athens.

phys. But a monument has been heaped up over us at the public expense, near the Euripus, not unjustly. For we lost our lovely youth, while receiving the wild cloud of war.

At Dirphys' foot we fell ; and o'er us here,
Beside Euripus' shore, this mound was piled ;
Not undeserved ; for youth to us was dear,
And that we lost in battle's tempest wild. STERLING.

In thy hollow recess, rugged Dirphys, we fell ;
By wide-rolling Euripus our monument stands ;
Nor false is the story it seemeth to tell,
How our sun set in clouds o'er those far-distant sands.

J. H. M.

XXXIII. THE SAME.

O thou vine, the all-soother, the nurse of wine, the mother of the grape, who producest the twisting bend of the curling tendril, mayest thou grow in freshness on the top of the grave-stone of Anacreon, and on the slight mound of this tomb, so that the lover of the un-mixed juice, and who heavy with wine was fond of revelry, may all night long strike the lyre, dear to youths, and drink even in the grave, and take to himself the transparent grape from the branch in due season hanging over his head ; and may its dew-drop moisten him, sweeter than which the old man was wont to breathe from his soft lips.

All-cheering vine, with purple clusters crown'd,
Whose tendrils, curling o'er the humble mound
Beneath whose turf Anacreon's relics rest,
Clasp the low column rising o'er his breast,
Still may'st thou flourish ; that the bard divine,
Who nightly sang the joys of love and wine,
May view, though sunk amongst the silent dead,
Thy honours waving o'er his aged head ;
Whilst on his ashes in perennial rills,
Soothing his shade, thy nectar'd juice distils ;

Sweet juice ! but sweeter still the words of fire,
That breathed responsive to his tuneful lyre.

W. SHEPHERD.

Sweet queen of autumn, mother of the wine,
Trail thy green tresses, sorrow-soothing vine,
Thy waving tendrils, round the pillar'd stone,
Above the grave where sleeps Anacreon ;
That he, the bard who led the tipsy choir
The livelong night, and struck the joyous lyre,
May yet, though dead, around his brows entwine
A wreath of grapes, a garland from the vine.
Breathe o'er his tomb thy sweet and dewy rain ;
Who rests below once waked a sweeter strain. R.

Mother of cluster'd fruit and gushing wine,
With verdant ringlets deck'd, all-cheering vine,
Wind o'er the crowning stone and lowly mound,
Where rests Anacreon in this sheltering ground.
That he, sheer-tipping reveller, all night long,
Whose amorous lyre struck forth a wanton song,
Stretch'd though in earth he lies, may o'er his brow
Bear the rich burden of thy teeming bough ;
And still thy dew the loved old bard may sip,
Whose own soft lay fell sweeter from his lip. G. BO.

XXXIV. THE SAME.

This tomb in his country of Teos has received Anacreon, the minstrel immortal through the Muses ; who fitted songs, breathing Graces and breathing Loves, to his delightful desire for young persons. He alone is weighed down (with grief) near Acheron, not because leaving the sun he has met there with the mansions of oblivion, but because he has left the graceful Megisteus in company with young persons, and the love he felt for the Thracian Smerdis. And he does not forget the strain, delighting like honey ; and though dead he has not put to sleep that lyre of his in Hades.

Behold ! where Teos shrouds her minstrel son,
The deathless bard, the lost Anacreon,

Whose raptur'd numbers, wing'd with soft desire,
 Did all the Graces, all the Loves inspire.
 For this alone he grieves within the grave ;
 Not that the sun is dark on Lethe's wave,
 But that Megiste's eyes he may not see,
 Nor, Thressa, still look wistfully on thee.
 Still he remembers music's honey'd breath,
 Still wakes the lyre beneath the house of death. R.

XXXV. THE SAME.

May those, who murdered me, meet in return, O Zeus,
 who presidest over hospitality, with a like fate ; but may
 those, who placed me under ground, enjoy their life.

O holy Jove, my murderers, may they die
 A death like mine ; my buriers live in joy. R.

XXXVI. THE SAME.

¹This is the saviour of Simonides of Ceos ; who, although dead, repaid a favour to the living.¹

Behold the bard's preserver. From the grave
 The spectre came the living man to save. R.

XXXVII. THE SAME.

Go ye to the shrine of Demeter, go ye, sharers in her
 mysteries, nor fear the flowing forth of the water in
 winter. For such a safe bridge has Xenocles of Lindus
 thrown for you across this wide stream.

Still wend your way, ye mystic votaries,
 To Ceres' shrine, nor dread the wintry tide.
 For you the Lindian stranger, Xenocles,
 Has built this causeway o'er Cephissus wide. R.

¹—¹ The story to which this distich alludes, is told by Cicero de Divinat. i. 27: "After Simonides had seen the corpse of some unknown person thrown on the shore by the sea and had buried it, he intended to go on board a vessel, but was advised by the ghost of the buried party not to do so ; for that, if he set sail, he would be shipwrecked ; whereupon he returned, while the rest, who had sailed, were lost."

XXXVIII. THE SAME.

Euphro, and Thais, and Boidion, ¹the old women of Diomedes, ^{1 2}(in size like) merchant vessels with twenty rows of benches, ³have thrown overboard Apis, and Cleophon, and Antagoras, each of them one, quite naked, ³worse than if they had been shipwrecked. ³But do ye avoid the piracies of Venus together with her ships; for these are more inimical than the Sirens.

IMITATED BY J. H. M.

Three roving vessels in the Cyprian trade
Here on these noted shoals have shipwreck made
Of three brave mariners, and naked sped
From port to port to beg their daily bread.
Sailors, be warn'd. How bright soe'er she be,
Venus can cheat you like her mother sea.

XXXIX. THE SAME.

Surely I ween that wild beasts tremble at thy white bones, O hunting-dog ⁴Lycas, even though dead, placed on this tomb. For the great Pelion knew thy prowess, and the very conspicuous Ossa, and the sheep-pastured look-outs of Cithæron.

Hound Lycas, even now thy white bones cold,
Within this tomb, must needs the stags arouse;
Thy worth great Pelion knew, and Ossa's wold,
And all Cithæron's solitary brows. STERLING.

Dead though thou art, thy whitening relics here
Still, Lycas, still the woodland stag shall fear.

¹⁻¹ From the words of the Scholiast on Aristoph. Eccl. 1021, where he explains *Διομήδεια ἀνάγκη*, one would have expected Jacobs to suggest *Μοῖραι* in lieu of *Γραῖαι*.

²⁻² Such may perhaps be the meaning of *ναυκλήρων ὀγκάδες εἰκόσσοι*. But the interpretation given by Brodæus, although rejected by Jacobs, seems preferable.

³⁻³ To get at this sense, which alone suits the context, we must suppose that the author wrote—*ναυηγῶν μάσσοντας*, not *ναυηγῶν ἥσσοντας*—

⁴ In lieu of *ἀγρῶστα* the sense manifestly leads to *ἀγρευτὰ*, as translated.

Cithæron saw thee in thy fiery flight,
And Pelion's waste, and Ossa's scarped height. R.

Lycas, thy bleaching bones from out this mound
Startle the deer, I ween, much-dreaded hound ;
Huge Pelion and the far-seen Ossa speak
Thy prowess, and Cithæron's lonely peak. H. W.

XL. THE SAME.

Kings of Sparta (were) my father and brothers ; and
I, Cynisca, after conquering in the chariot-race of swift-
footed horses, have put up this representation ; and I
say that I, the only one of women out of all Greece,
have obtained this crown of victory.

My sire, my brethren, Sparta's princes are ;
Mine were the coursers, mine the conquering car.
'Twas I, Cynisca, I that raised this stone ;
I won the wreath, 'mid Grecian maids alone. R.

XLI. THE SAME.

O misty¹ Geraneia, thou evil rock, thou shouldest have
looked upon the Ister at a distance, and the Tanais² far
from the Scythians,³ and not have been near the swell
of the Sceironic sea, and about the defiles of Molouris⁴
covered with snow. Now through thee⁴ is there a corpse
stiff with cold in the sea ; and an empty tomb here tells
of a grievous voyaging.

O cloud-capt Geranéa, rock unblest,
Would thou hadst rear'd far hence thy haughty crest,

¹ So we must translate 'Ηερίη, not "lofty," with Jacobs. For it will be thus seen that the voyage turned out a fatal one, through the mist that descended from the mountain to the water.

²—³ Reiske justly objected to the unintelligible *καὶ ἐκ Σκυθίων μακρόν*—

³ This is the happy correction of Hemsterhuis on Lucian, i. p. 307, in lieu of *Μεθουριάδος*. For *Μολουρίς* was a promontory near Geranea, as stated by the Scholiast on Pindar.

⁴ Here again Reiske saw there was something wrong in *Νῦν δ' ὁ μὲν*—but he did not see that the poet probably wrote *Νῦν διὰ σ'*—For thus the mist on the mountain would be properly considered as the cause of the death.

By Tanais wild, or wastes where Ister flows,
 Nor look'd on Sciron from thy silent snows.
 A cold stiff corpse he lies beneath the wave;
 This tomb tells tenantless his ocean grave. R.

XLII. THE SAME.

¹Foreign dust conceals the body;¹ but thee, Clis-thenes, while wandering in the Euxine Sea, did the fate of death overtake; and thou hast missed a return home pleasant, honey-thinking,² nor hast thou arrived at Chios flowed-round.

A land not thine hath shed its dust o'er thee,
 A fated wanderer o'er the Pontic sea;
 No joys for thee of sweet regretted home;
 To sea-girt Chios thou didst never come. R.

XLIII. THE SAME.

A feeling of shame led Cleodamus to a mournful death at the outlet³ of the ever-flowing Theærus, when he met with a Thracian troop.⁴ But the spear-bearing son of Diphilus has made his father's name famous.

Shame, glorious shame, beside Theærus' wave,
 Brought Cleodamus to his honour'd grave,
 'Mid Thracian lances. For his father's name
 The warrior son hath gain'd immortal fame. R.

XLIV. THE SAME.

These, who were carrying the spoils of war from the Tyrrhenians to Phœbus, did one sea, one ship, one tomb bury.

¹—¹ Here too Reiske was not without reason dissatisfied with Σῶμα μιν—but improperly preferred Σῆμα, the reading of MS. Vat. Did the poet write Σῶμα τάχ' and εἰ σέ γε—i. e. "Perchance foreign dust conceals the body, since—" instead of εἰ δὲ σέ—

² How a return could be said to be μελίφρονος—and how that word could by an antipthesis be applied here to Clisthenes, it is impossible to explain. Perhaps the author wrote—δ' ἀμελὲς φρένας—"careless in mind—"

³ By this is meant, says Jacobs, where the river Theærus, called Teærus by Herodotus, falls, according to that historian, into the river Contadesus.

⁴ Or "ambuscade," as Jacobs understands λόχῳ.

These, as the spoils of Tyrrhene war, to Phœbus' hallow'd dome
They bore away, one sea received, one vessel, and one tomb.

J. H. M.

XLV. THE SAME.

There is nothing amongst men that remains firmly fixed for ever; and this one sentiment the man of Chios has expressed the best,—“As is the race of leaves, such is of men.” But few mortals, receiving it through the ears, deposit it in their breasts. For to each is present the hope, which is implanted in the bosoms of young men. And as long as a mortal possesses the much-desired flower of youth, he has light thoughts, and imagines many things that are never to be accomplished. For he has no expectation of becoming old or dying, nor, when he is in health, has he any thought of sickness. Simpletons (are they), whose mind lies in this direction, and who know not that short is the period of youth and life to mortals; but do you, after learning this, endure to the end of life in gratifying your soul with good things.

All human things are subject to decay;
And well the man of Chios tuned his lay—
“Like leaves on trees, the race of man is found.”
Yet few receive the melancholy sound,
Or in their breasts imprint this solemn truth;
For Hope is near to all, but most to youth.
Hope's vernal season leads the laughing hours,
And strews o'er every path the fairest flowers;
To cloud the scene no distant mists appear;
Age moves no thought, and death awakes no fear.
Ah! how unmindful is the giddy crowd
Of the small span to youth and life allow'd!
Ye who reflect, the short-lived good employ,
And while the power remains, indulge your joy.

J. H. M.

XLVI. THE SAME.

¹Of the snow, with which the sides of Olympus¹ did the bleak² Boreas, rushing from Thrace, cover, and nip the feelings of men without a cloak, but which has been concealed,³ ⁴still living, after being wrapt up in the Pierian land⁴—of this let a person pour a portion for me; for it is not right to carry a warm drink to a man, who is a friend.

With this the north-wind, rushing sharp from Thrace,
Hath strewn Olympus to his giant base,
And vex'd the cloakless wanderer's soul, while deep
It lay beneath the cleft and crannied steep.
But here the feast its tempering breath demands,
For draughts preferr'd by hospitable hands. C. M.

XLVII. THE SAME.

When a Gallus,⁵ to avoid the approach of a snow-storm, arrived under a deserted cliff, and had wiped off

¹—¹ This epigram, as we learn from Athenæus iii. p. 125, C., was improvised by Simonides, when, being at a banquet during a period of excessive heat, the cup-bearers mixed snow-water with the wine of other persons, but not with his. Merrivale truly observes that the epigram does not sufficiently express the occasion of it; which it would have done more clearly, had the Greek been, not *τῇ ῥά ποτ' Οὐλύμποιο περὶ πλευρὰς ἐκάλυψεν*—*Borίης*—but *Ἡ ῥά ποτ' Οὐλύμποιο νιφί*—and shortly afterwards, not *αὐτάρ*, but *ἦ δ' ἄρ'*—as translated. For *τῇ* could scarcely be taken for *τῇδε*, as Jacobs fancies it might be. The error arose from the usual confusion in MSS. of the ligature that signifies *φ* and *ερ*, as shown by Alberti on Hesych. *Ἐριννύς*.

² In lieu of *ῥέος*, Valckenaer suggested, and Brunck adopted, *ὄξος*—for both of those scholars knew, what others did not, that, although *ῥέος* is used frequently for *ὄξος*, when taken in a mental sense, it is not so, when applied to a bleak wind.

³ As the MSS. offer *ἐκάμθη*, an evident error for *ἐκαλύθη*, as remarked by Gaisford, through the usual confusion between *λυ* and *μ*, and as *ρ* and *λ* are in like manner frequently interchanged, Brunck's *ἐκρύθη* is to be preferred to Porson's *ἐθάθη*, although the latter is patronized by Jacobs.

⁴—⁴ Jacobs says correctly that “to snow, which, when alive, that is, unmelted, is put under the ground, is applied the expression used in the case of a human being put under the ground, when dead.”

⁵ By this name was known a priest of Cybelé.

the wet from his hair, on his footsteps came a lion very hungry¹ to the hollow path ; when he, laying hold of a large tambourine with his extended hand, struck it, and the whole cavern resounded with the noise ; nor did the wood-inhabiting wild beast² remain to endure³ the sacred sound of Cybelé, but rushed quickly through the woody mountain, fearing the half-female servant of the goddess, who for Rhea has hung up these, his dress and auburn locks.

From wintry snows, descending fiercely round,
A priest of Cybelé a shelter found
Beneath a desert cliff, that beetling stood
O'er the wild margin of the ocean flood.
Here, as he wrung the moisture from his hair,
He saw, advancing to his secret lair,
With hunger fierce, and horrid to behold,
The grim destroyer of the nightly fold.
Then, all dismay'd, the sacred drum he shook .
With wide-extended hand, and wildly struck.
He struck ; the hollow cave, within, around,
On every side, rebellow'd to the sound.
The forest's lord, o'ercome with holy dread,
Back to his native woods, loud howling, fled ;
Fled from that trembling votary ; he in praise
Of her, whose power redeem'd his forfeit days,
Now hangs these locks, and garments wet with brine,
For his deliverance due, at Rhea's shrine. J. H. M.

XLVIII. BACCHYLIDES.

O venerable Victory, the many-named daughter of Pallas, mayest thou ever look with forethought on the delightful choirs of the descendants of Cranaus, and in the amusements of the Muses, place many wreaths on the brows of Bacchylides of Ceos.

¹ The word *βουφάγος* means either "ox-eating," or "very hungry."—For *βου*, like *ἴππο*, in composition, signifies "excess." So we say "horse-radish," when speaking of a large radish, and still more strangely, "horse-mackerel" in a similar sense.

²⁻³ The Greek has, with an inverted order, *ἑρλη μέναι*.

Oh! sovereign Pallantean progeny,
 Thou many-titled virgin Victory,
 Long, long may'st thou behold with fav'ring eyes
 The bright Cranæan choir; and when the prize
 Of song the Muses have adjudged, bestow
 Thy wreath to grace the Cean poet's brow. J. H. M.

XLIX. THE SAME.

Eudemus has dedicated this fane in the field to Zephyr, the most mild of all winds; for to him on praying the god came as a helper, in order that he might winnow out most quickly the grain from the ripe ears of corn.

To Zephyr, kindest wind that swells the grain,
 Eudemus consecrates this humble fane;
 For that he listen'd to his vows, and bore
 On his soft wings the rich autumnal store. J. H. M.

L. ÆSCHYLUS.

These men likewise did livid Fate destroy, while sustaining the attack of spears, and defending their country rich in many sheep.¹ But the glory of the dead is still living, who enduringly invested their limbs with the dust of Ossa.

These, too, defenders of their country fell—
 These mighty souls to gloomy death betray'd;
 Immortal is their fame, who, suffering well,
 Of Ossa's dust a glorious garment made. C. M.

These livid Death destroy'd, who with spear stood,
 And from their country turn'd of shields the flood.
 Still lives of dead the fame; whose dust the sod
 Of Ossa keeps, and tells where brave men trod. G. B.

¹ As it is difficult to understand how the soil of Attica, or even of any part of Greece, except Arcadia, could be called "rich in many sheep"—the author probably wrote not *Μοῖρα πολύρρηνον πατρίδα*—but *Μοῖρ', ὅπλων ρεύμ' εὐ πατρίδι*—where *ὅπλων ρεύμα* would be similar to *ρεύματι φωτῶν*, and *ρεύμα—σπαροῦ*, in Æsch. Pers. 88, and 404.

LI. THE SAME.

This monument conceals Æschylus of Athens, the son of Euphorion, after he had died at wheat-bearing Gela. But the grove of Marathon will tell of his prowess in good repute, and the Mede with long hair, who knew it.

Athenian Æschylus, Euphorion's son,
Buried in Gela's fields these lines declare ;
His deeds are register'd at Marathon,
Known to the deep-hair'd Mede, who met him there.
C. M.

This tomb of Æschylus, Euphorion's son,
At Athens born, wheat-bearing Gela shows.
Let Marathon tell what feats by him were done,
And what the vanquish'd long-hair'd Mede well knows.
G. B.

LII. EMPEDOCLES.

Pausanias, a physician, ¹ rightly so called, ¹ the son of Anchitas, a man ² in the trade of Æsculapius, ² his country Gela has buried ; who turned away many men, wasted away by painful diseases, from the chambers of Proserpine.

Pausanias—not so named without a cause—
As one, who oft had given to pain a pause—
Blest son of Æsculapius, good and wise,
Here in his native Gela buried lies ;
Who many a wretch once rescued by his charms,
From dark Persephone's constraining arms. J. H. M.

LIII. EVENUS.

The best measure for Bacchus (wine) is what is not much, nor very little. For he is the cause either of grief or madness. He rejoices in being mixed, himself

¹—¹ The name Πανσάνιος is feigned to be formed from Πᾶσαι ἀνίας, "to cause pains to cease."

²—² The Greek is Ἀσκληπιάδην, literally "a son of Æsculapius"—for such physicians were considered ; just as "blacksmiths" are called "the sons of Vulcan" by Æschylus in Eum. 13.

the fourth, with three Nymphs;¹ and then he is the most ready for the rites of wedlock. But if he² breathes violently,³ he turns away the Loves, and is drowned in sleep, the neighbour of death.

Water your wine in moderation—

There's grief or madness in a strong potation ;

For 'tis young Bacchus' chiefest pleasure

To move with Naiads three in linked measure.

'Tis then he is good company

For sports, and loves, and decent jollity.

But, when alone, avoid his breath ;

He breathes not love, but sleep—a sleep like death.

C. M.

LIV. PLATO.

My Star,³ upon the stars thou art looking. Would that I were heaven, that on thee I might look with many eyes.

Why dost thou gaze upon the sky ?

Oh ! that I were yon spangled sphere !

Then every star should be an eye,

To wander o'er thy beauties here. T. MOORE.

The stars, my Star, thou view'st ; heaven might I be,

That I with many eyes might gaze on thee. T. STANLEY.

LV. THE SAME.

While kissing Agathon, I had my soul upon my lips.
⁴ For it came, the hapless, as if about to depart.⁴

¹ By "Nymphs" is to be understood "water" personified.

² In lieu of the unintelligible *πολὸς πνεύσειεν*, one would have expected *πλείων γάνος εἶσεν*, "the liquor has warmed him quite full," or *πλείων πῶμ' εἶσεν*—"the drinking has warmed him full"—and thus *βαπτίζει* would be taken in an active sense, as it should be, as applied to *γάνος*, or *πῶμα*—unless *βάπτισται* be read, as suggested by Scaliger, to which *βαπτίζεται* in Planudes seems to lead.

³ The play is upon *ἄστηρ*, the name of a person, and a star.

⁴ Such is the literal version of the Greek. But Plato probably wrote *ἦλθε γάρ, οὐ τλήμων ἦν διαβησομένη*—"For it came (thither) from whence it was about to depart"—not *ἡ τλήμων, ὡς*—

My soul, when I kiss'd Agathon, did start
Up to my lips, just ready to depart. T. STANLEY.

Oh ! on that kiss my soul,
As if in doubt to stay,
Linger'd awhile, on fluttering wing prepared
To fly away. J. H. M.

LVI. THE SAME.

I pelt thee with an apple ; and do thou, if willingly
thou lovest me, receive it, and give me a share of thy
virginhood. But if thou art thinking upon what I wish
may not happen, take this very¹ (hint)—Think on thy
beauty, how short-lived it is.

An apple I, love's emblem, at thee throw ;
Thou in exchange thy virgin zone bestow.
If thou refuse my suit, receive yet this—
" Few are thy years, and frail thy beauty is."

T. STANLEY.

I throw an apple at my fair ;
And if she love, and love me truly,
She'll guess aright the hidden prayer,
Accept it, and reward me duly.
But if—oh let it not be spoken—
She has no mind to be persuaded,
Still let her take the lover's token,
And think how soon it will be faded. C. M.

LVII. THE SAME.

A frog, an attendant on the Nymphs, rain-loving, a
moist minstrel, delighted with slight leapings,² did a

¹ In lieu of *τοῦτ'* *αὐτὸ*, the sense seems to require—*τοῦτ'* *ἄλλο*—"this other thing—"

² This is the ingenious correction of Jacobs, who saw acutely that in *τὸν Διβάσι κούφοις* lay hid "*ἄλμασι τὸν κούφοις*", similar to *ἄλματι κούφῳ* in Oppian, and *κούφοις ἄλμασιν* in Heliodorus. Others, perhaps, will prefer *Ὀκλάσειν κούφαις*: for *δελάζω* and its derivatives were the proper words, applied to the leap of a frog, as shown by Pseudo-Babrias, Fab. 25. *Καὶ βατράχων ὄμιλον εἶδον ἀκταίων, Βαθίαν εἰς Ἰὼν δελαστὶ πηδώντων*: for so found Suidas in his MS., who quotes the verse in *Ὀκλαδίας*: but as the Athos MS. reads *δεκλαδιστὶ*, perhaps Socrates wrote—*δεκλάσειν*—

wayfarer mould in brass, and put up as his vow, on having cured¹ his thirst, the most disagreeable in hot weather. For it showed him, while wandering, the water, by croaking opportunely with its amphibious mouth from a hollow and wet place; and the wayfarer, not leaving the guiding voice, found a draught of the pleasant drops² that he desired.

Servant of the Nymphs, who dwell
In the fountain's deepest cell,
Lover of shades, hoarse frog, who carol'st free,
Where streamlets run, thy rustic minstrelsy,
Me, the thirsty traveller,
Has in brass ensculptured here,
A grateful offering to the powers, who gave,
To slake his burning thirst, the welcome wave.
Croaking minstrel, faithful guide,
I reveal'd the hidden tide
Of waters, bubbling from the reedy lake,
That agony of burning thirst to slake. J. H. M.

LVIII. THE SAME.

Formerly thou didst shine amongst the living as the morning star; but now, being dead, thou shinest amongst the dead the evening star.

A Phosphor 'mongst the living late wert thou;
But shin'st amongst the dead a Hesper now. T. STANLEY.
In life thou wert my morning star;
But now that death has quench'd thy light,
Alas! thou shinest dim and far,
Like the pale beam that weeps at night. T. MOORE.

LIX. THE SAME.

Tears for Hecuba and the women of Ilium did the Fates weave,³ for them born then.³ But for thee, Dion,

¹ This is the version of ἀκισσάμενος found in MS. Vat. For the wayfarer himself, not the frog for him, cured his thirst; although it is true that the frog led the man to the water.

² In lieu of γαμέρων, found in MS. Vat. contrary to the metre, Brunck edited λιβάδων. But Jacobs thinks that some other word was the genuine one. How strange he did not think of σπαργάνων—

³ As it is difficult to extricate a satisfactory sense from the words δὴ

who hadst made for thyself a wreath of victory for honourable deeds, have the deities scattered thy wide¹ hopes; and thou liest in thy extensive native land, honoured by citizens, O Dion, thou that hast maddened my mind with love.

Old Hecuba's and Trojan matrons' fears
Were interwoven by the Fates with tears;
But thee, with blooming hopes, dear Dion, deckt,
Gods did a trophy of their power erect.
Thy honour'd relics in thy country rest,
Ah! Dion, whose love rages in my breast. T. STANLEY.

For Priam's queen and daughters at their birth
The Fates weaved tears into the web of life;
But for thee, Dion, in thy hour of mirth,
When triumph crown'd thine honourable strife,
Thy gathering hopes were pour'd upon the sand.
Thee still thy countrymen revere, and lay
In the broad precincts of thy native land.

But who the passion of my grief can stay? C. M.

LX. THE SAME.

Thou seest me a shipwrecked person, whom the sea through pity was ashamed to despoil of my last dress. But a man with fearless hands stript me,² taking upon

τότε γεινομένης, perhaps the poet wrote *λάμπρ' ἐπιτεινομένης*, "stretching after splendid things;" and thus Hecuba and the Trojan women, who aimed at something brilliant, are properly opposed to Dion, who did something brilliant. With regard to the metaphor, it may be compared with that in Horace—"Quid brevi fortes jaculemur ævo Multa;" by the aid of which has been corrected Eurip. Hippol. 920, *ὅ πολλὰ ἀμαρτάνοντες ἄνθρωποι μάτην*, by reading *ὅ πολλὰ ἄγαν τεινοντες*—similar to *ὡ κενὸι βροτῶν, οἳ τόξον ἐντεινοντες ὡς καιροῦ πέρα*, in Suppl. 744, or, as it should be read—*οὐ τεινοντες εἰς καιροῦ πέρα*—There are, indeed, those who would translate *δὴ τότε γεινομένης* by "at their birth."—But such a meaning would require the omission of *δὴ τότε*. Others, again, would unite *δὴ ποτε* (for so reads Planudes) with *ἐπὶ τρωσάν*. But as those particles would be perfectly useless, one would have expected rather *δέσποτα*—

¹ In lieu of *εὐπείας*, one would have expected *ἀεπείας*—For "airy hopes" are less firm and more easily scattered than "wide."

² This seems to have been a common practice even in ancient times, as appears from Phædrus, quoted by Jacobs, "Tunc pauci enantant—Prædones adsunt; rapiunt quod quisque extulit. Nudos relinquunt."

himself for such a gain such an unholy deed ; ¹ and may he put it on, ¹ and may it be carried to Hades, and may Minos see him possessing my rag.

The cruel sea, which took my life away,
Forbore to strip me of my last array.
From this a covetous man did not refrain,
Crime so great acting for so small a gain.
But let him wear it to the shades, and there
Before great Pluto in my dress appear. T. STANLEY.

A shipwreck'd mariner you here behold,
From whose dead limbs e'en Ocean rude relented
To strip the cloak, that did these limbs enfold.
Unpitied man, more rude, that covering tore—
How little worth to be so long repented ;
So let him bear away his plunder'd store,
And go to hell : he'll wish the deed undone,
When Minos sees him with my tatters on. J. H. M.

LXI. THE SAME.

When we arrived at a grove in deep shade, we found within the child of Cythéra, ² like, as to his mouth, to ruddy apples. ³ He had neither an arrow-holding quiver, nor a bent bow ; for they were hanging on wide-spreading trees ; and he was slumbering, fettered by sleep and smiling amongst rose-leaves ; and brown bees above him kept going to his wax-shedding lips ³ for the sake of getting honey. ³

¹—¹ In the words *κεῖνό κεν ἐνδύσαιτο*—for so MS. Vat., not *μὲν*, there is no doubt some error. There ought to be some allusion to the man's punishment. For otherwise there would be no use in Minos merely seeing the dress. Hence Plato probably wrote *Κεῖνο μέγ' ἂν τίσει*, *ὅτε κὰν Ἀΐδαο φοροῖτο*—"Greatly will he suffer for that act, when it is worn in Hades"—where *φοροῖτο* is due to Wakefield.

²—² As it should be told in what way he was like red apples, it is probable that in *μήλοισιν ἱοικότα* lies hid *μήλους σόμ' ἱοικότα*, as translated.

³—³ From *ἐντὸς λαγαροῖς* in MSS. Vat. and Planud., to which Jacobs justly objected, it is easy to elicit—*μέλιτος δι' ἄγρας*, which it is strange he did not stumble upon, after quoting Ælian, V. H. x. 21, who says of Plato, that *καθεύδοντι ἱσμός μελισσῶν Ὑμηττίου μέλιτος ἐν τοῖς χιλιεσιν αὐτοῦ καθίσασαι ὑπῆγον*—for so we must read in lieu of *ὑπῆδον*.

Within the covert of a shady grove
 We saw the little red-cheek'd god of love ;
 He had no bow or quiver ; these among
 The neighbouring trees upon a bough were hung.
 Upon a bank of tender rose-buds laid,
 He smiling slept ; bees with their noise invade
 His rest, and on his lips their honey made. T. STANLEY.

Deep in the bosom of a shady grove,
 We found, conceal'd, the truant god of love.
 The boy was sleeping ; and his smiling face
 Glow'd like ripe peaches with a ruddy grace.
 Unarm'd he lay ; his bow and quiver hung
 Upon the leafy boughs of trees ; among
 Roses fresh blown his little head reposed,
 And round his laughing lips, that, half unclosed,
 Invited kisses ; dropping from on high,
 A swarm of golden bees began to ply
 Their busy task ; as if no hive could prove
 So fit for honey as the mouth of Love. K.

To a thick wood we came ; and there we found
 Young Love, as ruddy apples fair to see,
 And fast in slumber's softest shackles bound.
 Nor bow nor quiver full of shafts had he ;
 For they were hanging on the green-wood tree.
 The boy himself, with rose-leaves cradled round,
 Lay smiling, as he slept, with half-closed lip,
 Whose juice nectareous oft the brown bee stoop'd to sip.
 G. S.

LXII. SPEUSIPPUS.

Earth holds in her bosom this body of Plato ; but his
 soul possesses the rank of the blessed equal to the gods.

Plato's dead form this earthly shroud invests ;
 His soul among the godlike heroes rests. J. H. M.

LXIII. MNASALCAS.

O vine, ¹surely in thus hastening to shed your leaves,
 you are not fearing ¹the Pleiad setting in the west ? Stay

¹ Such is Warton's translation of μήποτε—σπεύδουσα—Δειδίας—
 where Jacobs has adopted the alteration of Salmasius—"Ἀμπέλ', ἐπεί τοι—
 which is perfectly unintelligible.

till a sweet sleep falls upon Antileon, (while lying) under you,¹ to at that time gratifying the handsome persons in all things.²

Sweet Vine, when howls the wintry hour,
Not now thy leafy honours shower,
Nor strew them on the thankless plain ;
Soon autumn will come round again.
Then, when with heat and wine opprest,
Beneath thy grateful bower to rest,
Antileon lays his drooping head,
Oh, then thy shadowy foliage shed
In heaps around the sleeping boy ;
Thus Beauty should be crown'd with joy. J. H. M.

LXIV. THE SAME.

Rest, shining shield, at this holy shrine, a warlike³
offering to Artemis the daughter of Latona. For frequently in a conflict, combating⁴ on the arms of Alexander, thou hast never soiled with dust thy golden rim.⁵

A holy offering at Diana's shrine,
See Alexander's glorious shield recline ;
Whose golden orb, through many a bloody day
Triumphant, ne'er in dust dishonour'd lay. J. H. M.

LXV. THE SAME.

Let us stand by the low land washed by the sea look-

¹ The sense seems to require *ὑπὸ σοῦ*, as translated, not *ὑπὸ τὸν*—where both *ὑπὸ* and *τὸν* are equally unintelligible. Meineke would read *ὑπὸ τῷ*—

²⁻³ Such is the literal version of the Greek, *Ἐς τότε τοῖς καλοῖς πάντα χαρίζομένα*: which Jacobs hopes some clever critic will be able to correct. Now, as there seems to be here an allusion to the story told by Nonnus in Dionys. p. 308, of the vine being originally a maiden, with whom Bacchus fell in love, and was afterwards changed into a vine, perhaps the poet wrote, *Ἐς ποτε παῖς κάλλος παιδί χαρίζομένα*, i. e. "thou wast formerly a girl indulging a boy with thy beauty"—and hence thou mayest as a vine do so now. Meineke, however, considers this allusion to be far-fetched, and would merely alter *χαρίζομένα* into *χαρίζομεθα*, with Salmasius.

³ Such is the only version one can give here of *δῆϊον*—which means literally "hostile."

⁴ Meineke would read *μαρναμένον*—and in ⁵, *γένυν*, "cheek," instead of *ἔρυν*.

ing upon the sacred grove of the marine Venus, and the fountain shaded by black poplars, from whence the yellow-winged Halcyons draw with their beaks a stream.

Here let us from the washed beach behold
 Sea-born Cythera's venerable fane ;
 And fountains, fringed with shady poplars old,
 Where dip their wings the golden Halcyon train.
J. H. M.

LXVI. ANYTE.

ON A DOLPHIN CAST ASHORE.

No longer leaping with delight in seas sailed over
 shall I throw up my neck, rushing from the deep, nor
¹ shall I puff out my beautiful lips near a well-benched
 ship, delighted with the cut-water, made like myself.¹
 But the blue water of the sea has driven me on land,
 and I lie by this shelving shore.²

No more exulting o'er the buoyant sea
 High shall I raise my head in gambols free ;
 Nor by some gallant ship breathe out the air,
 Pleased with my own bright image figured there ;

¹ Such seems to be the meaning of the words *περικάλλεια χείλη ποιφύξω*—for so the dolphin is generally represented in ancient works of art. But as *ποιφύσσω* is elsewhere intransitive, Jacobs unites *χείλη* with *νεώς*, and renders *νεώς χείλη* “*navis marginem*.”—But as the margin of a ship would mean, if it meant any thing at all, the upper part of the deck, close to what is called the gangway, it is difficult to understand how the dolphin, if it could get there by a violent leap, such as salmon are known to make in a river, could see the cut-water, on which one of its own tribe was to its great delight represented ; for such is the interpretation given by Kuster, and adopted by Jacobs, of the words *τάμψα τερπόμενος προτομή*.

² As the word *ραδινός* means “tapering,” when applied to a column, or any thing placed vertically, it might perhaps mean “shelving,” when said of a thing lying horizontally ; and if the shore were a shelving one, the water at its edge would be too shallow to enable the fish to float, after it had been thrown by a wave on the adjoining land, even supposing that by some effort it got back from the land to the water. Perhaps however the poetess wrote *κείμεν δ' ἀδρανίᾳ*—“And through weakness I lie ;”—thus showing that the fish had no strength to get back. Meineke would read *κραναάν*—which he renders “*saxosam*,” a meaning not given to that word elsewhere.

The storm's black mist has forced¹ me to the land,
And laid me lifeless on this couch of sand. F. H.

LXVII. THE SAME.

We are gone to the grave, O Miletus, our loved country, not consenting to the unrighteous rudeness of the lawless Galatians, we three virgins of the city, whom the violent war of the Celts has driven to this fate. For we did not wait for¹ an impious bridegroom even on the day of Hymen,¹ but we found in Hades an alliance.

Then let us hence, Miletus dear, sweet native land, farewell;
Th' insulting wrongs of lawless Gauls we fear, whilst here
we dwell.

Three virgins of Milesian race, to this dire fate compell'd
By Celtic Mars; yet glad we die, that we have ne'er beheld
Spousals of blood, nor sunk to be vile hand-maids to our foes,
But rather owe our thanks to death, kind healer of our woes.

J. H. M.

LXVIII. THE SAME.

I lament for the maiden Antibia; for the love of whom many suitors came to her father's house, through the renown of her beauty and wit; but destructive fate has rolled away their hopes far from² all.

Drop o'er Antibia's grave a pious tear,
For Virtue, Beauty, Wit lie buried here.
Full many a suitor sought her father's hall,
To gain the virgin's love; but death o'er all
Claim'd dire precedence. Who shall death withstand?
Their hopes were blasted by his ruthless hand. K.

LXIX. MCERO.

Thou liest, O bunch of grapes, filled with the liquor of Dionysus, under the golden portal of Aphrodité.

¹—¹ Jacobs has justly objected to *αἶμα τὸ δυσσεβὲς οὐδ' Ὑμεναίου Νύμφιον*— But he did not see that the poetess wrote, as translated, *ἀμαρὶ δυσσεβί' οὐδ' Ὑμεναίου Νύμφιον*.

² As *ἐπὶ* could not be united to *πρόσω*, nor to *ἐκύλισσε*, we must read either *ἀπὸ* or *ὑπὸ*—where *ὑπο* would mean “secretly—”

Nor any longer shall thy mother (the vine), throwing
her loved branch around thee, produce the nectar-yield-
ing bud above thy head.

Beneath Cythera's golden porch thou liest,
Sweet grape, with Bacchus' richest nectar swelling.
Thy mother-plant, amid her leafy dwelling,
Mourns her lost child; far off, sweet grape, thou diest.

J. H. M.

LXX. SIMMIAS OF RHODES.

(I went)¹ above the wealthy people of the distant
Hyperboreans, with whom once upon a time Perseus,
²the king and hero,² feasted. There dwell the Massa-
getæ, the mounters upon swift horses, trusting to their
far-shooting bows; and I came round the divine river
of the ever-flowing Campasus, that rolls its sacred water
to the eternal sea. From thence I went round the
islands darkened with green olive³ trees, and overspread
with tall-leaved reeds, and I fancied the giant people to
be a race of half-dogs; who nourished above their well-
turned shoulders the head of a dog, grisly, with very
powerful fangs; and theirs was the howl, as it were of
dogs; nor did they know⁴ the voice of other men, ⁵that
call things by their name.⁵

I reach'd the distant Hyperborean state—
The wealthy race, at whose high banquet sate
Perseus the hero. On those wide-stretch'd plains
Ride the Massagetæ, giving the reins

¹ From the subsequent ἤλυθον, and ἐκ δ' ἰκόμην, it has been conjectured that a verb of similar meaning was found in the verse preceding. The fragment is supposed to be part of a speech by Apollo.

² To avoid this strange union of ἀναξ ἥρωος—one would have expected to find here—Τοῖς δ' (ἥκει ποτε νύξ ἥρω)—“the night came upon the hero,” and hence he was obliged to stop in his journey, and glad to get a supper. With the expression ἥκει νύξ ἥρω—compare ἥκει τῷ κακῷ in Aristoph. *Barp.* 552.

³ As olive trees do not grow in cold countries, Jacobs correctly suggested ἐλάταισι, “fir trees,” in lieu of ἐλάαισι—

⁴ The sense evidently requires not ἀγνώσσκουσι, but γινώσκουσι.

⁵ Such is perhaps the best rendering of ὀνομάκλυτον—unless it be said that the author wrote—ὀνομ' ᾧ ἐλύει' αὐδὴν—“the voice by which a name is heard.”

To their fleet coursers, skilful with the bow.
 And then I came to the stupendous flow
 Of Campasus, who pours his mighty tide
 To the ocean sea, eternally supplied.
 Thence to isles clad with olives green and young,
 With many a tufted bulrush overhung.
 A giant race, half-man, half-dog, lives there ;
 Beneath their shoulders grow the heads they wear,
 Jaws long and lank and grisly tusks they bear ;
 Much foreign tongues they learn, and can indite,
 But when they strive to speak they bark outright. C. M.

LXXI. ASCLEPIADES.

There remain, ye garlands of mine, suspended by the
 double-doors, nor shake off frowardly the leaves, ye
 whom I have wetted with tears—for watery are the eyes
 of lovers. But when, as the door opens, ye behold him,
 drop over his head the shower of mine, so that his
 auburn hair may better drink my tears.

Curl, ye sweet flowers ; ye Zephyrs, softly breathe,
 Nor shake from Helen's door my votive wreath.
 Bedew'd with grief, your blooming honours keep—
 For those, who love, are ever known to weep—
 And when beneath my lovely maid appears,
 Rain from your purple cups a lover's tears. BL.

There hang suspended from the porch, ye flowers,
 Which I have garlanded from Venus' bowers ;
 Nor shake the leaves off ; they are wet with tears ;
 For lovers' eyes with showers betray their fears.
 But when the door is open'd, and ye know
 Him, whom I love, then on his head below
 Drop all this rain of mine, so that his hair
 May better drink the tear-drops of his fair. G. B.

LXXII. THE SAME.

I am not even two and twenty years old, and yet I
 am tired of living. Ye Loves, why is this evil ? Why
 do ye inflame me ? For should I suffer aught, what will
 ye do ? It is evident, Loves, ye will play, as before,
 thoughtless at dice.

My years are not quite two and twenty,
 And I would fain go die.
 Ye Loves, why doth it so content ye
 This cruel sport to ply?
 Think, Loves, if mischief should beset me,
 Would it not grieve you then?
 No—by my faith, you'd straight forget me,
 And to your dice again. C. M.

LXXIII. THE SAME.

A pleasant drink is snow water in summer to a thirsty person; and pleasant for sailors after winter to see a spring garland; but it is most pleasant when one covered lid conceals those who love, and Venus is praised by both.

Sweet is the goblet cool'd with winter snows,
 To him, who pants in summer's scorching heat;
 And sweet to weary mariners repose
 From ocean's tempest in some green retreat;
 But far more sweet than these the conscious bower,
 Where lovers meet at Love's delighted hour. J. H. M.

LXXIV. THE SAME.

With her eye¹ has Didymé caught me: woe's me, I
 melt, like wax by the fire, on seeing her beauty. But
 if she were black, what then? Nay, even charcoal, if
 we warm it, shines like rose-buds.

Young Didymé hath ravished me in my boyhood's flower,
 And, alas! I melt like wax before her beauty's power.
 Say, she is black—what then? The coals that on the hearth
 lie dead—
 Set them on fire—from black they soon will turn to rosy red.
 J. H. M.

¹ From the unintelligible τῷ θαλλῷ Ruhnken most ingeniously elicited τῷ ὀφθαλμῷ— But as Propertius, quoted by himself, has "Cynthia—me cepit ocellis," it is strange he did not think upon τῷ ὀφθαλμῷ— Meineke proposes τῷ κάλλει—

LXXV. THE SAME.

The Muses themselves¹ beheld thee, Hesiod, tending sheep in mid-day on old² mountains, and all of them, after plucking with their hands³ a branch with its beautiful flower of the holy laurel, handed it to thee; and they gave thee the inspiring water of the fountain of Helicon, which the heel of the winged steed had previously struck;⁴ with which, when thou wert satisfied, thou didst write in songs of the race of the blessed (gods),⁵ and of works of husbandry,⁶ and of the family of the ancient half-gods.⁷

The Muses, Hesiod, on the mountain steep,
 Themselves at noon thy flocks beheld thee keep.
 The bright-leaved bay they pluck'd, and all the Nine
 Placed in thy hand at once the branch divine.
 Then their own Helicon's inspiring wave,
 From where the wing'd steed smote the ground, they gave,
 Which deeply quaff'd, thy verse the lineage told
 Of gods, of husbandry, and heroes old. G. S.

LXXVI. LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM.

Melo and Satyra, the tall⁸ children of Antigenides,

¹ This introduction of the word *Αὔραι* here seems perfectly useless. Moreover, the Muses made their presents, not because Hesiod was tending flocks, like a common shepherd, but because he was soothing them by his music in no common way. Hence, for *Αὔραι* we must probably read *Αὐδῆ*—similar to the line of Ovid—"Pastor arundineo carmine mulcet oves."

² *Κραναοῖς*, "old"—literally "as old as the time of Cranaus," one of the earlier kings of Attica. But as the epithet seems scarcely intelligible, as applied to a mountain, one would have preferred here *κηρυνοῖς οὐρεσι* θ', to *κραναοῖς οὐρεσιν*—

³ In lieu of *περὶ* the sense evidently leads to *χερὶ*, as translated, and Jacobs suggested.

⁴ Jacobs quotes opportunely from Ovid—"Dura Medusæi quem præpetis ungula rupit."

⁵ This alludes to the Theogonia.

⁶ This refers to the *Ἔργα καὶ Ἡμέραι*.

⁷ It appears from Maxim. Tyr., quoted by Jacobs, that a portion of the lost work called *Ἡ οἶα* was devoted to Heroes as well as Heroines.

⁸ So Reiske and Jacobs understand *ταυνὴλας*. But a Greek word

and the easy-tempered¹ workers for the Muses, (have offered up)² to the Pimpleian Muses, Melo her quick-lipped³ pipe, and this pipe-case made of box-wood, and Satyra, given to loving, her reed, the fellow-reveller with wine-bibbers in the evening, after she had joined it⁴ with wax, a pleasant piper, in company with which, after having all the night through been making a noise at the outer doors, she beheld the morning dawn.

Melo and Satyra to the Muses these—
 The tuneful race of Antigenides,
 To the Pimpleian Muses, whom of late
 Duteous they served, these offerings dedicate.
 Melo this flute, whose notes in silver chase
 Her swift lips follow'd, and this box-wood case,
 And amorous Satyra, this vocal reed,
 Oft by her tuneful breath, with wanton heed,
 Waken'd to song, while Comus' revellers round
 Clapp'd loud their hands, responsive to the sound,
 From festive eve, until the first faint ray
 Broke through the portals of rejoicing day. J. H. M.

LXXVII. THE SAME.

Oh thou, who takest thy course around Dindyma and the peaks of Phrygia, burning with fire,⁵ mayest thou, O mother most venerable, cause to grow tall⁶ the little

could not be so compounded: and the same objection lies against *πανσήμε-
 κες*, suggested by Dorville. Perhaps the poet wrote *πόνος ἥλικες*, "equals
 in labour—"

¹ As it is impossible to understand *εὐκολοι* here, one would prefer
εὐκλειες—"renowned."

² The verb requisite for the sense is wanting in the Greek. This ellipse
 is not uncommon in such inscriptions; as in the line of Virgil—"Æneas
 hæc de Danais victoribus arma."

³ Jacobs explains *ταχυχειλεῖς* by "qui celeribus labiis tibia percur-
 runt." He should have said "qui celeribus tibiis labia percurrunt"—if
 applied to the rapid movement of the pipe across the lips. Perhaps the
 poet wrote *βραχυχειλεῖς*—"the short-lipped—"

⁴ Meineke would read *ζευξαμένη* for *τενξαμένη*—

⁵ According to Strabo, quoted by Jacobs, there were many subterranean
 fires in Phrygia.

⁶ Meineke has happily suggested *ἀδρύναις*—which is well opposed to
μικρὴν: and he refers to Bekker, Anecd. Græc. p. 345, 'Αδρύναι' ἀδρὺν
καὶ μέγαν ποιῆσαι. Σοφοκλῆς.

Aristodicé, the daughter of Seilené, to Hymen and to a marriage, the limits of maidenhood; for which I have strewn many things before thy fane, and near thy altars my virgin hair here and there.

O holy Mother, on the peak
Of Dindyma, and on those summits bleak
That frown on Phrygia's scorched plain,
Holding thy throne, with fav'ring aspect deign
To smile on Aristodicé,
Seilené's virgin child, that she
May grow in beauty, and her charms improve
To fulness, and invite connubial love.
For this thy porch she seeks with tributes rare,
And o'er thine altars strews her votive hair. J. H. M.

LXXVIII. THE SAME.

O ye that pass this road, whether ye are going to the country from town, or from the country to the Acropolis, we two deities (are) the guardians of boundaries; one of whom is Hermes, such as you see me; the other, Hercules. Both listen kindly to mortals; but if you place here pears, (either) preserved¹ or unripe, he gobbles them up. And in like manner he makes ready his ²chops for ²grape bunches, whether they are just fit to eat, or unripe of no value. I dislike a partnership, nor am I pleased at it. But let a person, who brings any thing for both, put it down, not in common for the two, and say—Take this, Hercules; and you, Hermes, this—and he will dissolve³ the quarrel between both.

Wayfarers, who along this road your journey take,
Whether amidst the fields a holyday to make,

¹ By simply reading ἀλλ' ἀποθίστους in lieu of ἀλλὰ ποθ' αὐτοῦς, we shall obviate the necessity of supposing, with Casaubon and Meineke, the existence of a lacuna. Before ἀποθίστους is to be supplied αἶκε from the second clause. On ἀποθίστους, or, as it would be written in prose Greek, ἀποθήτους, see Plato Epistol. 13.

²⁻² As εὐτρέπικεν wants its case, it is easy to elicit, as translated, καὶ γίνυν from ναὶ μὲν, and to read εἰς in lieu of τῶς—where the article is unnecessary.

³ The sense and syntax require, not λύοι, but λύσει—

Or townward bending, to the famed Acropolis,
 We rival gods, who guard the city's boundaries,
 I, who am Hermes hight, and th' other Hercules,
 Bid weary mortals peace, good-will, and lasting bliss.
 But for ourselves, alas! nor peace nor joy have we—
 At least I say so—I, unlucky Mercury.
 If any swain brings pears or apples to our shrine,
 E'en though unripe they be, not one of them is mine.
 That glutton bolts them all. The same too with our grapes;
 Not one, or sweet or sour, his greedy maw escapes.
 Community of goods I therefore can't abide,
 Let him, who means me well, my portion set aside;
 And say—"This, Hermes, is for thee; that for thy friend
 Alcides." Thus, at least, our strife may have an end.

J. H. M.

LXXIX. THE SAME.

Ye lowly dwellings, and holy hill of the Nymphs,
 and rills under the rock, and pine, a neighbour of the
 water, and thou, Hermes, son of Maia, with four angular
 points,¹ the saviour of fruits,² and Pan, who keepest the
 rock, pastured by goats, kindly receive these slight cakes,
 and this bowl full of wine, the gift of Neoptolemus, the
 son of Æacides (Achilles).

Ye lowly huts, thou sacred hill—
 Heart of the Nymphs, pure gushing rill—
 That underneath the cold stone flowest;
 Pine, that those clear streams o'ergrowest—
 Thou, son of Maia, Mercury,
 Squared in cunning statuary—
 And thou, O Pan, whose wandering flocks
 Frolic o'er the craggy rocks—
 Pleased the rustic goblet take,
 Fill'd with wine and th' oaten cake.
 Offer'd to your deities
 By a true Æacides.

J. H. M.

¹ This is perhaps the best way of translating τετραγών—For the pedestal, on which the figure of Hermes stood, had four sides, and every two sides formed an angle, which was the shape of the point of the harpoon, called in Greek γλῶχις.

² As Hermes was in Greece, like Priapus in Italy, the god of the gardens, μηλοσός has been so translated, from μήλον, not μήλα, and σός.

Hear, O ye folds, and thou, the sacred hill
 Of the fair Nymphs, and every trickling rill
 Beneath the rocks; and thou, close-bordering pine—
 Thou, too, quaint image of a form divine,
 Four-corner'd Hermes, guardian of the fold,
 And Pan, by whom each goat-fed peak we hold—
 Deign to accept these cakes, this cup of wine,
 From Pyrrhus, heir of great Achilles' line. E. S.

LXXX. THE SAME.

They call me the little (one); and that I do not make a
 good voyage without fear, equal to (large) vessels that pass
 over the sea. I do not deny it. The skiff is a little thing.
 But to the sea every thing is on an equality. The judg-
 ment is not about size, but fortune. To another let there
 be more for the rudder (to do). There is one boldness
 to one vessel, and another to another. But may I be
 saved by the gods.

They say that I am small and frail,
 And cannot live in stormy seas;
 It may be so; yet every sail
 Makes shipwreck in the swelling breeze.
 Not strength nor size can then hold fast;
 But Fortune's favour, Heaven's decree:
 Let others trust in oar and mast;
 But may the gods take care of me. C. M.

LXXXI. THE SAME.

Do not go about, man, dragging on a wandering life,
¹tost from one land to another.¹ Do not go about. An
 empty hovel² ³is wont to give something to cover you,³
⁴which a little fire lighted up may warm,⁴ even if the
 puff-cake of maize be slight, and not one of fine meal,

¹—¹ On this expression see Blomfield on Prometh. 702.

² *Καλή* is literally "a bird-nest."

³—³ The Greek is *σε περιστέψαιτο*, which, as being quite unintelligible, Meineke would alter into *περιστίζαιτο*: by the aid of which has been elicited *ὁ ἔπος στίζει τι*— as translated.

⁴—⁴ So Sophocles says in Philoctet. 298, *Οἰκουμένη—στίγη πυρὸς μέτα Πάντ' ἐκπορίζου*.

pounded in a hollow stone by the hand ; and if there be for herbs, penny-royal, or thyme, and wretched groats to serve as a sweet-mixed relish.

IMITATED BY BL.

Cling to thy home. If there the meanest shed
Yield thee a hearth and shelter for thy head ;
And some poor plot, with vegetables stored,
Be all that Heaven allots thee for a board—
Unsavoury bread, and herbs that scatter'd grow
Wild on the river brink or mountain-brow—
Yet e'en this cheerless dwelling shall provide
More heart's repose than all the world beside.

LXXXII. THE SAME.

Not only sitting upon lofty trees do I know how to sing, warmed with the great heat of summer, an unpaid minstrel to wayfaring men, and sipping the vapour of dew, ¹that is like woman's milk.¹ But even upon the spear of Athené with her beautiful helmet will you see me, the Tettix, seated. For as much as we are loved by the Muses, by so much is Athené by us. For the virgin ²has established a prize (for melody).²

Not only on the tree-top do I sing,
When summer heat expands my vocal wing,
Sipping the dewy morning's virgin tear,
Sweet unbought bard, to weary travellers dear ;
But now you may behold me resting here,
E'en on the point of armed Minerva's spear.
Who love the Muses, thus each other suit ;
Theirs is my voice ; and theirs her maiden flute. J. H. M.

LXXXIII. THE SAME.

The shipwrecked Antheus, after escaping from the threats of the blue Triton, did not escape a terrible wolf

¹—¹ Such is the meaning of *θηλυς ἔϊρη*, as shown by Hesiod's Shield of Hercules, v. 395, *Τέττιγ', ὃ τε πόσις καὶ βρώσις θήλυς ἔϊρη*—quoted by Jacobs.

²—² So Brunk understands *ἀλοθετεῖ*, where Meineke would read *ἀλοθετεῖ*.

of Phthia. For he perished near the stream of the Peneus. Alas! unhappy one, who found the Nymphs less to be trusted than the Nereids.

Antheus, escaped the terrors of the flood,
A savage wolf devour'd in Phthia's wood:
Ill-fated mariner, condemn'd to find
Naiads more curst than are the Nereids kind. J. H. M.

LXXXIV. THE SAME.

Ye shepherds, who tend goats and fine-fleeced sheep,
while walking over this back-bone of a mountain, pay,
(I pray,) by the earth, to Cleitagoras a slight but agreeable tribute, for the sake of Proserpine under ground. Let the sheep bleat for me; and let a shepherd on the unpolished rock, pipe gently to them while feeding; and let a person of the place in earliest spring cut down flowers in the meadow, and adorn my tomb with a garland; and let him bedew it thrice¹ with milk from an ewe that has fine lambs, by holding her udder full of milk (over it), moistening even the base of my tomb. There are favours paid to the dead, and there are returns made even by the dead.

IMITATED BY HAYGARTH.

List, all ye swains, whose thirsty flocks
In silence wander o'er these rocks.
And oh! let my sad spirit share
Your constant love, your tender care.
In parching summer's fervid heat
May your young lambs a requiem bleat;
Whilst on the rock the shepherd swain
In mournful murmurs swells his strain.
To my lone shade in early spring,
Ye pilgrims, grateful offerings bring;
And o'er my solitary grave
With reverence pour the milky wave.
Then rife every floweret's bloom
To deck the turf that forms my tomb.

¹ The sense, or rather the custom, of ancient times requires *τρὶς* for *τις*, as shown by Soph. Œd. C. 476, *τρισσὰς γε πηγὰς τὸν τελευταῖον δ' ὄλον*.

For think not, that, when life is fled,
 No hopes or fears can reach the dead ;
 E'en then their shades your care approve,
 And own with gratitude your love.

LXXXV. NICIAS.

Thou bee with a varying movement,¹ who showest
 forth the spring blooming with delight, of a brown
 colour,² (and) mad (with love) for the flowers in season,
 (and) on the wing to (thy) sweet breathing-place, lay
 on thy work, until thy cell bound by wax is full.

Many-coloured sunshine-loving, spring-betokening bee,
 Yellow bee, so mad for love of early-blooming flowers,
 Till thy waxen cell be full, fair fall thy work and thee,
 Buzzing round the sweetly smelling garden plots and
 bowers. A.

Thou nimble yellow bee, that bring'st the softly blooming
 spring,
 Thee the love of primy flowers is ever maddening ;
 Flutt'ring o'er sweetly breathing fields, increase thy honied
 store,
 Until the wax-compacted cell at length can hold no more.

HAY.

LXXXVI. THE SAME.

No longer rolling myself ³ over the level part ³ of a
 bough with long leaves shall I delight myself, by send-
 ing ⁴ a sound from my quick-moving wings ;⁴ for I have
 fallen into the savage ⁵ hand of a boy, who seized me
 secretly, as I was sitting under ⁶ the green leaves.

¹ Such is perhaps the best translation of *αἰόλος*, applied to a bee.

² Such is the colour of the working bee. The word *ξουθός* is frequently translated "yellow" incorrectly.

³⁻³ As the MSS. Vat. and Planud. offer respectively *ὑπ' ὀρκακα* and *ὑπὸ πλάκα*, it is easy to elicit, as translated, *ὑπὲρ πλάκα*—for the Tettix did not sit under, but above the bough.

⁴⁻⁴ From these words it is evident that the Tettix is speaking. For its shrill sound proceeds, as in the case of the cricket, from its striking its wings quickly together.

⁵ In *ἀραιόν*, which has puzzled both Jacobs and Meineke, evidently lies hid *ἀγρίαν*—

⁶ The sense requires, as translated, *ὑπὸ* for *ἐπι*—

I shall never sing my pleasant ditty now,
 Folded round by long leaves on the bough,
 Under my shrilly-chirping wing ;
 For a child's hand seized me in a luckless hour,
 Sitting on the petals of a flower,
 Looking for no such evil thing. A.

LXXXVII. DIOTIMUS.

We, ¹to whom there was one blood,¹ were two old women of the same age, Anaxo and Cleino, twin children of Epicrates. Cleino was the priestess of the Graces; Anaxo during life a handmaid of Demeter. We wanted nine suns (days) of being eighty years old to arrive at this fate. But of years there is no grudging to those, ²to whom they were holy.² We loved our husbands and children. But we old, first reached Hades, kind to us.

Two aged matrons, daughters of one sire,
 Lie in one tomb, twin-buried and twin-born ;
 Clino, the priestess of the Graces' choir ;
 Anaxo, unto Ceres' service sworn.
 Nine suns were wanting to our eightieth year ;
 We died together ; who would covet more ?
 We held our husbands and our children dear,
 Nor death unkind, to which we sped before. C. M.

LXXXVIII. THE SAME.

The hopes of men are volatile deities. For otherwise Hades, the melody destroyer,³ would not have thus concealed Lesbus (from sight); who formerly ran even with

¹—¹ From *αἰνόμενοι* in MS. Vat., which has hitherto baffled the critics, it is easy to elicit *αἶν' αἶμ' ἔν*—as translated—of which the gl. was *αἶ δμαίμοι*—

²—² Here too it is easy to elicit *αἶς ὅσι' ἦν* from *ἰσοσίη* in MS. Vat. Bernard was near the mark, as regards the letters, in reading *αἶσ' ὅσιη*.

³ As *μέλος* is both "a melody" and "a limb," *λυσιμελής* will mean either "melody destroyer," or "limb loosener." The former is the better epithet for the grave, in the case of a minstrel; the latter, in the case of a prize-fighter.

a king, and with chieftains.¹ Farewell, ye deities, the lightest of immortals; and lie (there) voiceless and unheard, ye flutes, ²who possess a mouth,³ since Acheron knows not either songs or dances.

Man's hopes are spirits with fast fleeting wings.

See where in death our hopeful Lesbus lies.

Lesbus is dead, the favourite of kings.

Farewell, light hopes, ye swiftest deities.

On his cold tomb we carve a voiceless flute;

For Pluto hears not, and the grave is mute. C. M.

LXXXIX. ARATUS.

I mourn for Diotimus, who sits upon a rock, telling to the children of the Gargareans Beta and Alpha.

I mourn for Diotimus, who sits among the rocks,
Hammering all day A, B, C, on Gargara's infant blocks.

J. H. M.

XC. HEGESIPPUS.

This, Artemis, near three roads has Agelocheia put up, the daughter of Damaretas, while still remaining a virgin in her father's house; for she (the goddess) appeared to her, like a flame of fire, near the thread of the distaff.

This statue at the meeting of three ways

A maiden, still beneath her father's roof,

Agelocheia, did to Dian raise;

Who, while her busy fingers plied the woof,

Appear'd before her in a sudden blaze. C. M.

XCI. THE SAME.

Perish that day, and the destructive moonless dark-

¹ Although Jacobs justly objected to *ἰπώρων*, he did not see that the poet wrote *ἀπιστίων*—For he thought, as Horace did, "Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est." On the corruption of *ἀπιστίων* see Porson at Eurip. Med. 5.

²⁻³ In lieu of *οἱ δ' ἐνένονοι*, which is perfectly unintelligible, the train of thought leads to *οἱ σόφ' ἔχουσι*—For thus the flutes, which had still a mouth, are properly said to be voiceless after the death of Lesbus, who used to play upon them.

ness, and the dreadful roar of the sea lashed by the winds, which caused the ship to roll down,¹ on which Abderion, of a sweet disposition, prayed to the gods, for much that was not to be accomplished. For the vessel was utterly broken up, and he was carried by a wave to the rugged Seriphus, where meeting with a funeral at the hands of pitying strangers, he reached his country, Abdera, wrapped up in a jar of brass.

Perish the hour—that dark and starless hour—
 Perish the roaring main's tempestuous power—
 That whelm'd the ship, where loved Abdera's son
 Pray'd to unheeding heaven, and was undone.
 Yes, all were wreck'd ; and by the stormy wave
 To rough Seriphus borne, he found a grave—
 Found from kind stranger hands funereal fires,
 Yet reach'd, inurn'd, the country of his sires. F. H.

XCII. THE SAME.

They say that by the road on the right hand of the funeral pyre Hermes leads the good to Rhadamanthus ; by which too Aristonoüs, the not-unwept son of Chæres-tratus, descended to the house of Hades, the leader of people.

'Tis by yon road, which from the funeral pyre
 Slopes to the right, that Hermes, it is said,
 Leads to the seat of Rhadamanthus dire,
 The willing spirits of the virtuous dead.
 That right-hand path thy pensive ghost pursued,
 Loved Aristonoüs, when it left behind
 Those not unmindful of the great and good,
 Eternal joys among the blest to find. J. H. M.

¹ In lieu of *πore*, the sense requires *καρδ*—as translated.

XCIII. EUPHORION.

¹Not the rough stony² conceals those³ bones, nor the rock⁴ that receives the azure writing;⁴ but some of them does the Icarian wave break around the pebbly beach of the long and lofty Dracenum.⁵ And I, the empty earth, am heaped up amongst the thirsty plants of the Dryopes⁶ in the place of much-caring hospitality.⁶¹

Not rugged Trachis hides these whitening bones,
Nor that black isle, whose name its colour shows,
But the wild beach, o'er which, with ceaseless moans,
The vex'd Icarian wave eternal flows,
Of Drepanus, ill-famed promontory;
And there, instead of hospitable rites,
The long grass sweeping tells his fate's sad story
To rude tribes gather'd from the neighbouring heights.

J. H. M.

XCIV. PHAENNUS.

Thou didst not endure, most brave Leonidas, to come back to the Eurotas, for, pressed⁷ by a difficult warfare;

¹—¹ Such is the literal version of this corrupt and consequently unintelligible epigram.

² From the reading of the MS. *Οὐχ ὁ τρηχὺς σε λιθαῖος*, Toup elicited *Οὐ Τρηχίς λιθαῖος*, adopted by Brunck and Jacobs. But as no notice is thus taken of *ο* and *σε*, Meineke would read *Οὐχ ὁ τρηχὺς θλαῖος*—which he renders, "Not the rough wild olive—" But why mention should be made of a wild olive, as if that tree were usually employed to cover the dead, he has failed to explain.

³ In lieu of the useless *κεῖνα*, Toup suggested *δεῖλά*, Jacobs *λευκά*—

⁴—⁴ The words *Οὐδ' ἡ κνάνειον γράμμα λαβοῦσα πέτρη*, on which the commentators have said nothing, are left for the reader to understand, if he can. In *γράμμα* perhaps lies hid *λαῖτμα*—"sea swell," or *χρῶμα*—"colour."

⁵ On *Δράκανον*, the Doric name for *Δρέπανον*, see Berkelius in Steph. Byz. *Δράκανον*.

⁶—⁶ Jacobs, unable to understand the words between the numerals, proposes to read, *Χερσὶ δ' ἐγὼ Ξενίης πολυκηδέος* in lieu of *Ἀντὶ δ' ἐγὼ Ξενίης πολυκηδέος*—conceiving that *Ξενίης* alludes to either the wife or mother of the defunct. Meineke says he has shown on Euphorion Frag. p. 182, that *Ξενίης* is perfectly correct; but instead of *πολυκηδέος*, he would read with Salmasius *πολυμηδέος*: from which, however, nothing seems to be gained.

⁷ In lieu of *σπερχόμενος*, which Jacobs truly says is rather obscure, one would have expected *τρυχόμενος*, as translated.

but at Thermopylæ, warding off the Persian nation,¹ thou wast defeated, through reverencing the institutions of thy fathers.

Most brave Leonidas, thou would'st not bear,
After defeat, to Sparta to repair ;
But at Thermopylæ didst nobly choose
Still to maintain your country's ancient use. C. M.

XCV. PANCRATES.

These two children of Cleio, Aristodicé and Ameino, born in Crete, (are brought) by their mother, thy temple-sweeper, O venerable Artemis, at four years old ;² look kindly,³ queen, upon the children of this (woman), and make them two temple-sweepers in the place of one (myself).

Thy handmaid Cleio, Artemis divine,
Her infant daughters offers at thy shrine.
O holy queen, the offer'd tribute grace,
And let two handmaids fill thy suppliant's place. J. H. M.

XCVI. THE SAME.

His hammer, and pincers, and tongs are from the fire laid up as the gifts of Polycrates (to Vulcan), through whom, by frequent beatings upon the anvil, he found for his children abundance, and drove away miserable poverty.

These tongs and pincers, and this hammer stout,
Polycrates in Vulcan's temple lays,
Toiling with which, he barr'd grim hunger out,
Nor vainly strove his children's lot to raise. C. M.

¹ The unpoetical *ἔθνος* is evidently a corruption of the poetical *ἄνθος*—See *Æsch. Pers.* 59, 248.

² From both being four years old, it is evident the children were twins, who were placed at an early age to be the future attendants on the temple, just as Ion is feigned to be by Euripides in the play of that name.

³ Meineke has properly adopted *Εὖ τίκνω* in lieu of *Εὐρέκνω*, as suggested by Lobeck on Phrynichus, p. 606.

XCVII. ANTAGORAS.

Say, stranger, as you pass by, that in this tomb are concealed the divine Crates and Polemon, men of mighty mind for their union in sentiment; from whose divine mouths came holy discourses; and a pure life of wisdom gave an additional charm to their godlike age, through its following their tenets not to be turned aside.¹

Here Polemo and pious Crates lie—
 So speaks this column to the passers-by—
 In life unanimous and join'd in death,
 Who taught pure wisdom with inspired breath;
 Whose acts, accordant with the truths sincere
 Their lips pronounced, bespoke the soul sincere. J. H. M.

XCVIII. THE SAME.

My mind is in doubt as to what much-bruited race I shall call thee, Love; whether the first of immortal gods, such as Erebus and queen Night produced of old as their children, under the waves of the wide Ocean, or the son of the very-clever Venus, or of Earth, or of the Winds; for being of such a kind thou dost wander about, thinking of evil and good for mankind; and hence is thy body two-sexed.

Whither shall we go to prove
 The genealogy of Love?
 Shall we call him first created
 Of the gods from Chaos dated,
 When Erebus and Night were mated,
 And their glorious progeny
 Sprung from out the secret sea?
 Or with Venus claim Love's birth?
 Or the roving Winds, or Earth?
 For his temper varieth so,
 And the gifts he doth bestow—

¹ So Jacobs, by altering *αἰῶνα ἀσπερτροῖς* into *αἰὼν' ἀσπερτροῖς*— and referring to Horace's description of a Stoic—"Virtutis veræ custes rigidusque satelles."

Like his form, which changeth still,
 Taking either sex at will—
 Are now so good, and now so bad,
 We know not whence his heart he had. C. M.

XCIX. PHÆDIMUS.

Restrain, O far-darting lord of the arrow,¹ the bow with which thou didst destroy the strength of the giant,² although thy quiver is celebrated³ as the wolf-slayer. But turn it, like⁴ the stirring gad-fly of Love, against youths, in order that they may defend their country, confident in the affection of young men.⁵ For their strength is as fire;⁶ and the highest of the gods knows how to increase (it)⁷ amongst those fighting in the front ranks;⁷ and it were the part of Melistion⁸ to receive thanks for aid from the people of Schænus as a family honour.

This bow, that erst that earth-born Dragon slew,
 O mighty god of day, restrain.

¹ In the corrupt reading βίης ἐκάεργ' ἀνάσσων, evidently lies hid βίλους—ἀνάσσων— So Venus was called θαλάμων ἀνασσα, as Hesychius testifies in Θαλάμων.

² This was Porphyryion, as we learn, says Meineke, from Pindar, Pyth. viii. 12.

^{3—3} MS. Vat. οὐ σοι—λύεται: where evidently lies hid εἰ σοῦ—κλείεται— At all events λύεται cannot have the sense of καταλλάσσεται, given to it by Jacobs.

⁴ MS. Vat., τόνδε δ' ἐπ' ἡϊθέους οἰστρον— But τόνδε is out of place here. The poet probably wrote, as translated—τόν δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' ἡϊθέοισιν οἰστρον— Jacobs, whom Meineke follows, reads ἡϊθέους διστόν—

⁵ From this allusion to the affection of young men, and to the subsequent mention of Σχοῖνος, a town in Bœotia, Jacobs conceives that Apollo, who was held in great honour at Thebes, is called upon to assist Melistion, who was one of the holy band, as it was named, of lovers at Thebes.

⁶ From πυρός γὰρ ἀλκή in MS. Vat., Brunck elicited ἔρως γὰρ— adopted by Jacobs; who, however, doubts about the truth of the correction, which should have been πῦρ ὥς γὰρ, as translated.

^{7—7} The sense requires ἐνι προμάχοις, as translated, not αἰ προμάχους—

^{8—8} The MS. Vat., Μελιστιῶνος δῶ. From which has been elicited Μελιστιῶνος δός— But as Μελιστιῶνος is without regimen, Meineke would read Μελιστιῶνα, referring to Porson on Eurip. Hec. 782, for the confusion in—ος and α. In δῶ perhaps lies hid δ' ἦν—as translated.

Not now those deadly shafts are due
 That stretch the woodland tyrants of the plain.
 Rather, O Phœbus, bring thy nobler darts,
 With which thou piercest gentle hearts ;
 Bid them Themistio's breast inspire
 With Love's bright flame, and Valour's holy fire—
 Pure Valour, firm Heroic Love ;
 Twin deity, supreme o'er gods above,
 United in the sacred cause
 Of his dear native land and freedom's laws.
 So let him win the glorious crown
 His fathers wore, bright meed of fair renown. J. H. M.

C. NICÆNETUS.

I do not, Philotherus, wish to banquet in the city, but in the ploughed field, delighted with the breath of the Zephyr. A slight¹ bed strewn on the ground under my sides is sufficient for me ; for near is the couch of a willow of the country, and the osier, the ancient garland of the Carians. But let wine be brought and the agreeable lyre of the Muses, so that, while drinking what cheers the soul, we may sing the renowned bride of Jupiter, the mistress of our island.²

Not in the city be my banquet spread,
 But in sweet meadows, where around my head
 The Zephyr may float freely ; be my seat
 The mossy platform of some green retreat,
 Where shrubs and creepers, starting at my side,
 May furnish cushion smooth and carpet wide.
 Let wine be served up, and the warbling lyre
 Trill forth soft numbers of the Muses' choir ;
 That we still drinking and our hearts contenting,
 Still to the dulcet tunes new hymns inventing,
 May sing Jove's bride, from whom these pleasures come,
 The guardian goddess of our island home. C. M.

¹ From *Αἶρη* in MS. Ven. of Athenæus xv. p. 673, B., Dindorf has happily elicited *Αἶρη*, as translated.

² Samos, the birth-place of Nicænetus.

CI. THE SAME.

¹ Wine is to the agreeable bard a rapid steed ;¹ but he, who drinks water, will bring forth nothing wise. So said, O Dionysus, and breathed Cratinus, the man not of one skin (of wine), but who smelt of a whole cask. ²Hence did his whole² house bloom with garlands, and he had his forehead adorned, like you, with the yellow bud of the ivy.

“ Wine is the Pegasus, whose wings
The pleasant poet plies ;
But he, who drinks pure element,
Is pleasant in no wise.”
Thus sang Cratinus, reeking with
The perfume of the cask ;
When he had tried to his content
The strength of every flask.
And as he sate, his mansion walls,
Festoon'd from side to side,
His temples ivy-garlanded,
With purple Bacchus vied. C. M.

The first distich of the original is thus rendered by T. MOORE.

If with water you fill up your glasses,
You'll never write any thing wise ;
For wine is the horse of Parnassus,
Which hurries a bard to the skies.

CII. ALEXANDER THE ÆTOLIAN.

O Sardis, the ancient dwelling³ of my ancestors, had I been brought up in thee, I should have been an handi-

¹—¹ In the words Οἶνός τοι χαρίεντι πίλει ταχύς ἵππος ἀοιδῶ, lies hid perhaps the sense of a line of Cratinus, Ὀιδῶ καλῶ στίβον οἶνος ἵππος τις ταχύς.

²—² In τοι γάρ τοι στεφάνων δόμος evidently lies hid τοί γαρ πᾶς—δόμος, as translated ; and if so, we can dispense with μέγαρ, which Jacobs wished to elicit from μέγας in MS. Vat., and still more with τοι γαρ ὑπὸ στεφάνοις δέμας—the conjecture of Meineke.

³ Instead of the scarcely intelligible νόμος, the poet probably wrote δόμος, as translated.

craft, or a gold-wearing eunuch,¹ beating the beautiful tambourines. But now is my name Alcman,² and I am at Sparta, with many tripods,³ and I have been taught the Heliconian Muses, who have made me greater than Daskyles⁴ and Gyges.

Sardis, my ancient father-land,
 Hadst thou, by Fate's supreme command,
 My helpless childhood nourished,
 I must have begg'd my daily bread,
 Or else, a beardless priest become,
 Have toss'd Cybelé frantic down.
 Now Alcman I am call'd—a name
 Inscribed in Sparta's lists of fame,
 Whose many tripods record bear
 Of solemn wreaths and tripods rare,
 Achieved in worship at the shrine
 Of Heliconian maids divine,
 By whose great aid I'm mounted higher
 Than Gyges or his wealthy sire. J. H. M.

CIII. CALLIMACHUS.

Half of my soul is still breathing; but half I know not whether Love or Hades has seized, except that it has disappeared. Surely it has gone back to some strippling. And yet I have often denied⁵ it. "Do not, youths, receive the run-away." Has it not gone to Cephisus?⁶

¹ In explanation of βακίλας, Jacobs appositely refers to Lucian's description of the attendants on Cybelé—ὡς ἀγείρουσιν τῇ μητρὶ σὺν αὐλοῖς καὶ κυμβάλοις, βάκηλοι γενόμενοι.

² From this it would appear that Alcman had no name, till he lived at Sparta. It was probably given with reference to the power of his hymns, in Greek, ἀλκμή ὕμνων—contracted into ἀλκμάν—

³ Successful poets were frequently wont to commemorate a victory by mentioning the fact on a tripod, dedicated to some deity.

⁴ As Dascyles was not a king, but a private person, Bentley wished to read Κανδαύλειω for Δασκύλειω. But as he seems, says Jacobs, to have been one of the chief men of Lydia, there is no necessity for the alteration.

⁵ In lieu of ἀπεῖπον, which is unintelligible, the poet wrote ἀνείπον, "I have proclaimed—"

⁶ The word Κηφισόν, which is elsewhere the name of a rivulet in Attica, is here applied to a youth, according to the conjecture of Scaliger; who elicited Οὐκ εἰς Κηφισόν from Οὐκαὶ συνιφήσον in the MSS. Bentley

(Yes.) For thither it bends its way. I know that, ¹ when it is pelted with stones, ¹ and is ill-disposed for love.

Half of my soul yet breathes ; the rest
 I know not whether
 Cupid or Hades has possest,
 'Tis altogether
 Vanish'd. Among the virgin train
 Perhaps 'tis straying.
 O send the wanderer home again,
 Or chide its staying.
 Perhaps on fair Cephisa's breast
 'Tis captive lying.
 Of old it sought that haven's rest,
 When almost dying. J. H. M.

CIV. THE SAME.

Thou bringest thy feet near the monument of the son of Battus, who knew minstrelsy well, and well to laugh in season at wine.

Beside the tomb, where Battus' son is laid,
 Thy heedless feet, a passer-by, have stray'd.
 Well-skill'd in all the minstrel's lore was he ;
 Yet had his hour for sport and jollity. J. H. M.

CV. THE SAME.

A. ² Alas ! young Menecrates—for I know thee there, on whom the down of the beard had come ²—what has,

prefers *Οὐκ εἷς εἰς τὸν ἔφηβον*, referring to Philostratus, Vit. Apoll. on i. 6, *ποῖ τρώχεις ; ἢ ἐπὶ τὸν ἔφηβον ;* Perhaps the poet wrote *Οὐκ ᾗ, ᾗ σὺν ἔφηβος*, "Has it not gone, where is a youth?"

¹ How the soul could be pelted with stones, it is hard to understand. Hence one would suspect that in *ἡ λιθόλευστος κείνη καὶ δυσέρως* lies hid *ἡ λάθ' ἀλευστος, Χαίνη, καὶ δυσέρως*, "that which has been lying hid, unseen, puffed up, and ill-disposed for love."

² The Greek, as read in MS. Vat. is, *Αἶνιε καὶ σὸ γὰρ ὦδε Μενέκρατες, οὐδ' ἐπὶ πουλὸν ἦσθα* : where Ernesti suggested *Αἶνιε*. Blomfield, *Al, al*. On Bailey's *Hermesianact*, p. 149, there is an emendation, adopted here—*Αἶ νε'—ἐκεῖ σὲ γὰρ οἶδα, Μενέκρατες—ᾧ γ' ἐπ' ἰουλὸς ἦλθε*—for Menecrates is addressed as a young person, upon whose cheeks *ἦλθον ἰουλοῖ*, as Callimachus says in Hymn Jov. 56 ; while *ἐκεῖ* is said pointedly to the grave by the party, who saw the bust of Menecrates over his tomb, and to whom the dead is supposed to reply.

thou best of foreigners, done thee up? Was it that which (did up) a Centaur? B. My fated sleep had come. But unhappy wine bears the pretext.

Thee too, Lysander, doth the grave compel!

Which of thy various wines have vanquish'd thee?

Doubtless the same by which the Centaur fell.

My hour was come; and, friend, 'twere quite as well

To spare good wine so foul a calumny. J. H. M.

CVI. MENEKRATES.

In addition to two¹ children previously, a third did a mother place on the funeral fire, and, finding fault with the deity not to be satisfied, she brought forth a fourth source of sorrow, and did not wait for uncertain hopes, but placed the living infant in the fire, saying, I will not bring it up; for what profits it? my breasts labour for Hades. A grief that has a less trouble² is a gain to me.³

Twice had a wretched mother to the tomb
Borne the sad produce of her teeming womb.

A third in bitterness of soul she gave,

To feed the fierce insatiable grave.

But when a fourth time destin'd to sustain

The heavy load of ill-requited pain,

Then, madly desperate of a better fate,

The greedy flames she dared anticipate;

And to their rage her living fruit consign'd,

Saying, "No longer shall this bosom find

Nurture for those, whom Pluto claims his due;

If I must mourn, I will not labour too." J. H. M.

CVII. RHIANUS.

Dexionicus, having caught with bird-lime a blackbird under a green plane-tree, was holding³ it by its wings;

¹ The sense evidently requires *πρωτόποισι δυοῖ*—not *πρωτόποις ἤδη*—

²⁻³ In lieu of *κερδήσω πίνθος*, one would have expected *εἶδος μοι*, as translated.

³ In lieu of *εἶλε*, which is a mere tautology after *ἀγρεύσας*, the author evidently wrote *εἶχε*, as translated.

when the unfortunate¹ bird shrieking-out made a frequent moan.²—And (I said)—“O beloved Cupid and ye blooming Graces, would that I were a thrush or blackbird, so that I might pour my voice and a pleasant tear on his hand.”

Dexionica with a limed thread
Her snare beneath a verdant plane-tree spread,
And caught a blackbird by the quivering wing.
Oh, god of Love, oh, Graces blooming fair,
I would that I a thrush or blackbird were;
So in her grasp to breathe my murmur'd cries,
And shed a sweet tear from my silent eyes. ELTON.

CVIII. SAMIUS.

We, the hide and horns a fathom³ long of a bull, (the offering) from a king, lie over the portal of (Hercules), the son of Amphitryon, which (animal), boasting of the fourteen palms length,⁴ when it met Philip, a terrible javelin brought to the ground, by the heel of the bull-feeding Orbélus. Happy is Hemathia, that⁵ is ruled over by such a leader.

The mighty bull's capacious hide
And horns—the forest's stately pride—
Are offer'd, Hercules, to thee,
By a kingly votary;
Who with javelin's force arrested
The bellowing monster's mad career,
Braving the fury of his spear,
Beneath Orbélus' heights, where long

¹ Jacobs says that *λεπός* is applied to a bird, on account of its singing; and he refers to Antipater of Sidon, Epigr. 62, *Κόσσυφον εἰλε πάγα*—*Ἄ δ' αὖθις μεθέηκε τὸν λερόν*—But there we may read *ἄμμορον*, as here *ἄμμορος*—

² In lieu of *ἀναστενάχων ἱπεκώκευ*, where the two propositions are something too much, the poet probably wrote, as translated, *ἀναστενάχων πυκνὰ κώκευ*—

^{3,4} By comparing the two measures, if we consider the English fathom of 6 feet to represent the Greek *ὀργυιά*, and the Greek *δῶρον* to answer to the English “hand,” of 4 inches, we must read here *ὀκτώ καὶ δέκα*, not *τίσσαρα καὶ δέκα*—where ζ (8) might have been corrupted into δ (4).

⁵ Jacobs happily suggested *ἄ* for *ἡ*, and *Ἡμαθί* *ἄ* for *Ἡμαθία*—

In verdant pastures unmolested,
 He ranged his subject herds among.
 O blest Emathia, to obey
 A chief so famed for warlike sway. J. H. M.

CIX. ALCÆUS OF MESSENE.

The children in Ios pained Homer the minstrel of heroes, after having woven the riddle¹ of the Muses; and the marine daughters of Nereus anointed him with nectar, and they placed his corpse under a rock on the sea-shore, because he had glorified Thetis and her son, and the conflict of other heroes, and the doings of (Ulysses) the son of Laertes of Ithacus. Most blessed of islands in the sea is Ios, because, though little, it conceals the star of the Muses and Graces.

The visionary dream of life is o'er;
 The bard of heroes sleep on Ios' shore.
 Fair Ios' sons their lamentations pay,
 And wake the funeral dirge or solemn lay.
 O'er his pale lifeless corse and drooping head,
 Ambrosial sweets the weeping Nereids shed;
 And on the shore their slumb'ring poet laid,
 Beneath the towering mountain's peaceful shade.
 Nor undeserved their care. His tuneful tongue
 Achilles' wrath and Thetis' sorrows sung.
 His strains Laertes' son in triumph bore
 Through woes unnumber'd, to his native shore.
 Blest isle of Ios! on thy rocky steeps
 The star of song—the grace of Graces—sleeps.

HAYGARTH.

CX. THE SAME.

Not even dead does the old man nourish on his tomb the mild grape-bunch from the vine, but the bramble, and the wild pear, that suffocates, causing the lips of wayfarers to wrinkle up, and the throat to be dry with

¹ The riddle alluded to is to be found in the Pseud-Herodotean Life of Homer, in Mackenzie's translation, § 35, prefixed to the *Odyssey*, in the Classical Library.

thirst. But let a person, as he passes by the monument of Hipponax, pray that the dead may sleep good-tempered.

Thy tomb no purple clusters rise to grace,
But thorns and briars choke the fearful place ;
There herbs malign and bitter fruits supply
Unwholesome juices to the passer-by.
And as, Hipponax, near thy tomb he goes,
Shuddering he turns and prays for thy repose. BL.

CXI. POLYSTRATUS.

The great Acrocorinthus of Achæa, the star of Hellas, and the double shores that run together¹ of the Isthmus, has Lucius² destroyed ; and a single rock holds the bones heaped up³ of the dead that were cowed by the spear. And the Achæans, who destroyed the house of Priam by fire, have the descendants of Æneas deprived unwept of funeral rites.

Achæan Acrocorinth, the bright star
Of Hellas, with its narrow Isthmian bound,
Lucius o'ercame, in one enormous mound
Piling the dead, conspicuous from afar.
Thus to the Greeks, denying funeral fires,
Have great Æneas' later progeny
Perform'd high Jove's retributive decree,
And well avenged the city of their sires. C. M.

CXII. PERSES.

Unhappy Mnasilla, why is this form sculptured upon the tomb of thy weeping daughter Neotima, whose life the pains of child-birth carried off? and she is lying with a mist on her eyes, while shedding tears how large

¹ As the two sea-shores on each side of the Isthmus were prevented by the neck of land from coming together, the reading *σύντροφον* found in his MS. by Aldus is decidedly preferable; for each sea would thus be the feeder of Corinth.

² This Lucius was Mummius, by whom Corinth was destroyed.

³ To avoid the necessity of taking, as Jacobs does, *σκόπελος* in the sense of a mound, it is easy to read *σωρευθῆνθ' εἰς*—in lieu of *σωρευθεῖς εἰς*—

upon¹ the bent elbow of, her dear mother; and alas! her father Aristotle not far off is wiping her head with his hand; and, most sad,² not even the dead have forgotten their griefs.³

Unblest Mnasylla—on this speaking tomb
 What means the type of emblematic gloom?
 Thy lost Callirhoe we here survey,
 Just as she moan'd her ebbing soul away;
 Just as the death-mists on her eyelids fell,
 In those maternal arms she loved so well.
 There too the speechless father sculptured stands,
 That cherish'd head supporting with his hands.
 Alas! alas! thus grief is made to flow
 A ceaseless stream—eternity of woe. J. H. M.

CXIII. THEODORIDAS.

Thou didst go, Cinesias, the lacquey³ of Hermes, without a crutch, to pay the debt owed to Hades, carrying all (your limbs) bent,⁴ but sound; and Acheron, who forces all,⁵ having found thee a just debtor, loves thee.

Without the aid of crutch—entire of limb—
 Servant of Mercury, to hell thou goest;
 Whose king well pleased receive thee, since to him
 Thou freely payest all the debt thou owest. J. H. M.

CXIV. THE SAME.

I, formerly a flat⁶ stone, and thrown down unrubbed,

¹ Instead of *ὑπὸ*, Jensius reads *ἀπὸ*—He should have suggested *ἐπὶ*, as translated.

²⁻³ This alludes, says Jacobs, to the perpetuation of the sorrows of the parents, even after death, by means of the sculpture on the tomb.

³ From *ἀγρις* in MS. Vat., Toup ingeniously elicited *λάτρης*—the very name given to Hermes himself in Eurip. Ion. 4.

⁴ MS. Vat. *γῆραι ἔρ'*—where lies hid *γῆρ' ἐρὶ δ'*—as translated. Toup proposed *γνῖα ἔρ'*—Reiske, *γῆρα ἔρ'*—adopted by Brunck and Jacobs. In *γῆρ᾽* is an allusion to the "curva senectus" of Ovid.

⁵ MS. Vat. has *ἀχέων*. From which Reiske and Pierson elicited *Ἀχέρων*—But Acheron could hardly be called *Παντοβίης*—One would have expected rather *παντορριβής ὁ Χάρων*—

⁶ As pebbles on the sea-shore become rounded, through being rubbed against each other by the action of the water, it is evident that a word is

contain within the head of Heracleitus. But¹ time has worn me, like pebbles on the sea-shore; for I am extended in the road² where carts carry all kinds of young persons.³ But I tell to mortals, although I am without a pillar, that I possess the god-like dog, who barked at the masses.

Rounded by age, and like some pebble-stone
O'er which the wild wave dashes, shapeless grown,
No letters speak—no graven image tells—
That here the dust of Heracleitus dwells.
But still with fame's loud trumpet I proclaim
The barking cur's imperishable name. J. H. M.

CXV. POSEIDIPPUS.

Ye mariners, why bury me near the sea? It were meet to heap up the tomb for a wretched shipwrecked³ person far away. I shudder at the sound of the sea, the cause of my death. But even thus, fare ye well, who have pitied Nicétes.

Oh, why, my brother mariners, so near the boisterous wave
Of ocean have ye hollow'd out my solitary grave?
'Twere better that far hence a sailor's tomb should be—
For I dread my rude destroyer—I dread the roaring sea.
But may the smiles of fortune—may love and peace await
All you, who shed a tear for poor Nicetas' hapless fate.

A. F. M.

Why, sailors, bury me so near the shore?

The shipwreck'd mariner's sad grave should be
Far from the echoing breakers; in their roar
Shudd'ring I hear my fate. Yet oh, all ye,

required here to convey the idea of something not round. Hence it is probable the poet wrote *λευρή*, as translated, not *γυρή*—

¹ It is strange that Jacobs, who saw the necessity of an adversative particle here, did not suggest—*Αἰὼν δ' ἔτριψεν κροκάλαις μ' ἴσον*—in lieu of his *'Αλλ' αἰὼν μ' ἔτριψε κρόκαις ἴσον*—

²⁻³ As there is neither sense nor syntax in *ἐν γὰρ ἀμάξῃ Παμφόρῳ αἰζήων εἰνδοτὴ τίταμαι*—both may be recovered by reading—*οὐ γὰρ ἄμαξαι Παμφόρου*—as translated.

³ Brunck reads correctly *ναυηγῶ τλήμονι τύμβον* in lieu of *ναυηγῶ τλήμονα τύμβον*—

Farwell, and blessings for your pity take,
Who even this have done for poor Nicetas' sake. H. W.

CXVI. ANTIPATER OF SIDON.

The men skilled in stars say that I am for a quick death. I am so; but that, Seleucus, is no care of mine. To all there is one descent to Hades. And if mine be the quicker, the quicker shall I behold Minos. Let us drink, ¹for truly is wine a horse for the road, ²since to those on foot there is a path to Hades.³

The wizards at my first nativity
Declared with one accord I soon should die.
What if—o'er all impends that certain fate—
I visit gloomy Minos soon or late?
Wine, like a racer, brings me there with ease.
The sober souls may walk it if they please. BL.

CXVII. THE SAME.

Bacchus standing yesterday near my couch, when I had been filled with water unmixed (with wine), spoke thus, "Thou art sleeping the sleep of those, hateful to Venus. Tell me, thou sober fellow, hast thou heard of Hippolytus? Have a fear, lest thou sufferest something like (his fate)." So saying he departed; and to me from that (day) water has been no longer pleasant.

Bacchus found me yesterday,
As at full length stretch'd I lay,
Sated with the crystal tide.
The god was standing at my side,
And said, "Such sleep upon thee waits,
As those attends, whom Venus hates.

¹⁻¹ Since there seems to be here, as Jacobs has seen, an allusion to the sentiment of Cratinus, to which Nicænetus alludes in Epigr. 101, *Οἶνος—ταχὺς ἵππος*, one would have expected to find something like—*καὶ γὰρ τόδ' ἐρήρυμον ἦσ' ὁ πρὶν—'Ἴππος Οἶνος*," "a person formerly sung this true sentiment," in lieu of *καὶ γὰρ δὴ ἐρήρυμον εἰς ὁδὸν, ἵππος Οἶνος*.

²⁻² In the words *ἐπεὶ πεζοῖς ἀτραπὸς εἰς Ἀΐδην*, there should be some allusion to the wineless, who go on foot, as Bland has expressed in his version. But how this sense is to be got at, is another affair. Did the poet write *ἀγοὶ πεζοῖς ὁ τροπίας Ἀΐδης*, "May wine turned sour lead those on foot to Hades."

Say, idiot, didst thou never hear
Of one Hippolytus? Beware.
His destiny may else be thine."
He left me then—the god of wine.
But ever since this thing befell
I've loathed the notion of a well. J. H. M.

As yester-eve I slept on sober water,
The god of wine drew near, and gave no quarter.
Quoth he—"That lubbard's sleep's past Venus' bearing,
Hast never heard Hippolytus's faring?
Beware his end be thine." He spake; my cure
Came with his words. Water I can't endure. G. F. D. T.

CXVIII. THE SAME.

Bitto placed as an offering to Athené her music-loving
shuttle, the instrument of a trade driven by hunger, and
said, "Farewell, goddess, and take this. For I, a widow,¹
am come to the fourth decad of years, and I abjure your
gifts. But, on the other hand,² I am laying hold of the
works of Venus. For I see that to be willing is better
than beauty."

To Pallas Lysistrata offer'd her thimble
And distaff, of matronly prudence the symbol.
"Take this too," she said, "then farewell, mighty queen;
I'm a widow, and just forty winters have seen.
So thy yoke I renounce; and henceforward decree
To live with Love's goddess, and prove I am free." J. H. M.

CXIX. THE SAME.

Thou sleepest, Anacreon, among the dead, after having
laboured well; and sleeps too thy sweet harp, that dis-
coursed music in the night; sleeps too thy Smerdis, the
very spring-time of desire, for whom thou, O harp,

¹ Jacobs, justly objecting to the introduction of a widow here, would read *τήνδ' ἔχε κερκίδ' ἐγὼ* in lieu of *τήνδ' ἔχε χήρη ἐγὼ*—He should have suggested rather, *τήνδ' ἔχ' ἀχρεῖον ἐγὼ*—"take this useless thing."

² Although *τὰ δ' ἐμπαλὶ* might perhaps stand, yet one would prefer *δῶρ' ἃ δὲ πρὶν, πάλι—ὑπτομαι*—"I lay hold of the works—which were formerly—"

wast struck, giving in song the nectar of harmony. For thou wast the target to a youthful love,¹ and against thee alone he directed his bow and not crooked² far-shooting archery.

At length thy golden hours have wing'd their flight,
And drowsy death thine eyelid steepeth;
Thy harp, that whisper'd through each lingering night,
Now mutely in oblivion sleepeth.
She too, for whom that heart profusely shed
The purest nectar of its numbers—
She, the young spring of thy desires, has fled,
And with her blest Anacreon slumbers.
Farewell; thou hadst a pulse for every dart
That Love could scatter from his quiver,
And every woman found in thee a heart,
Which thou with all thy soul didst give her. T. MOORE.

CXX. THE SAME.

I am a sacred tree. When passing by, have a care
not to injure me. I feel a pain, stranger, when lopped.
Remember, my bark is still virgin-like. It is not such
as belongs to unripe wild pears. Who knows not the
race of dark poplars? And if you cut me round, while
near the road, you will cry for it. Although a tree, I
am Apollo's care.

This plant is sacred. Passenger, beware.
From every wound a mortal pang I bear.
My tender limbs support a virgin rind;
Not the rude bark that shields the forest kind.
And e'en in these dark glens and pathless glades
Their parent sun protects his poplar maids. J. H. M.

CXXI. MELEAGER.

If Love had a cloak and not wings, and did not carry
on his shoulder a bow and quiver, but a bonnet with a
feather, by the delicately-formed youth I swear, that

¹ In lieu of *ἡθίαν*, Brunck correctly suggested *ἡθίου*—

² The sense evidently requires *κού σκολιάς* instead of *καὶ σκολιάς*—
For an arrow ought to proceed in a not crooked line to hit the mark.

Antiochus would be Love, and Love on the other hand Antiochus.

Take away from young Cupid his wings and his bow,
And give him sweet Antipho's bonnet and feather,
So like is your boy to the god Love, I vow,
You'd not know your child, if you saw them together. K.

CXXII. THE SAME.

If Love had not a bow, or wings, or a quiver, or had not the darts shot all around of Desire, you would not, I swear by the winged (god) himself, have known from his form whether he was Zoilus or Love.

Lesbia, thy child is so divinely fair,
That if beside him little Cupid stood,
Without his quiver, bow, or wings, I swear
I should not know the mortal from the god. K.

CXXIII. THE SAME.

Assist, O men, the person, whom, after placing just now his foot, that had made its first voyage, from the sea to land, Love is dragging this way with violence; and showing before me the light, as it were, from a young person, he is dazzling me with a beauty, lovely to look upon, and I go step by step; and ¹I wish to seize with my lips the sweet form, that is modelled in the air.¹ Do I not then, after escaping from the bitter sea, pass over the wave of Venus on land, which is far more bitter than the other.

¹—¹ This version answers to *ἐν ἀέρι δ' οὖσι* (i. e. *δ' ἐστὶ*) *τυπωθέν*, *Εἶδος ἀφαρπάζειν χεῖλεσιν ἡδὺ φιλῶ*—not *δ' ἡδὺ τυπωθέν*—*ἀφαρπαζὼν ἡδὺφιλῶ*: where Pierson and Reiske were the first to read *ἡδὺ φιλῶ*. With regard to "the form moulded in the air," we may compare the dagger, which Macbeth is feigned to see before him; while in the words of Plutarch, quoted by Jacobs, there lies hid a fragment, probably of Menander—*Οὗτος δ' εἶκει νοῦ τις ὑπὸ κάλλους νέος ἱλιγγος εἶναι καὶ πλάνος, ἐν νήφεσι μένον ὕπὸ σκιάς θηρωμένον τὸ ποθοῦμενον*, "This seems to be a fresh dizziness and wandering of the mind through a beauty, while it (the mind) is hunting after the object of desire, remaining under a shadow in the clouds."

Help, help, my friends ; just landed from the main,
 New to its toils, and glad to feel again
 The firm rebounding soil beneath my feet,
 His prey love makes me ; with enforcement sweet,
 Waving his torch before my dazzled eyes,
 Drags me to where my queen of beauty lies.
 Now on her steps I tread ; and if in air
 My fancy roves, I view her picture there ;
 Stretch my fond arms to fold her, and delight
 With unsubstantial joys my ravish'd sight.
 Ah ! vainly 'scaped the fearful ocean's roar,
 To prove a fiercer hurricane on shore. J. H. M.

CXXIV. THE SAME.

Ye Graces, when ye beheld the beautiful Aristagoras
 before you, ye embraced him with your luxurious
 arms ; because from his form he darts forth a flame,¹ and
 he speaks what is opportune,¹ and though silent, talks
 sweetly with his eyes. Let him wander from me. What
 matters it ? since like a young² Jupiter, the boy knows
 how to hurl lightning even far off from Olympus.

The Graces smiling saw her opening charms,
 And clasp'd Aristo in her lovely arms.
 Hence her resistless beauty, matchless sense ;
 The music of her voice ; the eloquence,
 That e'en in silence flashes from her face.
 All strikes the ravish'd heart ; for all is grace.
 List to my vows, sweet maid ; or from my view
 Far, far away remove. In vain I sue.
 For, as no space can check the bolts of Jove,
 No distance shields me from the shafts of Love. K.

¹ Warton was the first to perceive that this praise of a person speaking, what is in season, is better suited to an orator than to a mere boy, whose eyes, though silent, say all that is sweet. Hence he wished to read *γλυκυμυθεῖ κηρία*, "he speaks with the sweetness of the honey-comb." Perhaps the poet wrote *γλυκεῖ ἀνθεῖ κηρ' ἰα*— "and violets sweet bloom in his heart—" where *κηρι* would be the dative of *κηρ*, taken in the sense of heart.

² So Reiske and Wakefield would read *νίος* for *νίον*, which Jacobs supports by quoting *Ζεὺς νίος* in Christodorus.

CXXV. THE SAME.

I pray thee, Love, put to rest this sleepless passion of mine for Heliodora, and pity my suppliant muse. Yes, by thy archery, which has not been taught to hit another, but is ever pouring its winged weapons against me, 'should you kill me,'¹ I will leave, speaking letters on my tomb—"Behold, stranger, the murderous deeds of Love."

Spare, Cupid, spare for shame my suppliant muse,
And give my love for Heliodora rest ;
For by thy bow, whose winged shaft pursues
No other quarry now but this poor breast—
Die if I must—I'll leave a line to say—
Stranger, this man did felon Cupid slay. G. S.

CXXVI. THE SAME.

If I look upon Theron, I see every thing ; but if I see every thing, and not him, I see on the other hand nothing.

Gazing on thee, sweet maid, all things I see ;
For thou art all the universe to me.
But, when thou'rt absent, to my vacant sight
Though all things else be present, all is night. K.

CXXVII. THE SAME.

Why dost thou weep, mind-robber ? Why hast thou thrown away thy cruel bows and arrows, and let go² the tips of thy two wings ? Has Myiscus, with whom it is hard to fight, inflamed even thee with his eyes ? With how much difficulty hast thou learnt by suffering, what thou hast done before !

Why weep'st thou, Cupid ? thou who steal'st men's hearts,
And with their hearts their reason ? Tell me, why

¹ The MS. Vat. has *Εἰ καὶ με κτεῖναις*—from whence it is strange that no one should have elicited *Εἰ με κατακτεῖναις*—

² It is not easy to perceive what the poet meant by *ραποὺν ἀντικ' ἀπὸ-βῆναι*.

Hast thou thrown down thy cruel bow and darts,
 And doff'd thy radiant wings? Has Lesbia's eye,
 Which beams on all resistless, pierced thy breast?
 'Tis so; thy cause of sorrow stands confest;
 And thou art doom'd to suffer in thy turn,
 And feel what torture 'tis with love to burn. K.

CXXVIII. THE SAME.

No more do I, goat-footed Pan, desire to pass my life
 together with kids, no more to dwell upon the tops of
 mountains. For in the mountains, what is there sweet,
 what to desire? Daphnis is dead—Daphnis, who pro-
 duced a flame within my breast. In this town will I
 dwell. Let some one else hie to the hunting of wild
 beasts. What was once dear to Pan is not so now.

Farewell, ye hills, ye sylvan scenes, farewell,
 Which once my shaggy feet rejoiced to tread;
 No more with goats on mountain-tops to dwell,
 Half goat myself—no more the mazes thread
 Of thicket, forest, or of bosky dell.
 Daphnis, loved partner of my sports, is dead;
 And with him all the joy he knew so well
 To give my sylvan reign, for ever fled.
 Scenes once beloved, I quit ye; to the chase
 Let others hie. The town shall be Pan's dwelling-place.
 K.

CXXIX. THE SAME.

Ever the buzzing of Love is sinking in my ears, and
 silently through desire does my eye bring the pleasant
 tear. Neither night nor day-light puts me to rest; but
 through love-potions there is in my heart just now¹ a form
 well known. O ye winged Loves, do ye know how to
 fly to a person, and are ye not able to fly away ever so
 little?

For ever in mine ear resound
 Love's wanton pinions, fluttering round;

¹ In the words Ἡδὴ πον probably some proper name lies hid.

While amorous wishes from mine eye
 Melt in sweet tear-drops silently.
 It is not night, the level ray
 Not yet proclaims the close of day ;
 Yet is one well-known form imprest,
 As by enchantment, on my breast.
 Ye winged Loves, who know the art,
 Too well to reach th' unguarded heart,
 Have ye no strength, ye flutterers, say,
 To spread your plumes and fly away ? J. H. M.

CXXX. THE SAME.

O soul to be sadly lamented, why is the wound of
 Love, that had been softened down, again inflamed
 through the bosom ? ¹ Do not by Jove, do not by Jove,¹
² O thou not counsel-loving,² stir up a fire somewhat
 warmed³ under the ashes. For, O thou forgetful of ills,
 Love will forthwith, should he lay hold of thee after
 running away, ill-treat thee, on recovering the fugitive.

Unquiet soul, for ever doom'd to weep,
 What need the wound, which time had 'gan assuage,
 Burst forth afresh from where it lay asleep,
 And with new fury in my bosom rage ?
 Daringly thoughtless ! cease, oh, cease to move
 The fire, that slumbering in its ashes lay,
 Warm, but innocuous—cease ; that fire is love.
 Ah ! too forgetful of thine evil day !
 Let him but wake, he'll claim thee for his right,
 And blows and tortures shall reward thy flight. J. H. M.

CXXXI. THE SAME.

Oh ! the ringlets of Demo ; oh ! the sandals of Heli-

¹⁻¹ This earnest appeal to Jupiter seems very strange in a matter of love. Instead of *Μή, μή, πρὸς σε Διός, μή πρὸς Διός*—one would have expected something like—*Μή, μή, πρὸς σ' ὁλοῆς, μή, Κύπριδος*—

²⁻² Although *φιλάβουλος* is found in other epigrams, yet here, if the correct reading be *Κύπριδος*, one would prefer *θελ', ἀβουλε* to *ὦ φιλάβουλε*—where Dorville was the first to suggest *ἀβουλε*.

³ So Jacobs has adopted Pierson's *ὑποθαλάπτενον*. But as MS. Vat. has *ὑπολαμπόμενον*, perhaps the poet wrote *ὑποκρυντόμενον*—similar to “*ignes suppositos cineri*,” in Horace.

odora; oh! the portal of Timarius, bedewed with myrrh;
oh! the luxurious smile of the full-eyed Anticleia; oh!
the wreaths lately blooming on Dorothea. No longer,
Love, does thy golden quiver conceal winged arrows;
for all thy darts are in me.

Ringlets, that with clustering shade
The snow-white brows of Demo braid;
Sandals, that with strict embrace
Heliodora's ancles grace;
Portal of Timarion's bower,
Besprent with many a fragrant shower;
Lovely smiles that lurking lie
In Anticleia's sun-bright eye;
Roses, fresh, in earliest bloom,
That Dorothea's breast perfume—
No more Love's golden quivers hold
Their feather'd arrows, as of old;
But every sharp and winged dart
Has found a quiver in my heart.

J. H. M.

CXXXII. THE SAME.

O holy night and lamp, both of us have chosen none
others but you as cognizant of our oaths; and we swore,
one to love me, and I never to leave that one; and ye
had a testimony common for both. But now one says
that such oaths are carried away¹ in the water; and thou,
lamp, beholdest the party in the bosom of others.

In holy night we made the vow;
And the same night, that long before
Had seen our early passion grow,
Was witness to the faith we swore.
Did I not swear to love her ever?
And have I ever dared to rove?
Did she not vow a rival never
Should shake her faith, or steal her love?

¹ Although *φείσθαι* seems to be supported by the passages quoted by Jacobs, yet one would prefer here *γράφεσθαι*—similar to the proverb—*Τὸς τῶν ἐρώντων ἐν ὕδατι γ' ὕρκους γράφω*.

Yet now she says those words are air ;
 Those vows were written in the water ;
 And, by the lamp, that heard her swear,
 Hath yielded to the first who sought her. C. M.

CXXXIII. THE SAME.

When infant Love was playing at dawn of day at dice
 on the bosom of his mother, he made use of my life as a
 stake.

As infant Love one morning lay
 Upon his mother's breast at play,
 He found my soul, that stood hard by,
 And, laughing, staked it on the die. J. H. M.

CXXXIV. THE SAME.

Farewell, light-bringing star, the herald of morn ;
 and mayest thou, evening star, quickly come, and bring
 again her secretly, ¹ whom thou art taking away.¹

Farewell, bright Phosphor, herald of the morn ;
 Yet soon in Hesper's name again be born—
 By stealth restoring, with thy later ray,
 The charms, thine early radiance drove away. J. H. M.

CXXXV. THE SAME.

Even Love himself, the winged,² was taken in bonds,³
 in the air, caught by thine eyes, Timarion.

¹—¹ This seems to be said rather strangely, as if the morning and evening star were the same. The sense required is rather—"bring again her, who is secretly taking herself away"—in Greek *ἥν ὑπάγει λάθριος, αὐθις ἄγων* : where *ὑπάγει* is used intransitively, as it constantly is, and *ἦν* put for *ἐκείνην ἥ*—by attraction.

² Jacobs, whom Merrivale has followed, was the first to perceive some difficulty here ; and he proposed to unite this epigram with another, attributed to Meleager in MS. Vat., and relating to the same Timarion. Perhaps the poet wrote not *ὁ πτανός*, but *πτερόν ὥς*—"like a bird."

³ Although *δίσμος ἦλω* might perhaps mean "was taken and put into bonds"—yet one would prefer something like *γῆς σίνις*.—For thus Love would be prettily compared to a bird, that is a hurt to land, for whom a trap is laid.

Timaria's kiss, like bird-lime, clings
 About the happy lips she blesses ;
 Her eye its sun-like radiance flings
 Beneath her dark o'ershadowing tresses.
 One look, fond lover, and you're burnt ;
 One torch, and all your strength is nought ;
 And Love himself this lesson learnt,
 Late in her nets a captive caught. J. H. M.

CXXXVI. THE SAME.

Ye well-freighted ships, that navigate the Hellespont,
 receiving the favourable Boreas in (your) swelling sails,¹
 if perchance ye see on the strand along the island of
 Cos (my) Phanium, while she is looking upon the wide-
 mouthed sea, tell her this message—"O lovely² nymph,
 (my) passion for thee brings³ me³ not a sailor, but a
 wayfarer on foot."³ For if ye tell this, straightway
 will Jupiter with a favourable wind breathe upon your
 canvass⁴ to the end of the voyage.⁴

Ye gallant ships, that plough the briny wave,
 Where beauteous Hella found a watery grave—
 As near the Coan strand the northern gales
 With steady impulse fill your swelling sails,
 Should you behold upon some dizzy steep
 My Phanion gazing on the azure deep,

¹ The word *κολποις* is here applied to the sails that swell out with the wind, as the dress of a woman does from the same cause.

²⁻³ The Vat. MS. has *νοσῶς με κομίζει*. From whence critics have elicited *νυῖ σός με κομίζει*—taking *νυῖς* in the sense of "a nymph," as in Theocritus, and not, as elsewhere, in that of a "daughter-in-law"—But they did not perceive the error in *κομίζει*—which should be *κομίζοι*—For the lover is speaking of a future event, not a present one. Hence one would prefer—*νυῖ, σὺν με κομίζοι*—*Ἰμῆρος*—"may Desire bring me safe"—

²⁻³ Brunck was the first to find fault with—*οὐ ναύταν ποσσιδὲ πειζοπόρον*. For he was unable to understand how a person could go on foot to an island. For if he could, he need not request vessels to carry a message. Hence as the MS. Vat. offers *οὐ ναύταν ποσσι δὲ παιζοπόρον*, it is easy to see that the poet wrote—*ψὺν αὐτὰ πλοῦς ἄλ' ὅπαζε περᾶν*—"to whom, as a seaman, a voyage had given to pass the sea"—and thus we learn, who was the party, who sent the message, and why he was absent from his fair one.

⁴⁻⁴ In *εἴποιτε εὐ τελοι*, as read in MS. Vat., lies hid—*εἴποιτε, πλόου 'ς τέλος*—as translated.

Tell the dear maid that, mindful of her charms,
Her lover hastens to her longing arms.
So, while ye scud along the dashing spray,
May prosperous breezes speed ye on your way.

SHEPHERD.

Ye light-wing'd barks, that o'er the tide
Of Helle's waters go,
Speed with your swelling sails of pride,
While northern breezes blow.
And if along the lonely shore
That fronts the Coan isle,
My love shall gaze the ocean o'er,
And sigh for me the while ;
Then tell her this—" Sweet lovely maid,
All fickle is the sea ;
My deep love may not be delay'd,
I come by land to thee."
This message to my loved one bring,
And fair your path shall be ;
For Boreas with his favouring wing
Shall waft you o'er the sea. T. P. R.

CXXXVII. THE SAME.

Thou sleepest, Zenophila, a delicate plant. ¹ Would
that I might come to thee, falling, a wingless sleep,
gently ¹ on thy eyelids ; so that he, who soothes the eyes
of Jove, may not himself ² come to you, ³ but I alone may
properly smooth down thine. ³

Thou sleep'st, soft silken flower. Would I were Sleep,
For ever on those lids my watch to keep.
So should I have thee all my own ; nor he,
Who seals Jove's wakeful eyes, my rival be. J. H. M.

¹⁻¹ The Greek is at present εἶθ' ἐπὶ σοὶ νῦν ἄπτερος εἰσθῆν ὕπνος—
But ἐπὶ σοὶ—and ἐπὶ σοὶ just afterwards, exhibit a tasteless repetition :
nor could the pluperfect εἰσθῆν thus follow εἶθε. Perhaps the poet wrote,
as translated, εἶθε πτωχὸν εὖ ἄπτερος εἰς σὲ γ' ἵσται ὕπνος— where a man
without wings is properly called here a wingless sleep.

² In lieu of οὗτος, the sense evidently requires αὐτός—

³⁻³ In the Greek καταθῶ δ' αὐτὸς ἐγὼ σὲ μόνος— in lieu of σὲ, one
would have expected σά— But as the article could hardly be dispensed
with, it is easy to elicit καταθῶ δ' εὖ τὰ σ' ἐγωγε μόνος, as translated.

CXXXVIII. THE SAME.

I am training Love, as a player at ball. And he throws to thee, Heliadora, the heart, which is bounding in me.¹ Come then, receive Desire as a play-fellow. But if you throw me from you, I will not endure the insult not suited to the palæstra.²

Love acts the tennis-player's part,
And throws to thee my panting heart,
Heliadora. Ere it fall
Let Desire catch swift the ball.
Let her in the ball-court move,
Fellow in the game of Love.
If you throw me back again,
I shall of foul play complain. ELTON.

CXXXIX. THE SAME.

The winter with its winds having departed from the sky, the purple period of flower-bearing spring was smiling, and the light-blue³ earth had arrayed itself in green grass; and plants full of juice were in leaf with young petals; and the meadows, drinking the tender dew of morning, that causes plants to increase, were smiling, as the rose (buds) were opening. And the shepherd, playing shrilly with his pipe on the mountains, is pleased; and delighted too the goat-herd with the white kids. And now mariners are sailing over the wide waves, while the Zephyr is causing the sails to swell out with its harmless breath. And now persons,

¹ To understand the game alluded to in the epigram, Reiske says that "the ball was given by one party and returned by the other, and so on alternately, until it fell to the ground, when the game was over;" as in the modern battledore and shuttlecock, or its counterpart, coronella. Hence one would prefer *εἰ δὲ πῖδοι με το εἰ δ' ἀπὸ σεῦ με*—

² From *ἀπαλαιωσίραν* in MS. Vat. Reiske elicited, what Jacobs has adopted, *ἀπάλαιστρον*— But if *εἰ δὲ πῖδοι με* be correct, one would prefer here *οὐκ' οἶσω τὰν καλόπαικτρον' ἀβρὰν*; "shall I not endure the elegant maiden, who knows how to play well?"

³ This seems a strange epithet for the earth in spring. Perhaps the poet wrote *Γαῖα δὲ γυῖα νέ' αὖ χλοερὴν ἐστέρησε ποίην*—"And the earth has decked her young limbs again with the green grass."

in honour of the grape-producing Dionysus, are uttering the Euan cry, decked as to their hair with the bunch-like flower of the ivy. And ¹to the bees produced from oxen,¹ their beautiful works are a care; and settling in the hive, they work up ²the honey through the hollow (and) flowing receptacles of the perforated honey-comb.² And on every side the race of birds sing with a shrill note; the halcyons about waves, the swallows about dwellings, the swan on the banks of a river, and the nightingale in the grove. Now where³ the leaves of plants feel a delight, and the earth is blooming, and the shepherd is piping, and well-fleeced flocks are gladdened, and mariners are sailing, and Dionysus is dancing, and birds are singing, and bees are in labour-pains, how must not a minstrel too sing sweetly in the spring?

Hush'd is the howl of wintry breezes wild;
The purple hour of youthful spring has smiled;
A livelier verdure clothes the teeming earth;
Buds press to life, rejoicing in their birth; !
The laughing meadows drink the dews of night,
And, fresh with opening roses, glad the sight;
In songs the joyous swains responsive vie;
Wild music floats and mountain melody.
Adventurous seamen spread th' embosom'd sail
O'er waves light heaving to the western gale.
While village youths their brows with ivy twine,
And hail with song the promise of the vine.
In curious cells the bees digest their spoil,
When vernal sunshine animates their toil.

¹⁻¹ On the story respecting bees being produced from the putrid carcass of an ox, see Virgil, *Ge. iv.*

²⁻² Such is the literal translation of what was probably the original text—*κοῖλα πολυτρήτοι μῆλι ῥύτ' ἀν' ἄγγεα κηροῦ*—as shown by Phocylides, *Σμῆνισι μυριότρητα κατ' ἄγγεα κηροδομοῦσα*—The present text is, *Λευκά πολυτρήτοι νεόρρυτα κάλλεα κηροῦ*: where *Λευκά*, "white," can be applied to neither the honey, nor honey-comb, nor wax; while both *νεόρρυτα* and *κάλλεα* want the distinctness of ideas, which is to be found in the other parts of this fragment.

³ In lieu of *εἰ*, "if," the sense seems to require *ῥ*, "where," or *οὔ*, "when—"

And little birds with warblings sweet and clear
 Salute thee, May, the loveliest of the year.
 Thee round the waves the tuneful Halcyons hail,
 On streams the swan, in woods the nightingale;
 Thee, too, the swallows, when from flight they rest,
 And on man's dwellings fix their clay-built nest.
 If earth rejoices, with new verdure gay,
 And shepherds pipe, and flocks exulting play,
 And sailors roam, and Bacchus leads his throng,
 And bees to toil, and bards awake to song;
 Shall the glad bard be mute in tuneful spring,
 And, warm with love and joy, forget to sing? BL.

CXL. AGATHIAS.

She, who was formerly elated with her splendid form;
 she, who shook her plaited curls of hair, and walked
 proudly; she, who boasted greatly over my attentions
 to her, has become wrinkled with old age, and lost her
 former charms. Her bosom has gone down; her eye-
 brows have fallen; her face has wasted away; her lips
 mumble with the talk of an old woman. Gray hair I
 call the Nemesis of desire; for it judges according to
 law, and comes rather quickly upon haughty women.

She, who but late in beauty's flower was seen,
 Proud of her auburn curls and noble mien—
 Who froze my hopes and triumph'd in my fears,
 Now sheds her graces in the waste of years.
 Changed to unlovely is that breast of snow,
 And dimm'd her eye, and wrinkled is her brow;
 And querulous the voice by time repress'd,
 Whose artless music stole me from my rest.
 Age gives redress to love; and silvery hair
 And earlier wrinkles brand the haughty fair. BL.

CXLI. THE SAME.

Of Nicostratus, another Aristotle, (and) equal to
 Plato, the talker of the quibbles of wisdom most high,
 a person made this inquiry on the subject of the soul:
 "How may one say of the soul, that it is mortal, or, on

the other hand, immortal? and must we call it body, or without body? and must it be ranked amongst things to be grasped by the mind, or laid hold materially? or is it both together?" When he had read over the books of Aristotle on things Sublime, and his work on the Soul, and, after poring over the sublimity of Plato in the *Phædo*, had meditated upon the whole truth and on every side, then wrapping his cloak round and stroking down his beard to the tips, he put forth his solution (of the inquiry). "If there be to the soul¹ wholly a nature—for I really do not know—it is altogether mortal or immortal, of a solid substance, or immaterial. But when you shall have passed over Acheron, you will know the truth there, as Plato does. Or if you like, imitate Cleombrotus the Ambraciote, and from the roof release your body (from life); and then you will know yourself, as being separated from the body, having left behind you that alone which you are seeking.

Nicostratus, that second Stagirite,
 Who sits, like Plato, perch'd on wisdom's height,
 A simple scholar thus address'd one day:
 "What is the soul, thou sage illumined, say—
 Mortal or deathless? substance or mere shade?
 Of reasoning sense, or naked feeling made?
 Or both alike? Resolve my doubts," he said.
 The sage his book of *Meteors* 'gan unroll,
 And Aristotle's treatise on the Soul,
 And Plato's *Phædon* to its source explored,
 Where truth from heaven's eternal fount is pour'd.
 Then waved his wand—applied it to his chin—
 And utter'd thus the oracle within:
 "If all the world be soul—and if 'tis so
 Or not, I must confess, I do not know—
 But if, I say, all nature spirit be,
 It must be mortal, or from death be free;
 Must be substantial; or, if not, mere shade;
 Of reasoning sense, or naked feeling made,
 Or both or neither. But, my friend," he said,

¹ The sense requires ψυχῆ, in lieu of ψυχῇ—

"If more you wish to learn, to Hades go,
 And there, as much as Plato, soon you'll know.
 Or, if you choose, ascend the rampart's height,
 Mimic Cleombrotus, and plunge to night.
¹Quit this encumbering vest of moisten'd clay;
 And then return, and teach me, as you may."¹ BL.

CLXII. THE SAME.

Bearing a ghost-like body, (and) kindred² to the invisible air, do not be so bold as to approach any one, lest, while he inspires, he takes you into his nostrils, you, who are much lighter than a breath of air. You cannot fear death. For there again without any change you will be in the same manner the ghost you were formerly.

So shadow-like a form you bear,
 So near allied to shapeless air,
 That with some reason you may fear,
 When you salute, to draw too near,
 Lest, if your friend be short of breath,
 The dire approach may prove your death;
 And that poor form, so light and thin,
 Be at his nostrils taken in.
 Yet, if with philosophic eye
 You look, you need not fear to die;
 For, if poetic tales be true,
 No transformation waits for you.
 You cannot, e'en at Pluto's bar,
 Be more a phantom than you are. BL.

CLXIII. ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA.

Day-break had gone by, Chrysilla, and long since the cock in the east had been heralding and bringing on the envious Aurora. Mayest thou perish, most envious of

¹—¹ "For the turn at the conclusion of the piece, I have no authority in the original," says Bland. For he was probably unable to see what Agathias was aiming at, whose meaning Jacobs was the first to unfold.

² In lieu of *σύντροφον*, the sense requires *σύντροφον*—Bland too translates "allied—"

birds, who drivest me from home to many ¹conversations with youths.¹ Thou art grown old, Tithonus. For why hast thou driven away so early from bed thy partner Aurora?

Oh! hateful bird of morn, whose harsh alarms
Drive me thus early from Chrysilla's arms,
Forced from th' embrace, so newly tried, to fly
With bitter soul to cursed society.
Old age has sprinkled Tithon's brow with snow;
No more his veins in ruddy currents flow.
How cold his sense—his wither'd heart how dead—
Who drives so soon a goddess from his bed! J. H. M.

CXLIV. BIANOR.

Thebes is the burial-place of the sons of Œdipus. But the all-destructive tomb perceives their warfare still living; nor has Hades subdued them;² and they are fighting in Acheron; and even their burial is that of opponents, and it has proved³ fire to be hostile to fire. O unhappy children, who have laid hold of spears not to be put to rest.

In Thebes the sons of Œdipus are laid;
But not the tomb's all-desolating shade,
The deep forgetfulness of Pluto's gate,
Nor Acheron, can quench their deathless hate.
E'en hostile madness shakes the funeral pyres;
Against each other blaze their pointed fires.
Unhappy boys! for whom high Jove ordains
Eternal hatred's never-sleeping pains. J. H. M.

¹—¹ By this, says Jacobs, is meant the conversations carried on at the school of the poet; and he quotes very appositely from Ovid—"Tu (Aurora) pueros somno fraudas tradisque magistris—" and shortly afterwards—"Cum refugis (Tithonum), quia grandior ævo, Surgis ad invisas a senes mane rotas."

² In lieu of *ἰδαμάσσατο*, where the middle voice is scarcely admissible, one would have expected *ἐμάλασσε* τι—"softened down a little—"

³ The sense evidently requires *ἡλεγεῖν*, to be applied to the fire, not *ἡλεγεῖν*, to the foes.

CXLV. CRINAGORAS.

"Let a man practise (the art) which he has learnt."
¹The saying is frequent.¹ Under the tops of the Alps, robbers, after decking themselves with shaggy head-dresses, and putting their hands to the act of plunder, thus avoid the watch-dogs. ²They anoint themselves with fat, which is part of a disease in the kidneys,³ and cheat the sharp tracking of the nose. O ye plans of the Ligurians, more ready to discover a bad thing than a good one.

Whatever art you learn, employ it well.
 Thus underneath an Alpine pinnacle,
 The bold banditti, fierce with horrid hair,
 By ancient usage for their work prepare.
 First by false scent ingenious to betray
 The guardian dogs, and lure them from the prey.
 O wise Ligurians! how quick's your mind
 To hurt, but not to benefit mankind! J. H. M.

CXLVI. LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA.

Through a wintry night, while avoiding a sweeping storm of hail and snow, and a piercing frost, a solitary lion, already suffering as to his contracted³ limbs, came to the hut of goat-herds,⁴ that love high grounds. But

¹—¹ In *ὅπου καί*, where Jacobs was the first to see some error, but unable to correct it, lies hid *ἐπη πύκν'*—for the saying was a frequent one, as he has shown abundantly.

²—³ The Greek is *Χρίονται νεφροῖς πῖπρ ἀπεστὶ νόσον*. Schneider would read with a most certain emendation, says Jacobs, *Χρίονται νεβρῶν πῖπρ ἀπεστὶ νόσον*—For *Ælian*, in *Hist. Anim.* i. 37, testifies that against the poison of all wild animals, the best antidote is the fat of the elephant, with which if a person anoints himself, and goes even naked against creatures the most fierce, he will return unhurt. But perhaps the poet wrote, as translated, *Χρίονται νεφροῖς πῖπρ ὃ γ' ἦν τι νόσον*, i. e. "anoint themselves with the fat which comes from a disorder in the kidneys." Something similar is done by dog-stealers to this day in England, and by house-breakers, when they know that a male dog is kept on the premises.

³ Such seems to be the meaning of *ἀσπρά* here. One would, however, prefer *ἀσπρά* *τά*—"his large limbs."

⁴ A similar story has been told of a tiger in Bengal, that entered a house situated near a river, during an inundation, and lay down crouching in the corner of a room, until it was shot by a servant of the terrified proprietor.

they, taking no care of the goats, but of themselves, sat calling upon Jove the saviour. But the wild beast, after remaining during the storm through the night, and injuring none of the men or cattle, went away, having made use of the hut. And they¹ placed up by this oak with strong roots this well-painted picture of the event to Jove,² who is on the hill-top.

In a dark winter's night, while all around
The furious hail-storm clatters on the ground,
And every field is deep in drifted snow,
And Boreas bids his bitterest tempests blow,
A solitary lion, gaunt and grim,
Ravenous with cold and numb'd in every limb,
Stalks to a goat-herd's miserable shed,
From the rude air to shield his storm-beat head.
The astonish'd dwellers in the lowly spot
With cries of stifled horror fill the cot;
No more the numerous herds demand their care;
'Tis for themselves they pour the earnest prayer;
And call on Jove the saviour, as they stand
Together press'd, a pale and shuddering band.
Meanwhile the lordly savage, safe and warm,
Stays through the pelting of the wintry storm;
Then calmly quits the whole affrighted horde,
And leaves their meal untouch'd upon the board. J. H. M.

CXLVII. THE SAME.

The house of Zenogenes was in flames; and he laboured much, while seeking to let himself down from above the door-way. But he did not succeed in putting planks together, until at last bethinking himself, he made use of the nose of Antimachus as a ladder, and escaped.

When Timothy's house was on fire one night,
The wretched old man almost died with the fright;

¹ Although Ζαῖ here is supported by the preceding Ζεῦς, yet Schneier has suggested Πανί— for to that deity especially belongs the epithet ἀπολοφίρα, as shown by Agathias, Ep. 37, and Incert. 236.

² In lieu of εὐ, Jacobs reads correctly οἱ—

For ropes and for water he bawl'd, till half mad ;
 But no water was near, and no ropes to be had.
 The fire grew hotter, and Tim still grew madder,
 Till he thought of Dick's nose, and it served for a ladder.

J. H. M.

CXLVIII. MARCUS ARGENTARIUS.

This is not love, if a person desires to possess her, who has a lovely form, through being persuaded by his intelligent eyes ; but if,¹ on seeing an ugly one, he is carried away by the goad of passion, and inflamed by a maddened mind. This is love ; this a flame. For beautiful objects delight equally all those, who know how to judge of form.

IMITATED BY J. H. M.

Call it not a test of love
 If sun-like beauty lights the flame ;
 Beauty every heart can move,
 It delights the gods above,
 And is to all the same.
 But if thy fond doting eye
 Has taught thy heart a different creed :
 If for wrinkled age you sigh,
 Or adore deformity,
 Then love you must indeed.

CXLIX. LUCILLIUS.

After placing, Heliodorus, before me a raw beef steak, and mixing ²three (cups) of raw (stuff), some wonder of a liquor,² you immediately inundate me with epigrams. Now if I have done wrong ³by eating of some ox of

¹ The balance of the sentence requires *ἂν τις*, not *ὅστις*—

²⁻³ The Greek is *τρία κέρασας ὀμβροσιώτερα* : where, from the mention of *κέρασας*, it is evident that *τρία* refers to some liquor. Hence one would have expected here, as translated, *τρία—ὦμα, λιβός τι τήρας*—where *ὦμα* is applied to the juice of the grape, as it is to the vine, in Theocritus, Id. v. 109, *Μή μιν λωβάσσησθε ράς ἀμπέλως ἐντὶ γὰρ ὦμαι*—similar to "immitis uvæ" in Horace. On the loss of *λιβός*, see Hermann on Æsch. Eum. 56.

³⁻³ In the words between the numerals there is an allusion, as remarked by critics, to Homer, Od. M. 348, where Eurylochus exhorts his

Trinacria, I am willing (to die) once by swallowing a wave;³ but if the wave is far off, ¹you are a strong man, and ¹throw me into a well.

When Narva asks a friend to dine,
He gives a pint of tavern wine,
A musty loaf and stinking ham,
Then overwhelms with epigram.
A kinder fate Apollo gave,
Who whelm'd beneath the Tyrrhene wave
The impious rogues that stole his kine.
Oh, Narva, let their lot be mine.
Or, if no river's near your cell,
Show me at least your deepest well. J. H. M.

CL. THE SAME.

When Magnus descended to Hades, Pluto in fear said, "He is come to raise up even the dead."

When Magnus sought the realms of night,
Grim Pluto trembled for his right.
"That fellow comes," he said, "'tis plain,
To call my ghosts to life again." BL.

CLI. ONESTES.

In ascending Helicon, ²if you have laboured greatly,² yet you have been satiated with the nectar drops of the fountain of Pegasus. So of wisdom the road³ is up-hill; but if you arrive at the extreme end, you will have as a draught the favours of the Pierian Muses.

'Tis hard Parnassus to ascend;
But at the top there is a fount,
Shall well reward you at the end
For all the pains you took to mount.

comrades to kill the oxen of the sun, even though the act had been forbidden; for, says he, Βούλομ' ἀπαξ πρὸς κύμα χανῶν ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλίσσαι
Ἡ δὲ θὰ στρέψουσιν—

¹—¹ Since ἐνθεν ἄρας εἰς—violates the metre—for ἄρας is always a spondee—it is easy to elicit from thence εἰ σθεναρὸς κάς—as translated.

²—² The sense requires, as translated, μέγ' εἰ κάμες, not μέγαν κάμες—

³ Wakefield correctly suggested πόρος, in lieu of πόνος. For the allusion is to Hesiod, *Epy.* 265.

'Tis hard to reach the top of science ;
 But when arrived, securely breathe ;
 To pride and envy bid defiance,
 Deaf to the storm that growls beneath. BL.

CLII. PALLADAS.

To all voice-dividing beings to die is a debt ; nor is there a mortal, who knows whether he shall live to-morrow. On learning this clearly, man, enjoy yourself, possessing wine as the forgetfulness of death. Delight yourself too with the Paphian's favours, while dragging out your life of a day ; but permit Fortune to superintend every thing else.

Dark are our fates ; to-morrow's sun may peer
 From the flush'd east upon our funeral bier.
 Then seize the joys that wine and music give,
 Nor talk of death, while yet 'tis given to live.
 Soon shall each pulse be still, closed every eye,
 One little hour remains or ere we die. BL.

CLIII. THE SAME.

On the departure of night we are born day after day, possessing of former life no longer any thing. Alienated from the existence of yesterday, to-day we begin the remainder of life. Do not then, old man, ¹speak of yourself, as a person¹ of abundant years. For of what have passed away you have no share to-day.

Waking we burst, at each return of morn,
 From death's dull fetters and again are born.
 No longer ours the moments that have past ;
 To a new remnant of our lives we haste.
 Call not the hours thine own, that made thee gray,
 That left their wrinkles, and have fled away ;
 The past no more shall yield thee ill or good,
 Gone to the silent times beyond the flood. BL.

¹— The sense seems to require λέγει σ' ὄνθ' ἄρ' ἐγὼν, as translated, not λέγει σαυτὸν ἐγὼν—

CLIV. THE SAME.

Every woman is a disgusting thing. But she has two good periods—one at marriage; the other at death.

All wives are bad; yet two blest hours they give;
When first they wed; and when they cease to live.

J. H. M.

CLV. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS.

Thy wrinkles, Philinna, are to be preferred to the sap of all youth; and I desire to keep my hands rather around your breasts hanging heavily down with the nipples, than the erect bosom of a younger age. For thy autumn is superior to the spring of another; and thy winter is warmer than the summer of another.

For me thy wrinkles have more charms,
Dear Lydia, than a smoother face;
I'd rather fold thee in my arms,
Than younger, fairer nymphs embrace.

To me thy autumn is more sweet,
More precious, than their vernal rose;
Their summer warms not with a heat
So potent, as thy winter glows.

BL.

CLVI. THE SAME.

Yesterday did Hermonassa pour from a jug water upon me, while, after revels that love wine unmixed, I was weaving garlands around the doors of her dwelling; and she spoilt my hair, which with difficulty I plaited again on the third twilight. And yet I was inflamed still more by the water; for the jug had derived from her sweet lips a secret fire.

The voice of the song and the banquet was o'er,
And I hung up my chaplet at Glycera's door,
When the mischievous girl from a window above,
Who look'd down and laugh'd at the off'ring of love,

Fill'd with water a goblet whence Bacchus had fled,
 And pour'd all the crystal contents on my head.
 So drench'd was my hair, three whole days it resisted
 All attempts of the barber to friz it or twist it.
 But the water—so whimsical, Love, are thy ways—
 While it put out my curls, set my heart in a blaze.

J. H. M.

CLVII. PHILODEMUS.

Philinnium is little and a brunette; but with hair more curly than parsley, and with a skin softer than down; and in speaking has more of magical power than the cestus (of Venus), and grants me every favour, and is frequently sparing in asking for any thing. Such a Philinnium may I love until I find another, O golden Venus, more perfect.

My Helen is little and brown; but more tender
 Than the cygnet's soft down or the plumage of doves;
 And her form, like the ivy, is graceful and slender,
 Like the ivy entwined round the tree that it loves.
 Her voice—not thy cestus, O goddess of pleasure,
 Can so melt with desire, or with ecstasy burn;
 Her kindness unbounded, she gives without measure
 To her languishing lover, and asks no return.
 Such a girl is my Helen—then never, ah! never,
 Let my amorous heart, mighty Venus, forget her;
 Oh grant me to keep my sweet mistress for ever—
 For ever—at least, till you send me a better. J. H. M.

CLVIII. PHILIP.

The Eurōtas, as it was¹ lately wet with water, has an artist drawn out (in metal) bathed in fire. For well² has he brought the dropping of water³ around all the

¹ The Greek is *διάβροχον ἐν τῇ ρείθρῳ*: where, says Jacobs, *ἐν τῇ ρείθρῳ* is the same as *ἐν τῇ ρείνῳ*. How strange he did not suggest *ὄντα*—as translated.

² Instead of *ἐν* the sense requires *ἐν*—

³—³ In the Greek *ὕδαρὸν ἀμφιπερικύβηται*—where the last word could not be applied to the solid bronze, of which the statue of the river-god is

limbs, ¹ which are naturally flexible ¹ from the head to the tips of the toes. And ² equal with the river has contended ² art; ³ by which a person has given ³ ⁴ to brass to possess limbs more flexible than water.⁴

Plunged by the sculptor in a bath of flame,
 Yet in his native bed the god appears;
 The watery veil yet hangs o'er all his frame,
 And every pore distils the crystal tears.
 How great the victory of art, that gave
 To brass the trembling moisture of the wave! J. H. M.

CLIX. RUFINUS.

Melissias denies her love; and yet her body cries out, as if it had received a whole quiver of arrows; and unsteady is her gait, and unsteady the rush of her breathing; and hollow are the sinkings⁵ of her eyelids, poison-struck. But do ye, Desires, by your well-garlanded Cytherean mother (I swear), inflame the obstinate girl until she says—"I am on fire."

Why will Melissa, young and fair,
 Still her virgin love deny?
 When every motion, every air,
 The passion of her soul declare,
 And give her words the lie?
 That panting breath, that broken sigh,

feigned to be made, evidently lies hid—*ὑδατος γάνος ἀμφὶς ἐνείκειν*—as translated.

^{1—1} Here again it is easy to see that from the unintelligible *ὑγοροῦτων* one may elicit *ὑγοροῦτ' ἦν*, by the usual charge of ρ and φ: while *ἦν* is requisite for the syntax, as soon as *ἐκ* is altered into *ἐκ*, as translated.

^{2—2} For the sake of perspicuity *συνεπήρικεν* has been changed into *ἴσον ἤρικεν*—

^{3—3} In *α τις ο πιασας*, the reading of MS. Vat., lies hid *α τις ὁπάσας*—as translated; a correction to which Merrivale has led the way by his version—"that gave"—

^{4—4} Although *κωμάζειν*, Jacobs says, means here "incedere"—yet elsewhere it neither has nor could have such a meaning. How easy it would have been for him to alter *χαλκὸν κωμάζειν ὑδατος ὑγρότερον* into *χαλεψὶ κῶλ' ἴσχειν ὑδατος ὑγρότερον ἦν*—as translated.

⁵ The sense evidently requires *δύσεις*, instead of *βάσεις*, which could not be applied to the eyes.

And those limbs that trembling fail,
 And that dark hollow round the eye—
 The mark of Cupid's archery,
 Too plainly tell the tale.

J. H. M.

CLX. STRATO.

I was on fire, when Theudis shone amongst other lads,
 as does the sun, when it rises after the stars; and hence
 I am on fire even now, when ¹the down on the face¹
 has become thick. For the sun, though setting, is still
 equally a sun.

Oh how I loved, when, like the glorious sun
 Firing the orient with a blaze of light,
 Thy beauty every lesser star outshone!
 Now o'er that beauty steals th' approach of night;
 Yet, yet I love; though in the western sea
 Half sunk, the day-star still is fair for me. J. H. M.

CLXI. THE SAME.

Drink now and love, Damocrates; for we shall not
 drink for ever; nor for ever shall we be with young
 persons; and let us deck our heads with garlands and
 anoint ourselves with myrrh, before others bring them
 to (our) tombs. Now let the bones in me drink wine in
 abundance. Let Deucalion deluge them, when dead.

Drink now and love, my friend; for mirth and wine
 Cannot be always yours, nor always mine.
 With rosy garlands let us crown our head,
 Nor leave them to be scatter'd o'er the dead.
 Now let my bones the copious vintage lave;
 Deucalion's flood may float them in the grave. J. H. M.

CLXII. UNCERTAIN. (58.)

Would that I had been a wind, and that thou ad-
 vancing hadst bared thy bosom to the light, and hadst
 received me blowing on thee. Would that I had been a

¹—¹ In *νυκτι*, which has baffled hitherto every critic, perhaps lies hid
χρὸν τι—as translated.

light-red rose, so that thou mightest have gratified me by taking me with thy hands (to place) me upon thy bosom of snow.

Oh ! that I were some gentle air,
 That, when the heats of summer glow,
 And lay that panting bosom bare,
 I might upon that bosom blow.
 Oh ! that I were yon blushing flower,
 Which even now thy hands have press'd,
 To live, though but for one short hour,
 Upon the Elysium of thy breast. J. H. M.

CLXIII. UNCERTAIN. (65.)

A. All hail, damsel. B. The same to you. A. Who is she advancing here? B. What's that to you? A. I do not ask without a reason. B. My mistress. A. May one hope? B. What do you wish? B. A night. A. Bring you any thing? A. Gold. B. Be of good heart; ¹and give. A. Take it.¹ B. You cannot (come).

A. Good day, my dear. B. The same to you.
 A. That lovely lady—tell me, who?
 B. What's that to you. A. I wish to know.
 B. My mistress then ; now let me go.
 A. Stay—may I hope? B. Hope what? A. At night.
 B. Perhaps. A. Here's money. B. Well, that's right.
 A. I've only silver. B. What, no gold?
 No, sir ; my mistress can't be sold. J. H. M.

CLXIV. UNCERTAIN. (382.)

ON A LAUREL-TREE CUT DOWN BY A HATCHET.

Where had Phœbus gone, when Mars was connected with Daphné?

Ah ! where was Phœbus, when the god of arms
 Dared to profane his Daphné's virgin charms? J. H. M.

¹—¹ Such is what the sense requires, in Greek—καὶ δός. A. ἔλ'—not καὶ τόσον—which is perfectly unintelligible.

CLXV. UNCERTAIN. (444.)

Wine, and the bath, and the ardour relating to Venus,
send one by a rather quick road to Hades.

The bath, obsequious beauty's smile,
Wine, fragrance, Music's heavenly breath,
Can but our hastening hours beguile,
And slope the path that leads to death. BL.

CLXVI. UNCERTAIN. (633.)

Do not bury the person who ought not to be buried ;
leave him to be a prey for dogs. Earth, the mother of
all, does not receive a man who killed his mother.

O bury not the dead, but let him lie
A prey for dogs beneath th' unpitying sky.
Our common mother Earth would grieve to hide
The hateful body of the matricide. F. H.

CLXVII. UNCERTAIN. (637.)

When I am dead, let earth be mixed with fire. I care
not. For my affairs are well.

Consign'd to dust, which whilom gave me birth,
I care not what convulsions shake the earth. R. BL.

When I am dead, let mix'd be fire and earth,
I care not. What was mine has shown its worth. G. B.

THE END.

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